

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII

TORONTO, JUNE, 1904

No. 2

THE BUILDING OF A RAILWAY

By HOPKINS J. MOORHOUSE



REATEST of all factors in a country's development are its railway systems, and the building of a railway through unopened tracts should be a matter for national congratulation. To scattered inhabitants of a hitherto forsaken region it means much, to many individual concerns it means more, but to the nation it means most of all, in the opening up of new mineral wealth, in new settlements, increased population and additional revenues.

Miles and miles of unbroken wilderness perhaps, the country stretches away, a lonesome land of spruce and balsam and little lakes studded with islet clumps, and jagged mountains of rock piling into the sky. For centuries it has lain in its primitive grandeur, its resources unknown and its solitude broken only by the voices of its own wild habitants. Then one day a little party of white men, in legging boots and accompanied by Indian guides, forces its way into the depths. Each day they move here and there up the rocky heights, down into the swamp land, through dense forest growths; each night their camp-fire glows like a coal upon the edge of some little lake, its ruddy flickerings trailing out over the water into shifting shadow fantasies. And the wild things creep down the forest aisles to peer out of the enclosing gloom and wonder, while away in the crowded cities the newspapers have announced that the recon-

naissance for a new railway is being taken, that engineers are already in the field exploring for a route.

To locate the very best route through a vast tract of unknown country is a task that demands a thorough knowledge of the work. A very necessary part of the locating engineer's equipment are the climbing irons with which he ascends into the tree-tops to take frequent observations of the panorama spreading around him—hills and valleys; ridges, slopes and levels; watersheds, river basins and lakes. He must avoid boggy places and ever keep in mind maximum gradients and probable difficulties of construction. He may become separated from his guide if he is not careful, and lose his way, unless he knows that insects lodge under the bark on the south side of tree-trunks, that the north side of an exposed boulder is damp and mossy and that the north star is in line with the front of the Great Dipper; in other words, he must know enough woodcraft to be at home in the wild. Railway location depends greatly upon the financial and political limitations of the promoters, whose aims must govern the locating engineer in his explorations quite as much as topographical considerations.

As a class and as individuals civil engineers are remarkable. Men who are not afraid to be swallowed up from their friends for months at a time, to camp out in all kinds of weather, to wash in creeks, drink swamp water

and live on crackers and cold pork ; men who can walk all day with packs on their backs through tangles of virgin jungle and who can watch a black-fly take a bite and go off up a stump to eat it, without swearing more than might be forgiven—such men as these are surely not of the commonalty. But it is the Chief Engineer who is the man of qualities. His versatility is only equalled by his common sense and executive ability. If asked the meaning of "Can't" he could only stare ; the word is not in his vocabulary. He generally has a back like a hired man and shakes hands with a grip. Upon

mendations, the road is ready for opening up.

The system is one of contracts and sub-contracts. Contractors who have secured work direct from the Company sub-let to other contractors, who in turn may sub-let to "station-men." The latter contract for work on perhaps half-a-dozen "stations" of six hundred feet each.

Almost the first step is the making of a "tote road," which is always a big item of expense in railway construction. It is a rough waggon-trail, cleared and blazed through the forest parallel to the route, to facilitate the



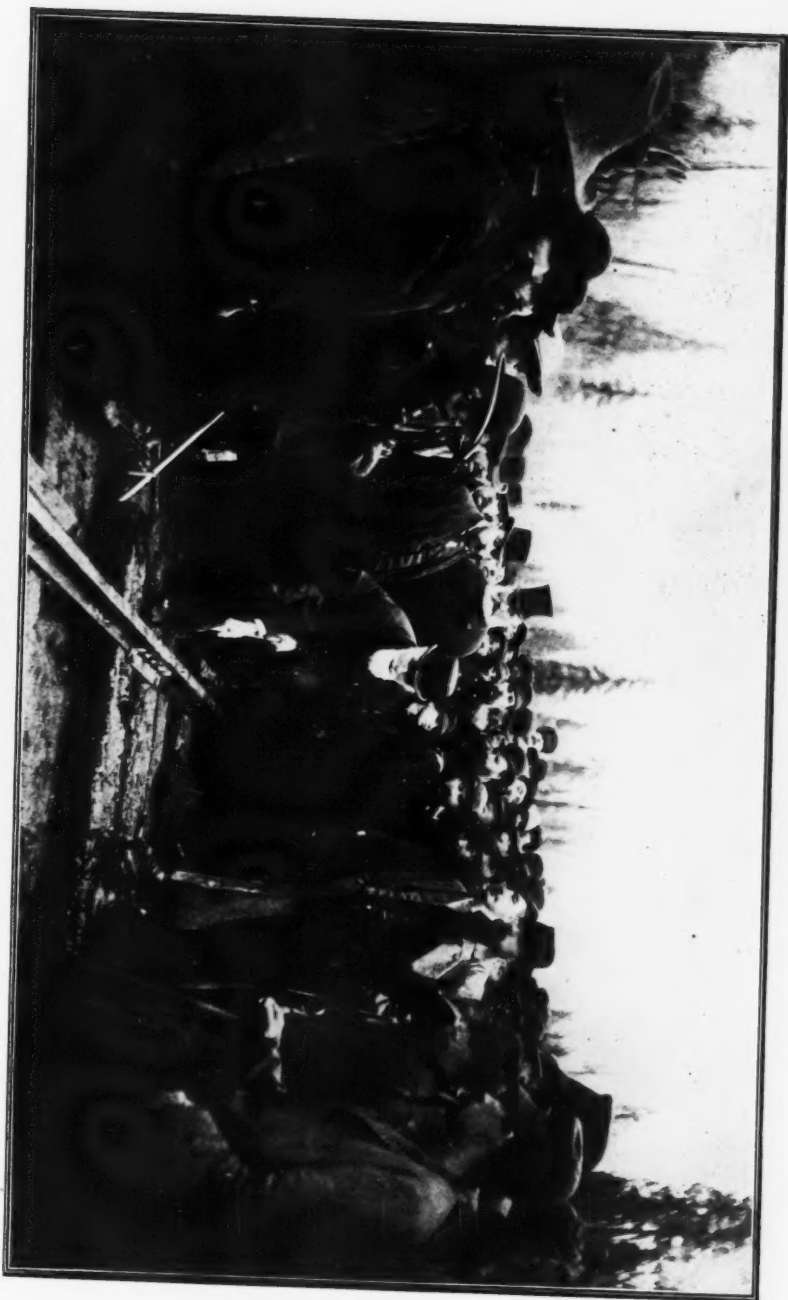
A TYPICAL RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION CAMP IN NORTHERN CANADA

him devolves the responsibility of building the road: placing surveyors in the field, draughting plans and estimates, constructing bridges, boring tunnels, fixing terminals and doing many other things equally exacting.

Many survey parties are in the field at the same time—engineers, axemen, tapemen, cooks; with transits, levels, aneroid barometers and camp paraphernalia. "Trial lines" are run zig-zag along the reconnaissance line to discover more definitely just where the railway can be built to best advantage and at minimum cost. When a full report has been handed in with the Chief Engineer's estimates and recom-

mendations, the road is ready for opening up. Once the railway is built, the tote road has served its purpose and is abandoned.

The work rapidly settles into definite shape. Gangs of navvies—Swedes, Finns, Italians, French and English—are at the points from which operations commence, ready to fall to work with pick and shovel. Axemen hew the Company's right-of-way through the tamarack growths, and behind them the air is filled with the loud "Gee!" "Whoa-Haw!" "Back you!" of the teamsters who are clearing the ground. The earth is ploughed up and loosened for the shovellers, hauled away in



AN HISTORIC EVENT IN CANADIAN RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION

The driving of the golden spike to signalize the completion of the Main Line of the Canadian Pacific across the Continent. This occurred on November 7th, 1885, in British Columbia. The Hon. D. A. Smith (Lord Strathcona) drove the spike, while behind him stood Mr. (Sir William) Van Horne and Mr. (Sir) Sanford Fleming.



A STEAM SHOVEL WILL LOAD A TRAIN OF FLAT CARS IN A FEW MINUTES

carts or spread and levelled into embankment layers. Here and there along the route construction camps are building, and one or two little saw-mills spring into being.

The boom of dynamite blasts among the hills, and an incessant clink-clink of drills are sounds which may be heard wherever railway construction is in progress. The road does not stop for such a small thing as a wall of rock. A few blasting charges will tear a passageway through, and this is cleared of the broken rock debris with the aid of cranes erected at the sides of the cutting.

It sometimes happens that rock formation is such that the slopes of a deep cut through it would be liable to slips, in which case a tunnel is necessary. Shafts are first sunk to ascertain the nature of the ground. A line is drawn accurately upon the surface above the tunnel's axis, and through this line working shafts are sunk at intervals to the roof of the tunnel. The excavated rock and earth is taken out at both ends and up the shafts. The tunnel is generally safe without arch supports when it runs through unstratified rock; but in stratified rock, where slabs may work loose at any time, a sustaining arch under the roof is an essential. The drainage is built along the axis underneath the track ballasting.

Across marshy places and small streams the road is carried by means of wooden trestles. Owing to the liability of the piles decaying, a trestle over boggy ground is resorted to only as a temporary expedient to sustain the rails at the proper level until the sand and gravel, with which the trestle is subsequently filled in, has settled firmly about the piles and stringers into a substantial embankment support. Permanent trestles across streams



BALLASTING A BIT OF NEWLY-LAID TRACK. AN UNLOADING PLOUGH IS CARRIED ON THE REAR CAR. A CABLE CONNECTS IT WITH ENGINE. BY IT A TRAIN IS UNLOADED IN A FEW SECONDS. THE T. AND N. O. RAILWAY.—PHOTO BY PARK, BRANTFORD

are erected on masonry foundations or on foundations of piles sunk through the river-bed. The piles are some-



THE FIRST BREAK INTO A ROCKY HILL

times driven down deep and a platform foundation built on top of them, but frequently they are left far enough above ground to themselves become the frame supports. Their tops are



THE CUTTING COMPLETED AND THE RAILS LAID, AWAITING THE BALLAST

sawed off level and horizontal beams or "caps" bolted on or mortised to receive tenons. The uprights are braced diagonally. Several different methods are followed in trestle building, dependent entirely upon local conditions.

The driving apparatus in a pile-driving machine consists of a weight block enclosed in two upright guide shafts. This ram is hauled up the shaft by hand or steam and falls back on the head of the pile. Pile-driving

has been done also by exploding powder charges in a metal cap affixed to the top of the pile. By means of this about thirty-five blows can be struck every minute with a driving force of five to ten feet.

In forming the roadbed and providing the drainage necessary to good tracking, great care is exercised. The bed is given a rounding slope from the centre and a thorough system of ditching. Ditches are also dug along the upper sides of rock-cuts, a short



THE BEGINNING OF THE TRESTLE WORK

distance back from the slope, to catch the water and carry it free of the cutting.

With the commencement of track laying, the new railway begins to take



PILES FOR TRESTLE WORK

definite shape. Sawmills have been busy turning out cross-ties which lie scattered and piled all along the finished



STRAIGHTENING AND DOUBLE TRACKING THE MAIN LINE OF THE GRAND TRUNK JUST EAST OF TORONTO. THE LARGE STEAM SHOVEL IS MAKING THE SECOND CUT THROUGH "HOG'S BACK," WHILE THE MEN IN THE FOREGROUND ARE BORING HOLES IN THE ROCK PREPARATORY TO BLASTING

roadway. They are quickly laid in place and workmen swarm about the heavy steel rails alongside. These are picked up with lifting irons, carried into position, rapidly spiked, and the great disjointed serpent that has been straggling its length of wood and metal down the vista between the forest walls, slowly wriggles out of the ditch and settles into parallels of steel. The rapidity with which track can be laid is greatly increased where a track-laying machine is used, the rate of advance being about a mile per day.

In building the curves, care is taken to elevate the outer rail. The height of this elevation depends upon the sharpness of the curve; for, as the centrifugal force will drive the wheels of a railway carriage towards the outside rail, so the elevation of the latter will bring into play a gravity force counteracting towards the inside rail. It is this elevation that allows a train to speed around a curve without danger of leaping the rails.

The gauge generally adopted gives the track a width of four feet, eight and one-half inches. Although there are arguments in favor of narrow-gauge railroads, yet these are over-balanced

by the inconvenience that would result from the adoption of a narrower gauge than is in general use, rendering impossible the handling of other lines' cars.

When the track is down, ballasting is in order and a very important factor it is in good construction work. Upon the ballasting depends the elasticity of the roadbed. It supports the ties on all sides, keeps the track in line, carries off rainwater and, by drainage, lessens the action of frost. Gravel is in most general use in this country; coarse, clean gravel drains well and is easily surfaced. Heavy sand is also used but is dusty in summer, which is not good for rolling stock. Just how much ballast is to be laid on the roadbed will be determined by the Company's finances. The depth will probably average fourteen inches. Ballast pits are opened up along the route and the road ballasted by trainloads. The track is first lined and surfaced with a light "lift" of the coarsest material to hand before the ballast trains can be allowed to run at any speed over the new track. If they do not go slowly when the track is lying without ballast support, rails will



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "HOG'S BACK" CUT ON GRAND TRUNK, SHOWING THE CUTTING AS IT APPEARED AFTER BEING LOWERED 22 FEET, AND PREVIOUS TO THE FINAL CUT OF THE SHOVEL. THE CUT IS WIDE ON ACCOUNT OF THE DOUBLE TRACK

bend, angle bars crack and the track shift out of line. A second "lift" is tamped and packed around the ties and supports until the track is solid; a single loose tie will, under traffic, work a hole in the ballast, making a lodging-place for water which will soon undermine the rail and cause the track to sag. The final lift of ballasting is of finer material and is laid on for finishing purposes.

In a ballast pit, the feature of interest is the steam shovel which loads the sand and gravel on to the flat-cars. In mechanism it is like a dredge, and is built upon trucks of its own, so that it can be easily moved from place to place. The scoop is driven by steam; and the swinging gear is operated by chains and cogs. The shovel is ranged alongside the pit embankment and the empty cars run slowly past it by means of a cable attached to a horse-power sweep.

The last car of a ballast train carries an unloading plough attached to the engine by means of a wire cable running over the tops of the flat-cars. The plough is dragged from end to end of the train, and is capable of emptying fifteen cars in less than four minutes.

Life in the construction camps is

much the same as that of the lumbermen. The living room is a long shanty with bunks ranging around the walls, and connected with this by a roofed passageway is the cook-house, the domain of the cook and his assistant, where the immense iron oven is always hot and the long plank tables are spread with great quantities of food. It is invariably a hungry lot that "wash up" for supper after work is over for the day.

An idea seems to be prevalent among many people that things are carried on in the roughest of rough styles up in the woods. While this may be true in some instances, it is not so within the precincts of a well-ordered construction camp. When the "cookee" pounds the gong, or blows the horn, or shouts, as the case may be, there is no wild stampede into the cook-house, though certainly the summons to eat is promptly obeyed. Each man quietly steps over the long bench with the sapling legs, and sits down in front of the nearest tin pannican and iron knife and fork. He helps himself, but he does not grab. There are no cries of: "Sling up the punk, Bill," or "Toss over them murphies," or "Here, you, give's the cow." That sort of thing



"RIVER ROUGE FILL" ON GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM, 17 MILES EAST OF TORONTO. THE HARD PAN OUT OF HOG'S BACK CUT WAS USED TO RAISE THIS BIT OF TRACK TWENTY FEET. IT IS RAISED STEADILY FOOT BY FOOT, CONSTRUCTION AND OTHER TRAINS PASSING OVER IT ALMOST AS USUAL.

is not tolerated, for with a hundred or more famished men kicking up a clamour, the cook and the cookee would simply be driven out of their wits. As it is, they are kept continually on the go to replenish the table.

Pork and beans is a fixture on the bill of fare; it is a diet that has yet to be improved upon where men are working hard in the open air. Pork and beans for breakfast, beans and pork for dinner, both for tea—always hot and wholesome and sustaining; those beans, a meal for an epicure if he is hungry! Then there are soups and stews and good wheaten bread, and pies and German doughnuts, and boilers of steaming tea and coffee, with

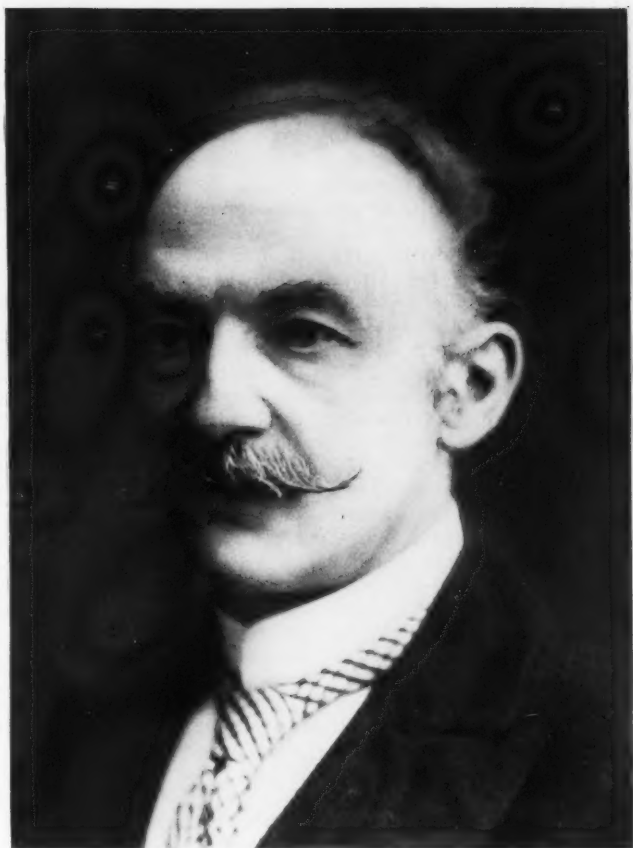
real evaporated cream to go with it. After supper the men smoke pipes, chat for awhile, turn in and sleep soundly, get up early and go to work again.

So the days pass, the weeks pass, the winter passes, the summer comes and the heat and the flies, but steadily on creeps the new railway until at last comes the gala day. This is the day which the promoters have had in mind since the government charts and maps were first examined—the day when the first train, bedecked with flags, makes the initial run and the new road stands complete, a monument to national prosperity and another step in the development of public interests.



A THIRD VIEW OF
"HOG'S BACK"

STEAM SHOVEL
HALF WAY THROUGH
ON FINAL CUT



THOMAS HARDY

PHOTO BY LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

LITERARY PORTRAITS*

By HALDANE MACFALL, Author of "*The Masterfolk*," etc.

II.—THOMAS HARDY

THROUGH dreamy, sincere eyes, the large soul of Thomas Hardy looks out upon a sad world for which his great heart aches with an infinite pity. He sees the immortals for ever making sport of all poor

human things here below. He sighs to think how small a thing is the heroism of the greatest amongst us—nay, even their loftiest ambitions—compared to the vastness of the huge universe of which this earth is but a little trifling star. When all man's

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endeavour is summed up, what a poor basketful of insignificance it is, set down at the foot of the mountains of time! He sighs at the cruelty of nature that can order so hard a road for the poor wounded feet of man to travel—the poor worn with toil, the rich harassed with discontent, the wise unable to attain more than the scraps of wisdom.

Seeing the world through the grey glasses of pessimism, the light goes out of his heaven. He flinches from the brutality of life—the hawk striking down the linnet, tearing to pieces its exquisite design—the wolf flying at the throat of the lamb—the ferret's crafty attack on the timid hare. Everywhere life taking life. No refuge from the unending struggle. Success in life—what is it but the tale of other hearts broken? What is the rich man's palace but the sign of other homes made desolate? Everywhere is strife, pursuit, sorrow, suffering—the rich trampling down the poor. At the end of all life's striving—the grave! What is commerce but the getting the better of one's neighbour? At every hand the strong overthrowing the weak.

Behind Hardy's kindly, ready laugh, behind his grim sense of humour, behind his demure manner and frank gaze, we feel this constant dogged effort to set aside the veil that hides the mystery of life. His large humanity, his love of every created thing, reels from the cruelty of nature, shrinks in horror from the fact of the creation of so exquisite a thing as Life to be destroyed in so horrible a thing as Death.

And it is, perhaps, in his depiction of the agony of the burden that is the destiny of the world's most beautifully created thing, Woman, that the largest sense of his humanity cries out. It is for this brutality of all brutalities that he seems to be most heavily sorrowful. In a series of superb studies of women, of the unsophisticated women of rural life, the country town, and the village, he insists on the tragic burden of their womanhood.

Everywhere he sees sorrow and pain.

The very intellect that raises man above the brute, what does it do to bring happiness to poor, stumbling, blundering man? It but dangles hopes and ambitions and joys as lures before his eyes to decoy him into struggling for them, and, in the strife, to push others down. The intellect, man's boast over the brute—it is the crown of thorns! It cannot give happiness, it often brings madness, it is swallowed in the grave of time.

This conviction of the cruelty of nature and of life Hardy has expressed through a series of novels of country life that place him supreme amongst the English masters of the prose pastoral. It may, at first sight, seem strange that the voice of the countryside, finding tongue through the genius of Hardy, should compel our minds to dwell on the cruelty of nature. We are accustomed to think of the country as giving us the healthy strong man, the vigorous race. But it is a strange fact that it is not in the towns but amongst the rural folk that melancholy most dwells, and madness finds its largest prey; just as it is a strange fact that the greatest landscape painter of the world was born and bred in the dingy house of a narrow London street; just as we find that the Irish, a merry folk by repute, are at heart amongst the saddest people in the world. There broods always over the country, even in its most beautiful landscapes, a sense of sadness, the hint of a sigh, such as one rarely feels in the toil-worn streets of cities.

The life of the fields is nearer to nature—toil is on a heavier ground—labour is lower, more tedious—longer in yielding its results. The day is more lonely. Death is more insistent, more known, oftener seen, nearer when it comes, hides itself less from the gaze. In London how rarely we realise that anyone is dying! In a village, death brings a solemn dignity and a hush to the smallest cottage—the coming of death sets every tongue a-gossip.

It is through the personality of Thomas Hardy, and in and by his fine

novels, that we feel the pathos and the quaint humour of the country side; it is in his pictures of life that we are made to feel not only that the life of the village is as romantic as the life of the stately homes that dominate the village, but we are shyly shown that the lord who lives in pomp and circumstance in the stately home passes into the handsome tomb as the villager passes into his simple grave, all in the selfsame God's-acre; and the obliterating earth, and the wind and the rain blot out in time the very record of their virtues in stone, as they wear away the simple tombstones of the poor, and all are in time forgotten.

It is remarkable that it is in England's great pastoral poem, Grey's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," that we find the greatest pessimistic poem of the English language—pessimistic as the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam.

As alleviation for the sadness of life, the Eastern genius of Omar Khayyam found wine and a book, a loaf and the love of a girl. The pessimism of the mediæval Church found it in the hope of a future state of bliss. Hardy finds in it a vast pity for all suffering things. The life beyond the drawn curtain of death is beyond his ken—beyond his guessing. He is filled with a wide pity and a generous charity for every suffering thing upon this earth; and in his desire to mitigate all suffering, Hardy finds that which makes for the beautifying of life.

The pessimistic genius can never be so stimulating to a vigorous life for mankind as the optimistic genius; nor its impulse so forward urging towards fuller existence and the emancipation of the race. It is the man that believes the Designer to have made a glorious world, the man that looks upon life as a splendid wayfaring, who lifts the world upon his shoulders. The most supremely noble pessimist (and Hardy is near the throne) can at best but sit at the hearth of his sad world and pile up the fire in the hope to mitigate the biting frost for others; but the optimist holds the sun to the

earth, and his very joyousness sets the world a-singing.

Born some sixty-three years ago, in his beloved Wessex, that is the background to his pastoral tragedies and comedies, Thomas Hardy was schooled in the art of architecture—indeed, threatened to reach early distinction in the building of churches—but the building of prose was making a more urgent call upon his temperament. At thirty-one he discarded bricks and stone, and some toying with verse, to make his first and most unpromising essay in fiction with a sensational story of the kind then in vogue. At thirty-two, however, with "Under the Greenwood Tree," he entered, haltingly enough, to be sure, into his kingdom, and first uttered the voice of the supreme English master of the pastoral novel. But it was not until his thirty-fourth year that "Far From the Madding Crowd" noised abroad the fact that a genius had arrived amongst us. In his thirty-eighth year came the sublime, the deepest and the most perfect of his tragedies, "The Return of the Native."

With his fifty-first year he completely changed his manner, and gave us the realistic "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and, four years later, "Jude the Obscure." The supremacy of sheer beauty of artistry had now given place to the domination of the spirit of humanity, of righteous indignation, and of the vast pity which has always stirred his genius. These two books were violently attacked for what is called their "realism," by which the critic and the public generally seem to mean such a treatment of sex as is not the ordinary romantic conception of it in fiction.

As a matter of fact, powerful and great as "Tess" is, some colour was lent to the charge by the tendency on Hardy's part to exaggerate his chief literary defect in these two novels—a defect which is the marked characteristic of the realistic movement—a habit of over-elaborate detail, and of wandering away into unessential descriptions and side-issues from the path of his plot. But the truth was that Hardy

had joined the younger men in a supreme effort to break from the cramping convention into which the novel had fallen—for the nineties saw a general movement in letters to break away from the "rose-water" school. "Tess," striking the first strong blow, was bitterly assailed, and had to bear the brunt of the attack. Meredith says somewhere: "Nature will force her way, and if you try to stifle her by drowning she comes up, not the fairest

part of her uppermost." In "Jude the Obscure" there is a suspicion of this unseemliness. But the attack on Hardy was childish. His style, limpid and pure, was never more masterly than in these books; his drawing of character was never more subtle nor more sure. And, to rank immortal, it is on its creation of character that the novel must finally stand at the bar of judgment. Hardy rests to-day secure of his bays.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN

By THE EDITOR



JAPAN regards the independence of Korea as absolutely essential to her own repose and security. Japan also believes that the indefinite occupation of Manchuria by Russia would be a continual menace to the

Korean Empire. Hence the present struggle between that Empire and Russia.

For three hundred years Russia has been steadily pushing her way eastward from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific coast. During the last fifty years she has secured much Chinese territory. In 1857 Britain and France quarrelled with China, invaded her territory and occupied Peking. Russia used her influence to assist China in securing a settlement and have the invading armies withdrawn, subsequently obtaining for her services a large portion of territory just north of the Amur River. To protect this territory she built Vladivostock, which she thought would be a satisfactory Pacific Ocean port. In 1891, with the present Emperor as the guiding spirit of the undertaking, she began to build the Trans-Siberian Railway from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock. Experience soon showed that this port was not satisfactory because it was ice-bound several months of the year. Investigation also proved that the Railway could not be profitably run through Russian territory north of the Amur River.

Having arrived at this point Russian diplomacy began to look for a



NICHOLAS II—THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

more southerly and more direct route from Lake Baikal to Vladivostock across Manchuria, and for a new ocean terminus farther south where Russian ships might enter all the year round. A Russian Ukase of December 23rd, 1896, authorized the formation of the Eastern China Railway Company, consisting exclusively of Russian and Chinese shareholders. The line which this railway follows starts at Kaidalovo on the Trans-Siberian Railway, 440 miles east of Lake Baikal, and strikes southeasterly across Manchuria to Kharbin. Here it bifurcates, one branch extending to Vladivostock and a second to Port Arthur. This was the first step in the new movement.

This movement was not made without the opposition of Japan. In 1894 she declared war against China, ostensibly over Korea. The Japanese captured Port Arthur and the Liaotung Peninsula, and marched on Peking. At this point the European Powers intervened and a treaty of peace was negotiated. By it China recognized the full and complete independence of Korea, and agreed to pay Japan an indemnity of \$100,000,000 and to cede to her the Liaotung Peninsula. It was a great victory for Japan. But the wily Li Hung Chang, who had charge of the negotiations, had previously arranged with Russia that Japan should be prevented from permanently occupying the Liaotung Peninsula. Accordingly, a few days after the treaty was signed, Russia, Germany and France protested against the Japanese occupation of that territory. This was a sad blow to Japanese hopes. To hold what the treaty gave her she must have fought the three great Powers, an impossibility for her at that time. Accordingly, she surrendered what she had so valorously won, and decided to await the turn of events.

Soon afterwards, German activity in North China was used by Russia as a reason for occupying the Liaotung Peninsula and fortifying Port Arthur.



MUTSUHITO—EMPEROR OF JAPAN, 1867-1904

This happened in the last month of 1897. Thus at the beginning of 1898 Japan found herself face to face with her rival in the Yellow Sea. Nor has diplomacy nor international event served to drive Russia back one foot from what she then obtained. The more recent troubles with China failed to shake Russia's hold on Manchurian territory, or to induce her to withdraw any of her troops from that portion of the Chinese Empire.

When it became evident that Russia intended to hold Manchuria at all costs, Japan prepared for eventualities. Her already strong army was strengthened, and her already large navy was enlarged. The lesson of fifty years of Russian advance was too strong to be ignored—Turkestan, Amur, Saghalien, Manchuria, Port Arthur were among the signposts. There must be a struggle, a fight to the bitter end, or else Japan should forever remain a small island Empire.

In July of last year, Japan invited Russia to confer upon the subject of securing a friendly adjustment of all questions relating to Manchuria and Korea. Japan probably knew that an agreement was unlikely, but nevertheless she resolved to try direct diplomacy. In August the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg presented to the Russian Government a basis of agreement in which both countries were to guarantee the independence and integrity of China and Korea and to maintain the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in both these countries.

Russia positively refused to consider Manchuria as outside her sphere of action, or to agree that all nations should have equal opportunities of commerce and industry in that district. She had built a railway across it, she had fortified Port Arthur, she had the right to maintain troops there for the preservation of order; these rights she would not surrender for "the open door." So far as Korea was concerned, Russia agreed that Japan had some rights there but claimed some herself. She wanted a neutral zone in Northern Korea which would be left open for both nations. Japan had an experience of neutral zones and joint occupation in Saghalien and knew quite well what such an arrangement would mean.

Negotiations were continued at Tokio and the Russian Ambassador there went so far as to settle upon certain concessions which Russia might make. In October, these concessions were forwarded to St. Petersburg for confirmation. No answer was received until December, and then the concessions were refused. Japan then presented another modified note and waited for an answer until early in the second month of the present year. On February 5th, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg presented a note to the Russian Government severing diplomatic relations between the two Governments. On the night of February 8th the Japanese fleet attacked Port Arthur.

It will thus be seen that the present

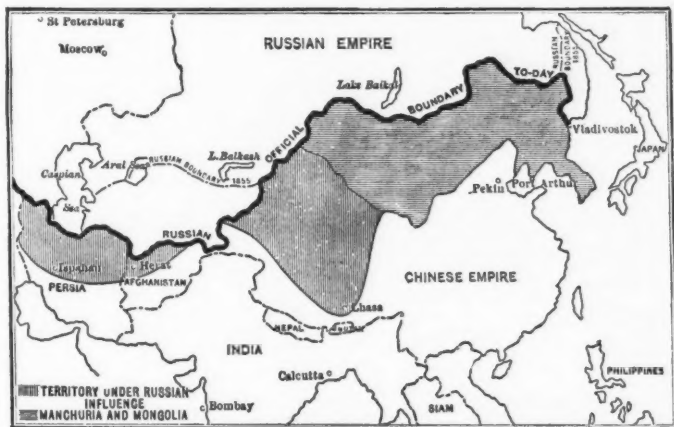
war is not an accidental event. It is the result of fifty years of Russian aggression in the East, of fifty years of Russian determination to be a power on the Pacific. By playing the part of friend to China whenever that great hulking aggregation of individuals got into trouble, she has gradually acquired possession of Northern China which she has crossed with railways and guarded with fortifications, armies and fleets. A few years more and Korea would have come under her sway. Then Japan would have had Russian guns pointed across almost the whole of her territory. When that stage was reached, what could forty-five millions of people hope to hold against one hundred and fifty millions, if the latter chose to be aggressive?

Unfortunately for Russian designs and ambitions, Japan has suddenly become a modern nation. Before 1850 the Japs were forbidden by their rulers either to leave the country or to have intercourse with foreigners. In the twinkling of an eye this exclusion policy was changed. In 1867, Mutsuhito, the present progressive Emperor, came to the throne with new ideas. He was determined to introduce Western civilization: constitutional government, representative institutions, equality before the law, impartial administration of justice, a broad system of education, modern industrial methods and a progressive army and navy. In fifty years Japan has been transformed from a position similar to that in which China is still content, to that occupied by such countries as France, Germany, England and the United States. Young Japs were sent out to all the modern nations to learn what was best in the government, institutions and civilization of each, and to bring back their information to Japan. Educationists, administrators, engineers, lawyers and other teachers were imported from all over the world to help in the transformation. The great families voluntarily surrendered their hereditary estates and privileges, and so far as possible social and political equality was introduced. The

system of agriculture was improved ; the export of silk was developed until it now amounts to \$31,000,000 a year ; the coal mines were operated on improved plans so that 9,000,000 tons were produced in 1901 ; the camphor trade of Formosa was developed ; the export of tea was enlarged ; a national university was founded ; cotton mills were built and railways were constructed. Japan became a Western nation and now she is fighting to show that she must hereafter be recognized as

has increased from 74,000,000 to 150,000,000.

Neither Korea nor China are fit to stand against the Russian advance. Korea has an area of 82,000 square miles, a little more than the Province of Manitoba, or about one-third of the Province of Ontario. Its population, it is true, is about 17,000,000, or three times as large as that of Canada, but that population is composed of ignorant and unprogressive farmers. It has always been disputed territory,



MAP SHOWING THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE IN ASIA DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS. THE DISTRICT JUST ABOVE VLADIVOSTOCK WAS SECURED FROM CHINA IN 1855

one of the seven or eight great nations of the world.

If Japan had not wakened up, no one could doubt that she would eventually have been swallowed up, as China is likely to be. The history of the last fifty years shows that at least one-quarter of the Chinese Empire has passed under other flags, most of it to Russia. All the district north of Afghanistan and east of the Caspian Sea has passed under Russian sway ; Amur and Maritime, north of the Amur River, were recently Chinese territory ; Manchuria and the Liaotung Peninsula are still nominally Chinese territory, but really part of the Russian Empire. In fifty years the population of Russia

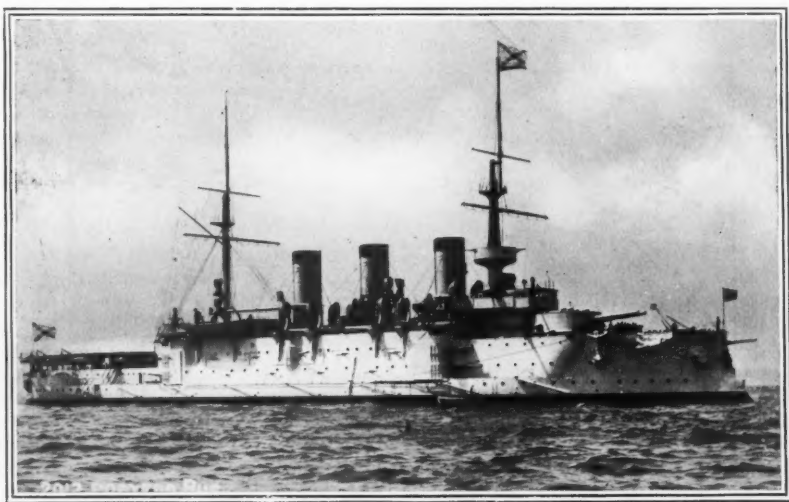
and alternately governed by China and Japan, and its people are not organized to withstand aggression.

Nor is China in a much better state. Patriotism and efficient government are unknown qualities. While other nations have been relying on military prowess and their own strong arm, China has been depending upon the belief that their Emperor is the Vicar of Heaven, the sole mediator between God and man. Mysterious reverence is the tie that has held this great Empire together since the time when the Roman legions of Titus were camped around the Holy City, seventy years after the birth of Christ ; from the time when Egypt and Mesopotamia were

the dominant powers of the Eastern Mediterranean. The Emperor is also the father of the nation, and all his children honour and reverence him. Only this and the efficiency of Chinese diplomacy have held that Empire together so long. Li Hung Chang and the present Empress are the greatest modern representatives of this diplomacy—types of the whole nation. Li Hung Chang's diplomacy has already been referred to. The Empress is "an illiterate profligate, an ignorant and unscrupulous concubine, whom fortune

an ally and the United States a friend of the Japanese. It is to Japan that Western civilization looks to preserve the open door on the Pacific Coast. With the downfall of Japan, would come the downfall of British, German, French and American trade in the Orient. Hence the Western world hopes that Japan will win.

Even though the struggle be a short one, it must be expensive. The Spanish-American War was not prolonged but it cost the United States more than \$350,000,000. The South African



THE RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP POBIEIDA

Damaged by a Japanese mine on April 13th, at the time when the Petropavlovsk was sunk

made mother of a puppet Emperor." Yet she wields a wonderful power at home and among the diplomats of other nations. Moreover, the Chinese are born traders and artisans. In their business qualities they resemble the Jews. Even when China falls they will be the merchants and artisans of the earth. The toilers in Europe and America have in them the great competitor of the future. As fighters and governors they are not competent to stand against the Slav for a moment.

The helplessness of Korea and China but increases the difficulties of Japan. It also indicates why Great Britain is

Campaign would rank only as a second-rate war but the cost to Great Britain was \$1,200,000,000. If the war lasts for any great length of time each Empire will find it difficult to finance an undertaking which may easily cost \$1,000,000 per day. The public debt of Russia stands to-day at about \$4,250,000,000 and it is difficult to see how this can be greatly increased in spite of the enormous size of the country. Of this huge quantity of floating securities France holds more than \$1,400,000,000 and France has been the great market for Russian securities. The remainder is held in

Germany, Holland, Belgium or at home. Whether these countries would be inclined to increase their holdings in order to protect what they now have remains to be seen. Japan's debt is only about \$300,000,000 and by far the greater part of it is in domestic loans. It is one of the smallest of national debts and on a per capita basis is less than that of any other great nation. What financing Japan has done in the outside world has been done in England. At the present time the Anglo-Saxon money markets are somewhat

overloaded and further Japanese flotations would be somewhat difficult. As a preparation for this War she has succeeded in floating at home a loan for \$50,000,000 and the enthusiasm of the people would probably ensure further success of the same kind if it were needed. Nevertheless Russia has undoubtedly greater resources for the raising of money and will be best able to finance an extended war. Japan will not fight long—the Liaotung Peninsula and Korea would probably satisfy her.

THE NECKLACE*

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

SHE was one of those pretty and charming girls who are sometimes, as if by a mistake of destiny, born in a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of being known, understood, loved, wedded by any rich and distinguished man; and she let herself be married to a little clerk at the Ministry of Public Instruction.

She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was as unhappy as though she had really fallen from her proper station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank; and beauty, grace and charm act instead of family birth. Natural fineness, instinct for what is elegant, suppleness of wit, are the marks of aristocracy, and make from women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies.

She suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born for all the delicacies and all the luxuries. She suffered from the poverty of her dwelling, from the wretched look of the walls, from the worn-out chairs, from the ugliness of the curtains. All those things, of which another woman of her rank

would never have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who did her humble housework aroused in her regrets which were despairing, and distracted dreams. She thought of the silent antechambers hung with Oriental tapestry, lit by tall bronze candelabra, and of the two great footmen in knee breeches who sleep in the big arm-chairs, made drowsy by the heavy warmth of the hot-air stove. She thought of the long salons fitted up with ancient silk, of the delicate furniture carrying priceless curiosities, and of the coquettish, perfumed boudoirs made for talks at five o'clock with intimate friends, with men famous and sought after, whom all women envy and whose attention they all desire.

When she sat down to dinner before the round table, covered with a table-cloth three days' old, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup-tureen and declared with an enchanted air: "Ah, the good *pot-au-feu*! I don't know anything better than that," she thought of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestry which peopled the walls with ancient personages and with strange birds flying in the

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midst of a fairy forest; and she thought of delicious dishes served on marvelous plates, and of the whispered galantries which you listen to with a sphinx-like smile, while you are eating the pink flesh of a trout or the wings of a quail.

She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that; she felt made for that. She would so have liked to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after.

She had a friend, a former school-mate at the convent, who was rich, and whom she did not like to go and see any more, because she suffered so much when she came back.

But one evening her husband returned home with a triumphant air, and holding a large envelope in his hand.

"There," said he, "there is something for you."

She tore the paper sharply, and drew out a printed card which bore these words:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Ramponneau request the honour of M. and Mme. Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18th."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband hoped, she threw the invitation on the table with disdain, murmuring:

"What do you want me to do with that?"

"But, my dear, I thought you would be glad. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had awful trouble to get it. Everyone wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there."

She looked at him with an irritated eye, and she said impatiently:

"And what do you want me to put on my back?"

He had not thought of that. He stammered:

"Why, the dress you go to the theatre in. It looks very well to me."

He stopped distracted, seeing that

his wife was crying. Two great tears descended slowly from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth. He stuttered:

"What's the matter? What's the matter?"

But, by a violent effort, she had conquered her grief, and she replied, with a calm voice, while she wiped her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no dress, and therefore I can't go to this ball. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I."

He was in despair. He resumed:

"Come, let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable dress, which you could use on other occasions; something very simple?"

She reflected several seconds, making her calculations and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally, she replied, hesitatingly:

"I don't know exactly, but I think I could manage it with four hundred francs."

He had grown a little pale, because he was laying aside just that amount to buy a gun to treat himself to a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre, with several friends who went to shoot larks down there of a Sunday. But he said:

"All right. I will give you four hundred francs. And try to have a pretty dress."

The day of the ball drew near, and Mme. Loisel seemed sad, uneasy, anxious. Her dress was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What is the matter? Come, you've been so queer these last three days."

And she answered:

"It annoys me not to have a single jewel, not a single stone, nothing to put on. I should look like distress. I should almost rather not go at all."

He resumed:

"You might wear natural flowers. It's very stylish at this time of the year."

For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced.

"No; there's nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich."

But her husband cried:

"How stupid you are! Go look up your friend Mme. Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You're quite thick enough with her to do that."

She uttered a cry of joy:

"It's true. I never thought of it."

The next day she went to her friend and told of her distress. Mme. Forestier went to a wardrobe with a glass door, took out a large jewel-box, brought it back, opened it, and said to Mme. Loisel:

"Choose, my dear."

She saw first of all some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross, gold and precious stones of admirable workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the glass, hesitated, could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

"Haven't you any more?"

"Why yes. Look! I don't know what you like."

All of a sudden she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb necklace of diamonds; and her heart began to beat with an immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her throat, outside her high-necked dress and remained lost in ecstasy at the sight of herself.

Then she asked, hesitating, filled with anguish:

"Can you lend me that, only that?"

"Why yes, certainly."

She sprang upon the neck of her friend, kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure.

.....

The day of the ball arrived. Mme. Loisel made a great success. She was prettier than them all, elegant, gracious, smiling, and crazy with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, endeavoured to be introduced. All the

attachés of the Cabinet wanted to waltz with her. She was remarked by the Minister himself.

She danced with intoxication, with passion, made drunk by pleasure, forgetting all, in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud happiness composed of all this homage, of all this admiration, of all these awakened desires, and of that sense of complete victory which is so sweet to woman's heart.

She went away about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight in a little deserted ante-room, with three other gentlemen whose wives were having a very good time.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps which he had brought, modest wraps of common life, whose poverty contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wanted to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back.

"Wait a bit. You will catch cold outside. I will go and call a cab."

But she did not listen to him, and rapidly descended the stairs. When they were in the street they did not find a carriage; and they began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen whom they saw passing by at a distance.

They went down towards the Seine, in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient noctambulant coupes which, exactly as if they were ashamed to show their misery during the day, are never seen round Paris until after nightfall.

It took them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and once more, sadly, they climbed up homeward. All was ended, for her. And as to him, he reflected that he must be at the Ministry at ten o'clock.

She removed the wraps which covered her shoulders, before the glass, so as once more to see herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She had no longer the necklace around her neck!

Her husband, already half-undressed, demanded:

"What is the matter with you?"

She turned madly towards him:

"I have—I have—I've lost Mme. Forestier's necklace."

He stood up distracted.

"What!—How!—Impossible!"

And they looked in the folds of her dress, in the folds of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere. They did not find it.

He asked:

"You're sure you had it on when you left the ball?"

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule of the palace."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab?"

"Yes, probably. Did you take his number?"

"No. And you, didn't you notice it?"

"No."

They looked thunderstruck at one another. At last Loisel put on his clothes.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route which we have taken, to see if I can't find it."

And he went out. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength to go to bed, overwhelmed, without fire, without a thought.

Her husband came back about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to Police Headquarters, to the newspaper offices, to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies—everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least suspicion of hope.

She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity.

Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face; he had discovered nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to turn around."

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of the week they had lost all hope.

And Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must consider how to replace that ornament."

The next day they took the box which had contained it, and they went to the jeweller whose name was found within. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, madame, who sold that necklace; I must simply have furnished the case."

Then they went from jeweller to jeweller, searching for a necklace like the other, consulting their memories, sick both of them with chagrin and with anguish.

They found in a shop at the Palais Royal a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly like the one they looked for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six.

So they begged the jeweller not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they found the other one before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers, and all the race of lenders. He compromised all the rest of his life, risked his signature, without even knowing if he could meet it; and, frightened by the pains yet to come, by the black misery which was about to fall upon him, by the prospect of all the physical privations and of all the mortal tortures which he was to suffer, he went to get the new necklace, putting down upon the merchant's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Mme. Loisel took back the necklace, Mme. Forestier said to her, with a chilly manner:

"You should have returned it sooner, I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, as her

friend had so much feared. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Mme. Loisel for a thief?

Mme. Loisel now knew the horrible existence of the needy. She took her part, moreover, all on a sudden, with heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof.

She came to know what heavy housework meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her rosy nails on the greasy pots and pans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts, and the dish-cloths, which she dried upon a line; she carried the slops down to the street every morning, and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And, dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiter, the grocer, the butcher, her basket on her arm, bargaining, insulted, defending her miserable money sou by sou.

Each month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

Her husband worked in the evening making a fair copy of some tradesman's accounts, and late at night he often copied manuscript for five sous a page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything, everything with the rates of usury, and the accumulations of the compound interest.

Mme. Loisel looked old now. She had become the woman of impoverished households, strong and hard and rough. With frowsy hair, skirts askew, and red hands, she talked loud while washing the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window, and she thought of that gay evening of long ago, of that ball where she had been so beautiful and so feted.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? How life is strange and changeful! How little a thing is

needed for us to be lost or to be saved!

But, one Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Elysees to refresh herself from the labours of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman who was leading a child. It was Mme. Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Mme. Loisel felt moved. Was she going to speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she was going to tell her all about it. Why not?

She went up.

"Good-day, Jeanne."

The other, astonished to be familiarly addressed by this plain good-wife, did not recognize her at all and stammered:

"But—Madame!—I do not know—You must have mistaken."

"No. I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! How you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had days hard enough, since I have seen you, days wretched enough—and that because of you!"

"Of me! How so?"

"Do you remember that diamond necklace which you lent me to wear at the ministerial ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"What do you mean? You brought it back."

"I brought you back another just like it. And for this we have been ten years paying. You can understand that it was not easy for us, who had nothing. At last it is ended, and I am very glad."

Mme. Forestier had stopped.

"You say you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it then? They were very like." And she smiled with a joy which was proud and naive at once.

Mme. Forestier, strongly moved, took her two hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste. It was worth at most five hundred francs!"

DIPLOMAT'S SACRIFICE

A RACING STORY

By W. A. FRASER, author of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.



AM "Jim," a cab horse. In the stables I am known as No. 17.

It seems queer, this London world, with its cockney slang—queer to me, for I was born in Australia twelve years ago. Bli' me!—there, you see, that's Larrikin; it will out—but it was different out *there*.

I was a prince, had royal blood in my veins; but still I didn't learn to write or anything till I came to London and got into the night school for cab horses. That's why I never told this story before.

I was two years old when Trainer Southall came down from Calcutta and bought me, and three other colts that could gallop a bit, from White—bought me to race in India. It was after I had made a big name in Calcutta that they sent me to England. But I never did much good here, and one day I was sold to the man who put me between the shafts of a hansom.

Southall had been in stables since he was a little boy, and knew all about us. He said I had sloping shoulders, was short-coupled in the back, long underneath, and well down in the hocks, had great quarters, a thin, bony head, and ears like silk. I didn't understand it all then, for I was only a colt, and had spent more time in the paddock than in the stable; but I knew he was praising me, and when he put his hand under my chin, and leaned his head against mine, I patted his cheek with my nose.

He laughed, and swore he would have me if I cost him a thousand guineas. He stuck his thumb under my upper lip, and, looking at my teeth, said, "Bless us! he's only a babe; but he's a whoppin' big 'un—nearly sixteen hands."

Well, he took me away to Calcutta. The trip on the boat was horrible—I don't want to talk about it. I hope no children of mine ever have to go through that; but they won't, for they are all in India now.

In India they kept me till I was four years old, before I was started in a race. Of course I galloped with the other horses that were in the stable.

Southall used to do all sorts of funny things with me. When he knew people would be looking at these stable gallops, he put a heavy saddle with two stuns of lead in it on my back, so that I could not beat the other horses.

The people said I was no good; but Southall would laugh, and tickle me in the ribs, and say, "You're no good, my big buck; you're no good, d'y'e hear? But, my word, you'll win the Viceroy's Cup in a walk."

The first race I ran was down at Hyderabad. It was the Nizam's Cup; and Southall, and my owner, and little Abbot, banked their money on my chances in a way that made me nervous. How they knew I could beat Table Top I don't understand—but I did.

Such an uproar there was. I heard Southall tell the jockey, "Jim," to get away in the lead; so that every time the other horses started I jumped as quick as I could. After we had gone a half-mile Jim pulled me back and kept me behind Table Top until near the finish. When he let go of my head I shot past the other horse as though he were walking.

They threw a big blanket over me when they took the light saddle off my back after the race. Then I was led down to the stall and scraped with a steel band, and rubbed with straw until I was dry.

My word, but they made a lot of me. The ladies patted my neck,

and the trainer said he wished I could drink a bottle of champagne with him. That was the way with those boys; when they won they drank champagne and played poker all night, and bullied everybody as though they were kings.

It was five weeks between the Hyderabad races and the Viceroy's Cup, and I heard my master tell the trainer that I should not be started again before that race.

Going down to Calcutta I caught cold in the train. Southall put a big felt pad on my chest when he put me in the box car, and I got very hot and wet from the perspiration. As I was moving a little the pad caught in a nail and was pulled to one side. I could not put it back; the night air struck cold on my wet skin, and in the morning I was coughing.

When Southall saw me he cried. "My poor boy!" he said; "here's the greatest certainty in the world gone wrong."

My owner and all of them had bet a small fortune on me for the Viceroy's Cup, and they were more solicitous about my health than if I had been the only son in my master's family.

My master had a daughter, Miss Jess. I liked her better than anybody, better even than Southall. Before I was in what they called "hard training" she used to bring me lumps of sugar, little pieces of salt, and sometimes a carrot. She was always scratching my ear, or rubbing my nose with her little hand, or doing something to show that we were friends.

"You are a gentleman, Diplomat," she would say, and would pull my mustache or pinch my arm.

After I got back to Calcutta from Hyderabad she came to the stable one morning, and took my breath away by saying: "My poor boy, you're sick; I'm sorry. It's a shame; they were careless—somebody was. But I don't feel as badly as I ought to over it, Dip, for I want another horse to win the Cup; but you don't know anything about that," she added, flicking at my nose with the feathery end of a carrot top.

Then she dragged my head to one side and laid her cheek against mine. I felt something wet trickle down my nose, and when she lifted her sweet face I saw that her eyes were blurred. I couldn't understand it at all; but I had horse sense enough to know that she was sorry for me. Besides, I had heard Southall say that nobody could understand a woman's way.

My cold got better; but the fever went down my legs. After a gallop on the hard, dry race-track my limbs would swell up, and I would go quite lame. The *putties* (bandages) they put on me did some good, but the tendons would swell and get sore. Southall was in despair. He played the hose on my shins after each gallop, and rubbed at them until he nearly took the skin off. But still the legs kept weak.

About this time I learned why Miss Jess didn't want me to win the Viceroy's Cup.

One morning, after a gallop on the course, I was waiting for the string to go home when I saw a horse I had known in Australia. He was in the stall next mine. It was Sting. We had been in the same paddock over there.

"What are you running in?" I asked him. "I didn't know you were in the country."

"The Trials and the Viceroy's Cup," he responded.

One of the other fellows entered in the Viceroy's Cup, Robin Hood, was on my right, and when Sting said this, Robin, who was seventeen hands high, gave a snort, and exclaimed, "What! a little sawed-off runt like you expect to beat all the long legs over a mile-and-a-quarter? My word, but you *have* got a fair-sized gall."

"No," answered Sting; "I don't expect to win, but my master, Captain Thornton, thinks I can."

"Well, you *can't*!" snapped Robin. "Diplomat here will give you a stun over that distance."

"Don't mind him," I said, speaking to the little horse. "Tell me what is the matter."

First Water had been travelling about in a circle in front of the stalls, led by a syce. The latter stopped to talk to the boy who was putting the putties on my legs, and the big chestnut heard Robin Hood sneer at little Sting.

"You big lob, you! why don't you leave the little man alone? You're seventeen hands high, and your thigh is as big as my neck, but you never won a race in your life—not since you came to India, anyway. Everybody knows what's the matter with you, too. You're fast enough, but when any of us squeeze you, you just quit. You funk it, and my trainer says he wouldn't have you as a gift—your heart's in the wrong place, he says."

This made Robin furious, for he was a bad-tempered brute, and he lashed out a vicious kick at First Water.

"What did Sting do in the Cau'field Cup, at home in Australia?" continued First Water. "Didn't we all pocket the little chap, and keep him there for a mile—and then, when we rounded the corner for home, he got through and made hacks of us, winning by as far as he pleased? Don't mind that big soft mushroom, Sting. We're glad to see you out from Australia. Did Teddy Weeks bring you over? You'll find the ground hard and dry here, and the heat'll crack your hoofs and burn your liver. My hoof is split so that I have got to wear a big all-round shoe on it."

Then the syce led First Water away, and a stable boy came to take Robin Hood for a spin.

When we were alone Sting commenced to talk.

"You were only a youngster when you left Australia, Dip," he said; "how have you gone on? I heard my master, the captain, telling people that you were favourite for the Viceroy's Cup, and that you were the only horse he was afraid of. And look here, Dip, I'll tell you a secret, for you'll not give it away, will you? The captain's awfully fond of your master's daughter, Miss Jess—I've seen them together and I've heard them talk. I've heard a lot of things; they think I don't

understand, and the syce only knows the pagan language they have got here, so they talk.

"Last night the captain said to me: 'You've got to win the Cup, old man, for if you don't I'll make a mess of it. Besides, you'd like to have Jess for a mistress, wouldn't you?' And one morning your mistress, Miss Jess, came to me on the course, and, rubbing her soft little hand down my neck, said: 'You must be a brave little horse, and win the Cup for your master.' Dull spurs! but I laughed out at this—it was too funny. For my master, to be sure!—there I was to run and win, not the Cup alone, but a small fortune in bets, so that the captain could have your mistress, Dip. Do you see now what is bothering me?"

I nodded slowly for this had set me thinking. This was why Miss Jess had been unable to fret more over my illness.

"Well, you'll just have to win," I said to him. "You won three times in Australia, and ought to be good enough to beat these other fellows who should be running as qualified hunters. I'm sure I hope you do, for if my mistress will be happy through your winning that will please me."

"Yes, I won the Cau'field, Dip, but the getting through the crowd was just a little too much for me. When I gallop more than a mile now I get a pain in my side."

"That's what Robin Hood says," I ejaculated. "He says he gets a pain in his side; but we all laugh at him, and think it's because he's soft and cuts it."

"No, Dip, it's not that. You'll find his heart has been strained once, same as mine—has had to do too much. By Saint Gladiateur! when you're galloping there—the other fellows knocking you about, shoving you against the rail, and carrying you wide on the outside of the turns, or closing in on you in a pocket, and the dust is that thick you're breathing mud instead of pure air, so that the pipes leading to your lungs are all choked up, and a boy on your back, who doesn't know anything but to try and get in front,

sticks the sharp steel into your flank, or hits you with a rawhide whip, what's a fellow to do? It's awful! but if a fellow's got any blood in him, any of the king's blood, he's got to make another try—just a wee bit more. That's what I did at Cau'field, and I got through, but something snapped. Everybody was saying that I'd won easy; but I didn't. I had an awful pain, but I just managed to stay in front, for the others were dead beat, too. That's why I get a pain when I gallop more than a mile. That's why my owner in Australia sold me. He said I'd turned lazy; but he didn't tell Captain Thornton. And now my master and your mistress are risking all their happiness on my winning the Cup."

I shuddered at this, for it was all new to me. The only race I had started in was the Nizam's Cup, and my jockey had used neither whip nor spur; had just kept me back a little with the bit, for I wanted to show them all how fast I could run; I liked it.

"I wish I could tell my master," sighed Sting. "He thinks I'm all right. A vet looked at me when I landed, and said I was sound as a bell. These men are such fools—sometimes."

Just then Sting's trainer came and ordered the syce to bring him out; the jockey, Archie, got up on his back, and they went on the course for a gallop.

"Who's that fellow?" said a big bay horse, Table Top, as we stood for a few minutes close together in the paddock.

"That's little Sting," I replied.

"Oh, I know," he answered; "Son of Grandmaster. Grandmaster was always blowing about his father, Gladiateur, who won the English Derby. He was a Frenchman, was Gladiateur, and that's why they boasted so much. We'll see what the breed can do out in this blazing hot climate."

It seemed to me they all had a pick on Sting because he was small, and my heart warmed towards the little fellow. As the days wore on I began

to have doubts about being able to win myself. My legs got so bad that I had to give up galloping on the hard course. They gave me frightful long walks, and swam me for hours in a big pond to keep my muscles hard. This eased my legs, but it took away my appetite, and I always left part of the oats in the feed-box.

This made the trainer pull a long face; but he was so kind. He gave me raw eggs, and sorted the hay all over, picking out the best for me. He was a dear chap.

My owner was a pompous man, and when he came to the stables everybody jumped about as though they were going to lose their heads.

One day Southall said to him, "The horse is losing flesh, sir; he won't eat, and I'm afraid he'll break down before the race."

My master flew into a rage, and cursed everybody. He swore that somebody must have drugged me. Miss Jess was with him, and she broke in with, "Why, papa, nobody would do that; besides, Dip knows as much as a man—he wouldn't eat it. Why don't you do with him as the doctors did with me when I was run down, give him stout or something to drink."

Everybody laughed at this, even the father, who was so angry; but the trainer said, "My word, sir, that's a good idea; let me try it."

They had to do something, so the master consented, for he knew that trainers often gave whisky to horses who were a bit soft, when they were going to run a hard race. After that I had three quart bottles of beer twice a day. It was a funny way to train a horse, the knowing ones said—swim him, and feed him on beer; but I felt better.

We were a sorry lot, the whole of us. Sting had a weak heart; so had Robin Hood, as I could see now; First Water had a split hoof, liable to go at any minute; Table Top was so big and lazy they couldn't get him down to condition; Jack-in-the-Green had a splint; and I fancy all of the others had something the matter.

I kept thinking it over, and one day when I was out for a walk I met Sting coming home from the course. "Look here, little man," I said, "I'd like to see you win that Cup on account of my mistress."

"I can't beat you," answered the chestnut; "you're young, and fast, and sound."

"I'm not sound," I added; "but I think I can beat all the others. Do you think you are fast enough to do them up?" I asked him.

"Yes," he answered, simply; "if this pain doesn't choke me off I can beat them all, because I did it in Australia."

Then I did an awful thing, gentlemen; I turned traitor to my master. Even as I write it, it seems there is no excuse. But now I am only a cab horse in London and have no reputation to keep up, so it doesn't matter.

To Sting I said: "In the race, dash to the front with me just as we turn into the straight. I'll keep a place ready for you next the rail on the inside. As we turn the corner I'll bore out wide and close the others off. You rush up in my place and win. If you *can't* win, I *will*; for I have speed enough to gallop over these cart-horses. I'll teach those big lubbers not to despise a horse just because he's small."

"That won't be right," suggested Sting; but I could see him prick his small, silken ears eagerly, and his big eyes glistened with delight. I gulped down something at this, for I had never done anything mean before, and answered:

"I know it's not right, but my mistress will be happy if you win."

"Well," said Sting, "I suppose we have a right to arrange races among ourselves sometimes as well as the men have. Only the other day I heard a conversation between some of your people and the Nawab of Ballygunge. They advised him to buy me if I won the Trial Stakes. This race, you know, is a few days before the Viceroy's Cup. Then they talked among themselves, and I know that if they buy me I am

to be run so as to allow you to win, for they've got a pile of money on you. But all the same I wouldn't do this if it wasn't for your mistress; for man's code of morals wouldn't do for us horses—it's not good enough."

Thinking over what I was going to do made me morose; I couldn't bear to rub the trainer's cheek with my nose any more. He said the beer was giving me a vicious temper, making me sullen, and, that as soon as the race was over, he'd make me take the pledge—he'd shut off my beer.

I knew they'd be furious with me if Sting won—all but Miss Jess.

Well, Sting won the Trials quite handily, and the Nawab of Ballygunge tried to buy him, but his owner refused point blank. He swore he'd stick to the little horse if it broke him. Sting told me about this conversation, for he'd heard it; we both admired the captain's pluck, and it made us a little easier in our minds over doing him a good turn.

The only man I felt really sorry for was the trainer, Southall. If I could only have told him to back Sting. I tried every way I could think of. I pretended to be very lame, and refused to take even the beer, thinking that he would become frightened and hedge on Sting. But he put the liquor in a strong soda-water bottle, and, opening my mouth, held my head high and poured it down my throat. I was forced to swallow it; so that failed. He got mad and said, "Damn you! you don't want to win, I believe." Wasn't it odd?

Then came the day of the Viceroy's Cup. Well I remember it; it was the day after Christmas, the 26th December. Early in the morning Miss Jess came to see me, riding on a black-legged bay Arab horse.

"Well, Dip," she said, flicking a fly off my rump with her riding whip, "I wish I could bribe you to let Sting win. Father doesn't need all the money he's going to land; but you're such an honest old chap I'm afraid you wouldn't lose the race even for me."

Then she slipped into my mouth a

little square of white sugar she had hidden in the palm of her glove. I had to laugh at the syce; he saw the Missie Baba fumbling for the piece of sugar, and turned his head discreetly away, pretending to be looking for my brush. Everybody let Miss Jess have her own way it seemed.

"That *is* a bribe," I said to myself, "to lose the Viceroy's Cup for a lump of sugar," and I made up my mind to take all the whip and spur Jockey Jim could give me, rather than show a nose in front of the captain's horse at the finish.

My! there was a crowd of people at the races. It was like Melbourne Cup day on a small scale. I had a host of friends, for I was the favourite. The story of the beer and the swimming had got out, however, and a great many had backed Sting to win, especially since the Trial Stakes.

As we walked around in a circle in the paddock before going out for the race, I manoeuvred to get close behind Sting to speak to him.

"Don't forget," I said, "at the turn into the straight, just before we leave the old race stand, I'll be in the lead on the inside—come through next the rails; I'll pull out and carry them all wide."

The little horse switched his long bronze tail caressingly across my neck, and looked gratefully at me over his shoulder.

"How did you feel after the trials?" I asked.

"I had a pain in my side," he answered, laconically; "but I don't feel it now."

Plucky little chap, I thought. They say his grandfather, Gladiateur, was just like that, brave as a lion.

Then a cornet sounded the signal for the jockeys to mount. Archie swung up on to Sting's broad back, and Jim pressed his long, slim legs down my sides. How Jim would hate to miss riding the winner of the Viceroy's Cup. I felt sorry for him.

Captain Thornton led his bonnie horse out through the crowd and on to the course.

As I passed the end of the seats in the stand I saw Miss Jess. She didn't see me; her eyes were following my chum, Sting, and perhaps the man who was leading him. They had taken our wraps off, of course, and I could see that Sting outclassed us all in point of thoroughbred beauty. I wasn't jealous, for I knew that he was as plucky as he was good to look upon.

It was a mile and a quarter to go, so none of us bothered much at the start—we knew we'd have enough of it before we got to the finishing post. I knew the starter wouldn't send us off until I, the favourite, was in a good place; so as soon as I saw Sting had the best of the start, I broke away. The flags fell, both of them, and we rushed along.

When we were standing, there didn't seem to be much wind, but as we tore through it, it roared in our ears and snapped and crackled at the jockeys' colours, like the sound of the lashing of whips. Archie was sitting quietly on the little chestnut, and Jim had taken a gentle pull at my teeth with the bit. On the back of the course, after we'd gone half-a-mile, two of our mates commenced to creep up on the outside. I could see that Sting had his eye on them, and so had Archie. Neither of us paid any attention to them. We could pass that pair whenever we wished.

Rounding the turn toward the old stand, half-a-mile from the finish, Robin Hood showed his nose close to my shoulder. I galloped a little faster, up on the inside of Sting. I knew if Robin Hood got in front his big, clumsy bulk might bar the road for the little horse's rush home.

Gradually as we came opposite the old stand, I worked my way on the inside past Sting.

"Keep close behind," I gasped, as we raced nose and nose past the old stand.

Neither of our riders had moved in the saddle yet. They were good generals, both of them; they knew that so far we two were playing the game for keeps.

Gradually I drew away from the little horse. I heard his rider, Archie, speak to him coaxingly once, but the little fellow did not respond; he had faith in me.

Just at the corner of the straight there was a mad scramble for places. Robin Hood's big thundering hoofs were pounding the course to dust at my side. I could feel Sting's hot breath on my quarters, and knew that his nose was pushing close up for the place I had promised him.

Table Top, Robin Hood, and First Water came with a rush on the outside; whips cracking, colours snapping in the wind, and a hurricane of sand being thrown up by the eager, crunching hoofs. That was where the race was to be settled they knew; if they could not swing into the stretch well in line with me, they were done for.

Suddenly I swerved to the left. With an oath Jim put all his strength on my right rein. Further out I bored, until I bumped up against Robin Hood. The scramble was fiendish.

Then the golden nozzle of my little friend showed on my right. I could hear Archie chirruping eagerly to the gallant horse. Next he was clear of them, and galloping a length in front of me, still on the inside close to the rails. Jim jabbed his sharp spurs into my flanks as I straightened out for home, but I paid no attention to that—I did not blame him.

Up the straight we raced like that—Sting's powerful hoofs driving the hot earth into our faces.

As we neared the stand I could hear the roar of voices; it was like the sound of the waves beating against the ship I crossed the ocean in. I kept

my head just in front of Robin Hood; I could hear his rider cracking at the big horse's great sides with the whip.

Nose and nose, Robin Hood and I raced; slowly we were drawing up on Sting; inch by inch we gained on him. I thought of swerving again on Robin Hood, but Table Top was on my right now—his head lapped on my shoulder; I had to take care of them both. It was terrible.

Sting was gradually coming back to us. Would it all be thrown away? He had not far to go; surely he would last out long enough to win.

I saw him falter—Archie's whip went in the air; the gallant little horse swerved, pitched forward, and suddenly disappeared as we drove by him in our mad rush. The hot blood mounted to my brain—it was all Robin Hood's fault. *He* should not win, anyway.

The bit was loose in my mouth; there was no restraining pull. I shot forward as I had in the finish for the Nizam's Cup, a length ahead of Robin Hood.

When I pulled up and walked back, I saw a big crowd on the course. They were standing about Sting. I looked at the seat where Miss Jess had sat when I went out. Her face was buried in her handkerchief, and I wished that I had dropped instead of my gallant chum.

It was all thrown away, for Sting was dead—a dozen lengths from the finish. The vet said he had broken his heart. Game to the last—the Gladiateur blood.

I couldn't count at that time, but there was more than one heart broken—three I think.



BY CANOE

By WALTER S. JOHNSON



HERE have been, and there are still, thank heaven, certain unsophisticated folk whom we call conservative.

They are persons often of an old school, or trained amid conditions less complex than those which now obtain. Upstart schemes they abhor—that make of beauty, leisure, nerves, a continued sacrifice to time and speed. Old ways and things, old times and books and friends they love, because these appeal rather to the heart than to the head; they are a habit of life not easily put off, not a wearisome approximation to progress and fashion. They move slowly, read slowly—live slowly, in a confident endeavour to glean, as they live, carefully and thoroughly, all those quiet pleasures which, hidden along the by-paths of life, are revealed only to them. The treasures of the great world road had long ago been lost in garish undistinctive light, and its travellers too often confuse its pleasures and its pains.

Hazlitt, with his staff, and Ruskin, with his coach, are truly conservative. For there are three, and only three, ways of travelling, by coach, by foot, by canoe. Coaching and walking are peculiar to the more thickly populated countries, for both depend on good roads and on decent and frequent hostels. But in a new land where towns and villages are far apart, roads poor, and the cosy continental inn unknown, we are thrown back upon a less conventional, still more delightful means of locomotion. The holiday spent in the canoe is the ideal holiday. Drawing us away from our constant surroundings and from civilization to forests unmeasured and unblazed, and streams untraversed, it involves a primitive kind of life, and therefore very simple. Surpassing even the letter of the law, the canoeist can, whensoever the spirit moves him, take up at once his convey-

ance, shelter, bed and carry-all,—and walk.

To hie away from the roar of the great city and the inexorable pressure of its life, ending the journey beside some peaceful lake cradled among primeval hills and forests, is a pleasure indeed. One cannot but feel a thrill of freedom and exultation in coming thus into touch with nature in her wild simplicity. It is an opportunity for idealists to get back, if only for a short time, to simple, immemorial means of life, to experience its actualities, its positive needs. To early realize these needs means happiness, on the personal side at least. Nature does her part lavishly. These autumn days are hers—days flushed with beauty, grace and splendour, filling the mind with images of loveliness which, remembered with “a recollected love,” may be treasured through the coming years. Hills with their masses of colour flung together regardless of laws of art, banks of green picked out with intertwining wreaths of reddest vine leaves, gradations of maples with golden, brown and etiolated leaves, sumachs glowing with a deep rich wine-coloured red, pines dark and sombre, birches wan and leafless—the whole overspread by a pale blue sky flecked with clouds which cause wave after wave of succeeding light and shade, and bathed in the glow of an afternoon sun—these are nature's appeal to you to be joyous. This health-giving pleasure of closer contact with nature, which is so abidingly ours, opens to the student of books and life a world of fresh thought and experience.

Stealing along dusky banks under old-time elms and maples which have nodded over many a war-party of Braves, over *coueurs de bois*, zealous Jesuit eager to save souls, or Frenchman aspiring to the conquest of a continent, we may be not of this present

time or circumstance, but *voyageurs* of an age and time more remote, of an age of boundless aspiration, faith and enterprise. We may be the trapper tracked by malignant foe, or relentless Brave hunting down the enemies of his race. We may live in imagination and in fact a life which, save to the devotee of canoe and wild, has faded forever into the past.

The impressions of a childhood spent in the country become bedimmed after long years of city life. "Shades of the prison-house" have closed about us. But the distinctive calls and flight of birds are eagerly heard or recognized anew, never now to be forgotten, for they are indelible by reason of an awakened and maturer interest. The infinite voices of solitude, the sifted silence of vast forests, have a new and graver import, carry a weightier message to the heart. Our knowledge of life is deeper now than then. We are not in a passive, receptive state merely; but learning, comparing past and present experience, filling in the lacunæ left by a one-sided life. To hear for the first time in years the whip-poor-will, some still night, thrash out its plaintive lonely call across some little cove, is like the striking on the ear of some rich voice from the past, flooding the mind with memories long since thick-blurred, but startled now into intense life as the bow awakes the strings—the memory of youthful pleasures and expeditions, older loves and losses, of hopes long since realized, forgotten, shattered. It is a voice from out the silence, from out the darkness renewing the past. Just as dream life is often more interesting than waking life, so this life of the woods, far removed from the conditions of ordinary existence, yet presents by subtle, often very illusory reflexes of thought, a more interesting side of the life we have left behind. This rustic life, scarce refined into simplicity, ever invites a new point of view: many an essay on social reform is conceived in the woods.

What pleasure can equal that of paddling along streams and lakes

amid forests unknown to canoe or hunter, or woodsman; of disturbing a repose so ancient, so stupendous! The giant awakes from his mighty sleep: by countless indications he expresses it. His thousand sentinels tremble and quiver and lisp with their myriad lips the message of your profanation; his attendant beasts draw back deeper into his shaggy folds; his birds both great and small—the emblem of his freedom and his choir by night and day—jar with discordant notes of surprise and mistrust. The giant never more may sleep; unending wakefulness must end in decrepitude at last, and no forest voice in all its purity be heard.

And those long days of paddling under alternating shade of passing cloud or friendly slope, or fully exposed to wind and sun; drawing slowly up to points whose sentinel trees beckon to you for miles, only to pass you on to the next, far descried in the distance; slipping over shallows, past picturesque groups of cattle massed on sloping plaques of green, and trees ramparted by cloud on blue; rousing great cranes which sail deridingly near you and away across the intervening wood to settle among the reeds of the stream's next bend (often enough indicating your general direction)—days of joyous expansive life, of myriad impressions of fancy, colour, shape!

Noon brings satiety of exertion for the time; hunger, importunate, demands a stop. This is the lazy interval of the canoeing day—it is the seductive Lotus-land of ease, of toil forgotten because much has been accomplished, and time or end presses not; of sweet languor so soft that sleep would deaden it into forgetfulness, but which the day-dream heightens into phantasy of whimsical, toying, far-faring thought. Will those summer flies, with forward-steady droning flight, never move on? Poised there, wings humming into haze, moving neither forward nor backward—are they lost souls straining ever thus on some bootless quest? Alas, no!

One moves, the spell is broken. The tired, heated wings cease throbbing; down, down it drops, hopeless, lost—still down and down—till with a hissing switch of a foot and a wing in your nostril it soars again to the Empyrean. Lying here, on this neck of land, gazing down the lake into the distance we have come, and forward into the unaccomplished distance—if it could be always noon, and the sun always shine, bees hum, birds thrill, fish jump; with canoe glistening in the sun and imaged in the water—sign of isolation and a link with past and future—an age would scarce suffice for our resting here—why ever depart?

But rich as is noon in dreamy rest, evening and night have a rarer suggestive power of gorgeous, or it may be sombre colour, of dumb intensity of mood. Cooled and refreshed by an evening breeze we paddle on and on, through water glowing like heaped-up diverse gems, into the ardent west. The hither side of hills take on a sable tinge, their crown of daffodil succeeds to sky of sapphire, star-pierced, the

waters deepen to inky black and the hills to lapis-lazuli: and night holds universal sway. It is as though the great Master-dramatist, whose puppets we are, were using us as dummy pieces in this scene of his composition. For it reminds us strangely of some play-scene of marvellous creation and league-wide range. Dim knolls and tree-clumps stand like towers, square-buttressed, deserted, shadowy with age and lichen and decay. It is the enchantress Night at work, as she has been since ever the world began, enriching the imagination with intimations of an alien time chaotic or pacific, or presenting to man "gigantesques" of his handiwork.

All nature's children of the day are asleep. We lie down to rest, the air heavy with the fresh odour of pines and rustling with undefined night voices whose undertone is the rhythmic beat of waves. The senses grow more acute, the ear is flooded with pulsations unperceived before; with at last a sense of perfect peace, the overflow, and of an encompassing harmony, and—we are in oblivion.

DAFFODILS

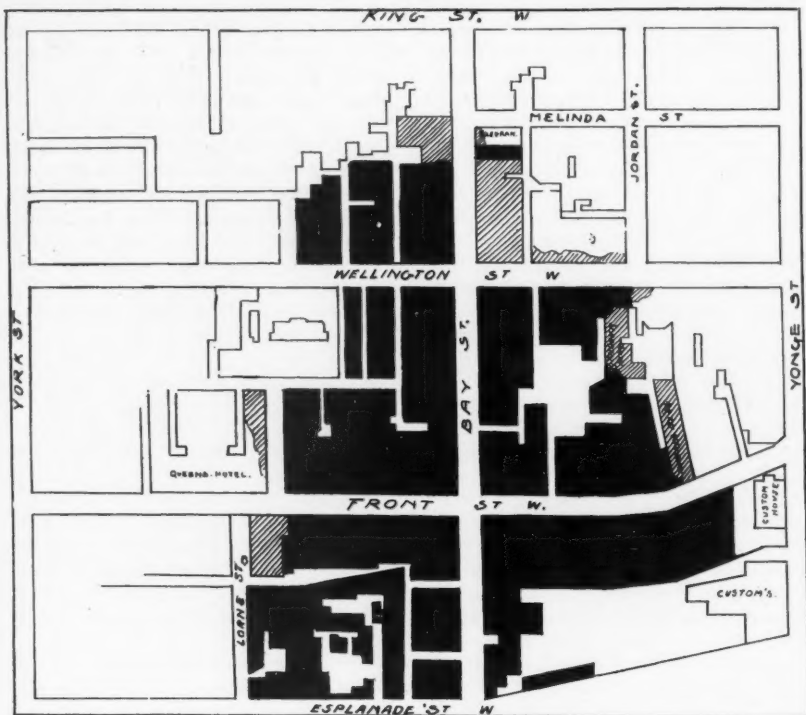
BY HERBERT L. BREWSTER

WHAT matter that the evening air is crispy yet, and chill,
What matter that the rim of snow still lies athwart the hill,
There are cadences of promise in the free-song of the rill;
And the daffodils are blooming in the lane.

The germs of balm and blessing that were sleeping 'neath the snow
Are coming forth in triumph where the swift March breezes go,
And hearts that love the sunny skies are bounding now to know
That the daffodils are blooming in the lane.

We think of hazy hill-tops in a maze of summer light,
And dream of violets by the stream, and pearly dews of night;
Since Spring's caress has broken down the thrall of Winter's might,
And the daffodils are blooming in the lane.

Oh! the Northern ways are weary, and the Northern nights are long,
When the world is wrapped in whiteness, and the woods have lost their song;
But the heart-beats of a fairer time are pulsing full and strong
When the daffodils are blooming in the lane.



MAP OF THE DISTRICT BURNED—ESPLANADE ST. IS PRACTICALLY THE WATERFRONT—YORK, BAY AND YONGE STS. RUN NORTH. THE WHITE SPOT IN CENTRE BLACK BLOCK ABOVE WELLINGTON ST. SHOWS WHERE THE FIRE STARTED

TORONTO'S GREAT FIRE

By NORMAN PATTERSON



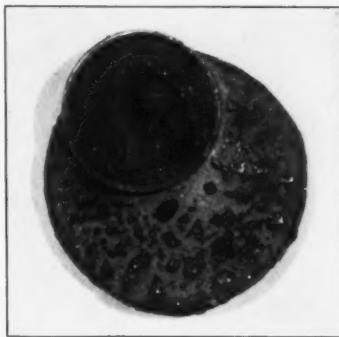
TORONTO has had several large fires during the seventy years of her civic history, but the conflagration which occurred on the night of April 19th was the largest and most disastrous. The loss will amount to about fourteen millions of dollars, of which eight millions must be borne by forty insurance companies and six millions by the three hundred and fifty business firms involved. The total premiums collected by fire insurance companies doing business in Canada last year was about eleven million dollars, so that this fire makes

it quite clear that the insurance business of 1904 will show a large deficit. The largest annual loss total ever paid out in this country was in 1877, when it amounted to eight and a half millions of dollars. The loss in this Toronto fire will alone exceed the losses of that record Canadian year. It is only by a full realization of the force of such a comparison, that one may get a correct and reasonable idea of the magnitude of this great disaster.

By recalling previous Canadian fires, it is possible to further emphasize this view-point. On June 20th, 1877, the great fire in St. John, N.B., destroyed

1612 dwelling houses and 615 business places, and made the fire losses of that year exceptional. The next greatest loss was in 1900, the year of the Ottawa-Hull fire, when the total losses paid the companies for the year were \$7,774,000. The insurance losses paid in each of these two great fires will, added together, no more than equal the losses to be paid now in Toronto.

The St. John fire began at half-past two in the afternoon in a boiler-shop in the suburb of Portland. Close by there was an extensive rookery of old wooden buildings and soon an extensive conflagration had been developed. A violent north-west wind was blowing. The fire swept down upon the doomed city and in a few hours the entire business portion had been reduced to a mass of ruins, as well as the better class of dwelling-houses to the south and south-east. Public buildings, houses of business, hotels, printing offices, churches and theatres were involved in a common ruin with the residences of the middle-class and the humbler dwellings of the workingman. Thirteen thousand people were homeless that night in St. John, and \$27,000,000 of property was represented by a vast mass of ashes, charred embers, and a dreary waste of ruins. The Toronto fire cannot be compared



A UNITED STATES SILVER DOLLAR AND A CANADIAN QUARTER—THE ONLY OBJECT WHICH CAME OUT OF BUNTIN, REID & CO.'S VAULT. BOOKS, TIN BOXES, ETC., WERE TOTALLY CONSUMED.

with that calamity for monetary loss or individual suffering.

It was about half-past ten in the morning of April 26th, 1900, that a lamp was upset in a humble dwelling in the City of Hull, and the great fire started. As in St. John, a strong gale was blowing, but from the north-east. By twelve o'clock, the fire had swept over a great area of small dwellings in Hull and the Eddy factories were threatened on that side of the river, while the lumber yards on the Ottawa side were in danger. When it was all



THE FIRE AS IT APPEARED AT ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—FROM YORK ST. BRIDGE, LOOKING EAST.—PHOTO BY D. J. HOWELL



SOME OF THE EIGHTY BUILDINGS DESTROYED—FRONT ST., NORTH SIDE

over, there was a blazed path across both cities five miles long and a mile wide, from the public buildings of Hull across the industrial portions of both cities, and through a fine residential portion of the city of Ottawa, ending only at the bluff which divides the lower town from the upper town. Fifteen thousand people were homeless and fifteen million dollars' worth of property was destroyed. The Toronto fire cannot compete with that conflagration for individual suffering, although it equals it in monetary loss.

In St. John not one-fifth of the loss was covered by insurance; in Ottawa not much more than one-fourth; in Toronto fully two-thirds of the destruction will be made up by the insurance companies. In St. John, thirteen thousand people and in Ottawa fifteen thousand were homeless; in Toronto, no homes were destroyed. These two notable differences explain why there has been no necessity for public subscription nor outside assistance for the fire-sufferers in Toronto. The losers were business men who are well able to look after themselves, to rebuild the solid warehouses and large factories

which were destroyed. Here and there is a firm who may find the balance between assets and liabilities swept away in the loss, and its members will, of necessity, begin their business lives over again. Here and there, a firm will find themselves without any records of their business, for many vaults and safes proved unequal to the fierce heat, and they will be so hampered by the loss that they cannot find heart to start in once more. There will be a few individuals whose insurance was not what it should have been, and they will be forced to compromise with their creditors and seek new vocations. The majority of the sufferers will be enabled to meet the disaster bravely, and to re-establish themselves on the old or on new sites. There has been mental suffering, sorrow, and anguish, but it is not the kind of sorrow that lasts, nor the anguish which keeps men long dismayed.

The district burned was the pride of the city, and some of the buildings were built since the latest wave of prosperity swept over the country. The beautiful buildings of Brown Brothers, The Copp, Clark Co., Dignum



BAY STREET BEFORE THE FIRE—THE CITY HALL IN THE DISTANCE

& Monypenny, The Gillett Co., Westwood, Currie, and others, were recent structures of the modern type. None of the buildings were very old. Most of them were brick, many of them with handsome stone facing. The corners



BAY STREET AFTER THE FIRE.—PHOTO BY GOOCH

of Bay and Wellington and of Bay and Front Streets were the centres of the wholesale district, and more wealth was gathered upon the few blocks destroyed than on any other blocks in the city where there are not public buildings. The total number of buildings burned was about eighty.

The burned district is bounded on

shaft of the Currie building. He ran to Front Street and turned in an alarm. A citizen who had seen it about the same time ran to King Street and did the same. The policeman did not run fast enough, and he missed fame by a few seconds. The citizen won. Yet it was a sad night for both policemen and citizens.

The fire should have been confined to the Currie building, but the water pressure was low and the building across the lane had unprotected windows. Besides, the general who is supposed to direct the Toronto firemen so far forgot himself as to do some scouting which should have been done by a ranker; the result was that he lost his way in one of the buildings, and slid down a waterpipe to safety and a broken leg. The army that fought the fire that night, fought it without its general, although perhaps the subordinates were just as good men. Finding itself unimpeded by the brigade, the fire leaped into the adjoining building to the east

and then into the next. By this time it looked as if it would be a dangerous fire. Some people began to prophesy that it would jump across Wellington Street and eat up some of the buildings on the south side. It did and Brown Bros.' building was soon ablaze. Other buildings around the original seat of fire caught, and in a short time the conflagration was beyond control. Fanned by a fierce



CORNER OF BAY AND WELLINGTON STS.—WATER TOWER AT WORK

the south by the Bay, on the west by Lorne Street, on the east by Yonge Street and on the north by Melinda. All the buildings in that district did not become a mass of crumbling walls and twisted girders, but most of them did. A police constable had just received the passbook from the man he was relieving at the corner of Bay and Wellington Streets at eight o'clock when he saw flames shooting up the elevator



BROCK'S

ROLPH, SMITH & CO.

BROWN BROS.

SOUTH SIDE OF WELLINGTON STREET, WEST OF BAY

north-west wind, the flames raced south and east. They jumped from roof-top to roof-top. They reached from window to window across 66-foot streets. It went up Bay a bit and down Bay Street a considerable distance—to the railway tracks in fact. Before all the buildings on Wellington Street and Bay had caught, the blaze was eating up magnificent warehouses on both sides of Front Street, directly south of where the fire started. It was beyond control, and only dynamite liberally



THE MINERVA BUILDING WHICH BARRED THE PROGRESS OF THE FIRE
ON THE NORTH SIDE OF FRONT STREET, NEAR YONGE



THE FIRE SWEEPED UP BAY ST. TO SOME LOW BUILDINGS NEXT TO THE TORONTO ENGRAVING CO. THESE LOW BUILDINGS ENABLED THE FIREMEN TO STOP THE NORTHWARD PROGRESS AT THIS POINT

used could have stayed its advance southward. The Mayor telephoned to surrounding cities, even to Buffalo, and soon assistance was on its way. The fire had been raging five hours when the Hamilton and Buffalo men arrived, but they were of great assistance for the home brigade were tiring in their valorous if discouraging work.

In the meantime the retreat of the fire northward had been checked at the *Telegram* and Toronto Engraving Co. buildings on Bay Street. Its progress westward was never serious because a favourable wind and open spaces saved the buildings on Wellington Street and the Queen's Hotel on Front Street. It had gone south as far as it could go—to the railway tracks and the Bay. The battle-ground lay to the east. From one o'clock until four the surging crowds of spectators speculated as to where the eastward limit would be. Would it be Yonge Street or the Market? Good buildings, water curtains and brave firemen checked it on Wellington Street

before it had got half way from Bay to Yonge. On Front Street they were less successful. On the north side it swept along from building to building, roof to roof, window to window, cornice to cornice, sign to sign, until the huge Minerva Mfg. Co. building was reached. On the south side it licked up a score of closely-built warehouses until it reached the little strip of land which enables the Customs and Examining Warehouse to stand in their solitary grandeur. Here the fight was made, and the Minerva building and the Customs House mark the last trench of the great battle. Apparently satisfied with its playful frolic, the fire-fiend sat down upon the great area he had conquered and silently, sullenly, yet all unyieldingly, lulled himself to sleep. As the early morning broke, the weary firemen and the threatened merchants breathed sighs of relief, while the other citizens discussed and mourned the destruction which had come to the Queen City. A few heart-broken, discouraged men went home to talk over



DYNAMITING THE DANGEROUS WALLS AFTER THE FIRE--PHOTO TAKEN AT INSTANT OF THE EXPLOSION

their losses, only to return in a few hours with renewed courage to seek new offices, give orders for new machinery and to plan the rebuilding which will not be completed for, at least, two years.

The conflagration presents the same lessons that go unheeded by the public year after year—the lessons of faulty construction by the individual owner who builds his house upon the sand, of municipal neglect, of postponed precaution. To the lack of water pressure and an unorganized fire brigade may be assigned the spreading of the flames, but unprotected openings opposing each other, well-holes, wooden cornices, skylights, narrow lanes, overhead wires, all played their part in aiding the destruction. The manner in which Brock's and Kilgour's sprinklered buildings resisted the furious heat was strong evidence of the value of these equipments; two build-

ings in such a seething mass were of little avail, but they gave a breathing spell for the fighters, and one of them stopped the progress east on Wellington. The mercantile section of a great city, containing its millions of money value, should be constructed of fire-resisting materials only, and each building should be equipped with an approved automatic extinguishing apparatus.

Some valuable discussion has taken place since the fire concerning the fire-fighting system of Toronto. The pressure of the water in the mains in the burned district varies from 60 to 90 pounds to the square inch. In Buffalo, in the similar district it is 150 pounds; this is maintained by a special main, running up Washington Street, the water for which is pumped by a fire-tug carrying strong pumping engines. There is nothing of this kind in Toronto, or in any other Canadian city.



THE SCENE ALONG THE ESPLANADE

INCIDENTS AT A GREAT FIRE

WITH DRAWINGS AND SNAP-SHOTS BY THE AUTHOR

By *FERGUS KYLE*

CERTAINLY in the minds of the staring thousands who drifted about from one view-point to another, and feasted their eyes upon the sights of that wild night in Toronto, no impression, from amongst all that vivid spectacle, will remain deeper than that ever-recurring glimpse of an atom of a man walking about there in the midst of unquenchable fury. Watching the fire from the side was like standing beside a river in flood, so straight and swift swept the current of flame. There were wonderful pictures on every side, inspiring sights unnumbered; but always, as the onlooker crowded in to a new loophole of vision, his gaze found the same focus.

From a distance, where the mass of humanity was held in check across the roadway, one looked away through an aven-

ue of brick and stone fronts, one side brilliantly lighted, the other obscure in a dull gray; past the poles and sign boards standing out in black silhouette or glinting from their golden lettering; across the bare wet pavement where the hose ran in serpentine curves from the sputtering hydrant near by; and there, a block away, under the furious flash that swept from a hundred yards back straight over his head, was the man in the rubber clothing whom the people along the rope pay to look after these things for

them, doing his regular work in the midst of a huge furnace. Not to stand on the outside with a long poker and rake the coals over so as to dissipate their strength; his business was to don a broad helmet and clumsy clothing, and to walk with heavy foot-gear right in amongst the embers; to choose from



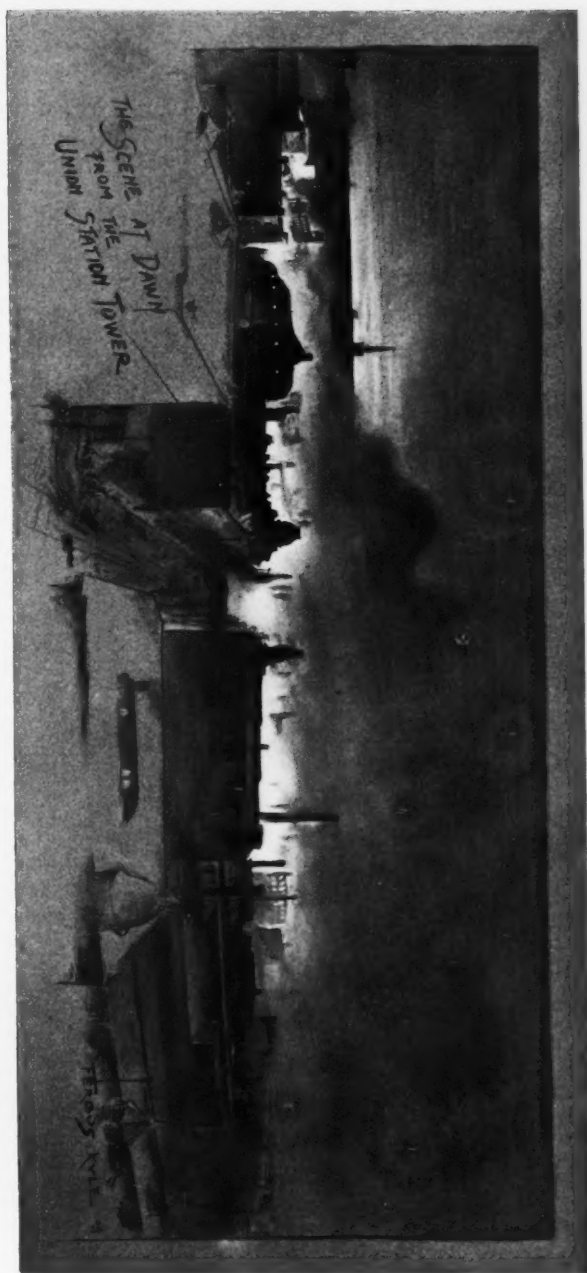
OLD CRONIES

among the huge chunks of fuel one small piece upon which it seemed his work would be not entirely wasted, and to stay there with his miniature axes and thread of hose until the glowing mass crumbled and settled down upon the spot.

The people on the ropes see him away off there, one moment shut in by heavy, suffocating smoke; the next clear cut in a sudden glare, as the keen wind sweeps round a corner, bearing with it pieces of burning wood, lengths of tin roofing from the cornices above, and spray that makes the helmet shine like polished metal. They hear the roar and crackle and the curious unexplainable sounds, and feel the heat even at that distance, and some of them wonder whether the fireman thinks of his babies at home as he does his day's work there—or if he tries not to think of them. There was widely expressed thankfulness that no lives had been wasted in that disheartening sweep of fire.

■

Half way down Bay street, below





Wellington, when the fire was raging through the block behind them, sending showers of sparks and ashes down into the street, stood a couple of old cronies that have been through many a like experience—the team of horses belonging to the old “Boustead” fire engine. It was an off moment for them, and until their driver would come running to get them to move the engine from under some dangerous wall, or to hustle it around into a more advantageous position in front of the fire, they stood there alone in the smoky half-light without the slightest nervousness. Nothing of the fiery steed about them, barring their occupation; just two heavy, sensible old customers with only an occasional intelligent turn of the head, the distinguishing look of the fire horse, to tell that they understood or cared anything at all about it. Had there been an animal-study man among the two or three individuals who picked their way past there among the puddles and dangling wires, he would have heard the off-horse mutter, after a scrutiny of the surroundings over his mate’s shoulder, “Billy, me boy, this is going to be an all-night job. What do you say if we take a nap while we have the chance?”

There were other equines engaged

in tiresome work that night; old general-purpose day labourers that could ill afford the loss of a night’s rest. Some of the bank clerks, who at one stage of the fire were looking for a waggon to move some valuables, tell of a couple of boys, the son of an expressman and a “pardner,” who had “swiped out” the horse unbeknownst to the “old man,” and at three-thirty in the morning had gathered together the sum of thirty-six dollars, most of it at the expense of the four-footed bread-winner, whom they urged to the limit of his public-spirited endurance.

His Majesty’s Royal Mails are put to such curious uses at times, and the loyal servants of His Majesty and the people, the letter-handlers, are so accustomed to straightening out tangles and seeing that everything posted goes, that it was not astonishing, perhaps, or even amusing, to find the postman whose route lay in the burned district conscientiously peering into the box at the corner of Bay and Front streets on the second morning after the wreck, hoping like a patriot that no one had been absent-minded beggar enough (that was not exactly the expression he used) to put anything in there.

The activities of the picturesque telegraph linemen were the subject of much admiring comment on the two days following the big event. While the ruins were still smoking these fellows were heaving the newly-shaved poles up with their long pikes, dropping them into the holes from which the old roots of ruined timber had been expeditiously extracted.

There was an urgent call for experts to open the safes and vaults, and the local company, as well as those from elsewhere, had men at work as soon as the temperature of the bricks would permit. These “safe-crackers,” as the irreverent workmen called them, were from among the most skilful of those engaged in lock-making, and where one of them was engaged he was al-



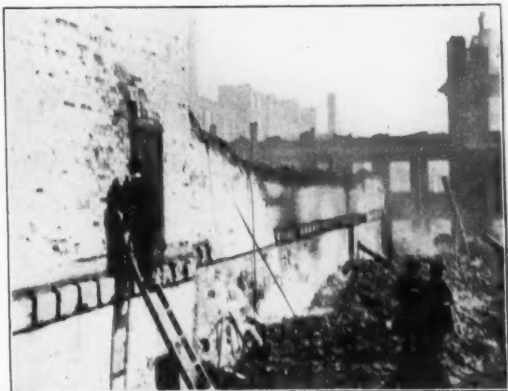
THE LINEMEN AT WORK

ways sure of an audience. "Let us know when you get to the stuff, old man; we'll keep an eye on the cops," and other pleasantries were fired at him. When the oven was opened, and, as in most cases, the batch was found to be not overdone, the waiting clerks busied themselves with passing out the books and papers, knocking and blowing the dust from them, at the same time sadly damaging their patent leathers in the mess underfoot, and keeping one eye open for additional contributions to the scrap heap from the crumbling projections overhead.

With the fall of the wall next to the Customs House buildings, the destroying passion of the fire was withstood. The stone walls and their austere isolation were an invulnerable combination, and in the doubtful places of proximity the ordinary resources of the protective system were a sufficient defence.

Here was a scene that included about all there is to be seen at a fire. There was the all-pervading glare, there were fierce

tongues of flame, clouds of smoke and flying embers, the roar and crackle, the hum of the engines, bustling fire-fighters splashing about, in and out; tottering walls, a flight for life, and—the saving of the adjoining property. Inside that big warehouse the fire was making a thorough job of it, as could be plainly seen through the two windows, the only light spots in that immense expanse of black wall. At its foot, in the jog of the lane, three or four firemen were directing the force of a branch against susceptible portions of the rear wing of the Receiving House, whilst every minute or so a figure emerged from or disappeared around the bend of that dark tunnel, on business for the men engaged upon the roof or in the interior of the building upon which this hose was playing. It became a certainty that something must happen there soon. Everything behind the wall must have been eaten out long ago. There was a cry as a large part of the end fell down into the passage, and the men with the hose stumbled back a pace or two; but, as the freed flames reached across again, they turned their stream upward once more and stayed there. The people watched; they wondered if a wall fell inward or outward. Then the policeman who had undertaken to guard those fellows' lives uttered his strong cry. The



OPENING THE VAULTS

remaining end bricks had clattered out ; with them slid down some heavy crosspiece, the farther end first, burning fiercely with the additional draught, and the big flat wall was drawing out from its position, bulging a little and

gathering speed. The hose was writhing on the ground as the men sped from the spot. There was a heavy sound like the launching of a big vessel and the belching wave was exactly similar ; with this difference, that it was of a sickly orange colour, and the shadowy forms of four men were visible before it overtook them ; one helmeted figure, with hands outstretched sinking to his knees, barely outside the line of the fearsome shadow. When the mist of powdered brick cleared and they ran in, a dozen of them, he was slowly rising with a limping leg.

It was the finish. An hour afterward the dying flame paled before the broader light of the incoming day. When the sun, the source of all light and heat, withdrew the evening before, like the villain in the play, folding its mantle and softly closing the door, the thing was done. Next morning it sauntered up from the other direction, passed around the ruins and looked at them from every side, with the most innocent expression on its face you ever saw ; it even looked over the shoulders of the camera irrepressibles, and helped them make pictures of the scene. Yet no one blames Old Sol. If this was one of his practical jokes it was going a little too far, and "the lessons of the fire" will take steps to guard against other vagaries.



THE FIGHT FOR THE CUSTOMS RECEIVING HOUSE



JAMES' COACH (1829), THE FIRST REALLY PRACTICABLE STEAM CARRIAGE BUILT

THE AUTOMOBILE OF 1904

By T. A. RUSSELL



EVOLUTION, not revolution, may be said to be the feature of the progress of the automobile industry in 1904.

The student of the automobile finds the carriage of 1904 superior in almost every detail to its predecessor of the last two or three years, although few new principles of construction have been applied. This season's vehicle surpasses its ancestors, not by some new invention applied, but by the application of the same principles along the lines which the experience of manufacturers, inventors and operators have found to be most satisfactory. The result is a greater uniformity of type in all vehicles, both in appearance and in mechanical construction. There are fewer freaks, and fewer carriages

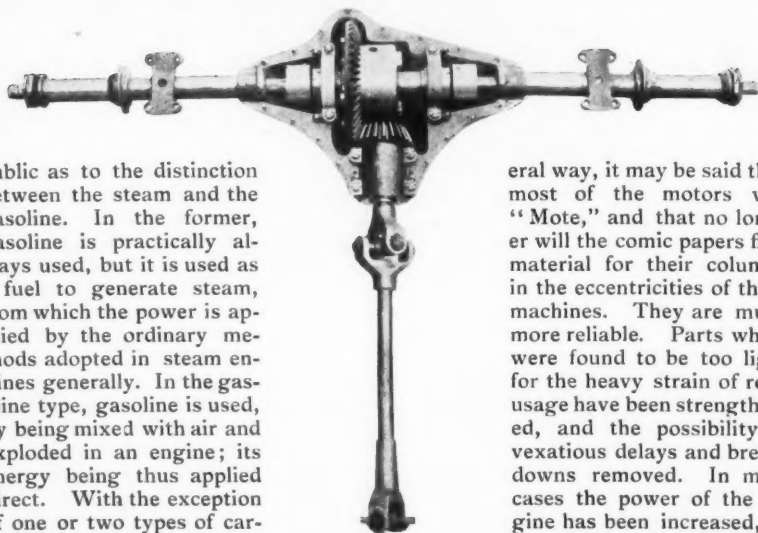
that are absolutely poorer than ever before.

TYPES

Some three years ago the field seemed to be fairly equally divided between the steam, the gasoline and the electric carriages. Some confusion may arise in the minds of the general



A TYPE OF TOURING CAR FITTED WITH A 24 H.P., 4 CYLINDER MOTOR

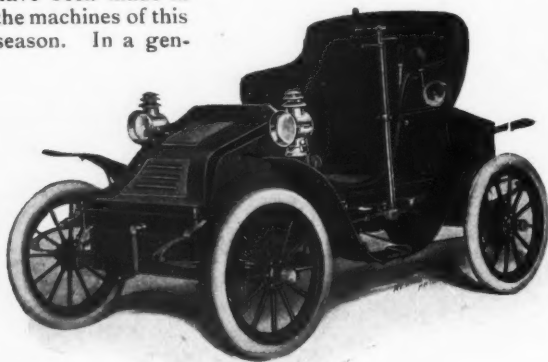


SHOWING HOW
THE SHAFT DRIVE
AND REAR AXLE
ARE WORKED
TOGETHER

public as to the distinction between the steam and the gasoline. In the former, gasoline is practically always used, but it is used as a fuel to generate steam, from which the power is applied by the ordinary methods adopted in steam engines generally. In the gasoline type, gasoline is used, by being mixed with air and exploded in an engine; its energy being thus applied direct. With the exception of one or two types of carriage, the steam automobile has not held its own, and has given way to the gasoline, which has at the present time by far the largest sale, although the electric carriage is a feature of the automobile market, and still remains easily the ideal carriage for city use.

GASOLINE MACHINES

Turning then to the gasoline automobile. Many marked improvements have been made in the machines of this season. In a gen-



TYPE OF A RUNABOUT CAR FITTED WITH A DOUBLE
CYLINDER ENGINE

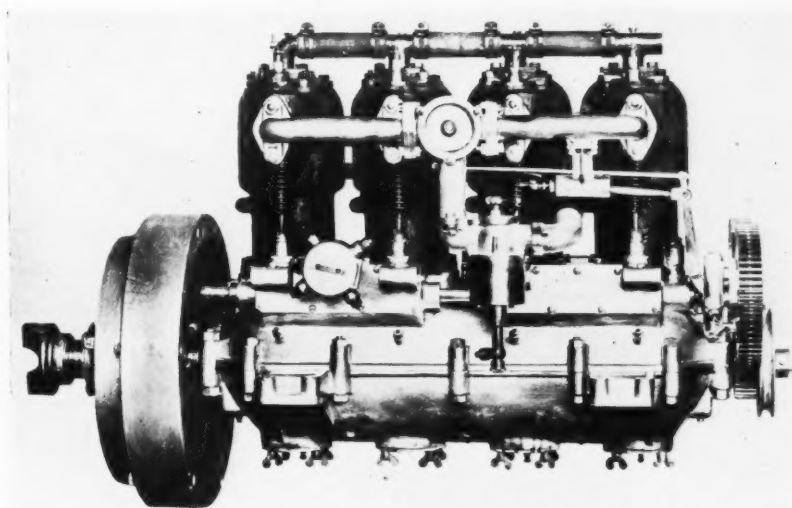
eral way, it may be said that most of the motors will "Mote," and that no longer will the comic papers find material for their columns in the eccentricities of these machines. They are much more reliable. Parts which were found to be too light for the heavy strain of road usage have been strengthened, and the possibility of vexatious delays and breakdowns removed. In most cases the power of the engine has been increased, so that the dismounting of passengers on a steep or sandy hill is no longer a necessity. But, perhaps, most marked of all are the improvements which have been brought

about in the reduction of noise, and the elimination of the vibration, which was a feature of the first carriages. The enthusiastic automobilist, who deserts his business to ride his machine, or to haunt the repair shops and showrooms of the automobile dealers, perhaps

cares little whether his machine makes as much noise as a locomotive, or shakes and rattles as viciously as it chooses, so long as it has power to pass all others on the road; but with the general outside public and the people of refinement and taste, the case is different. They were not interested in a noisy carriage which frightened all horseflesh from the

road, nor in a vehicle which shook with all the vibration of the moving mechanism beneath; and so the designers and makers for 1904 have sought to produce a carriage in which noise as far as possible is eliminated, and from which all possible vibration of machinery is removed. Those who view the up-to-date models for 1904, will see how well in many cases this has been accomplished.

bile of the runabout class had what is known as a single-cylinder engine, that is one chamber into which the mixture of air and gasoline was drawn to be compressed by the piston rod, and exploded. This year, in the medium-priced carriages, there is a marked tendency to use two-cylinder engines; that is two chambers similar to the one described above, situated opposite one another, the result being



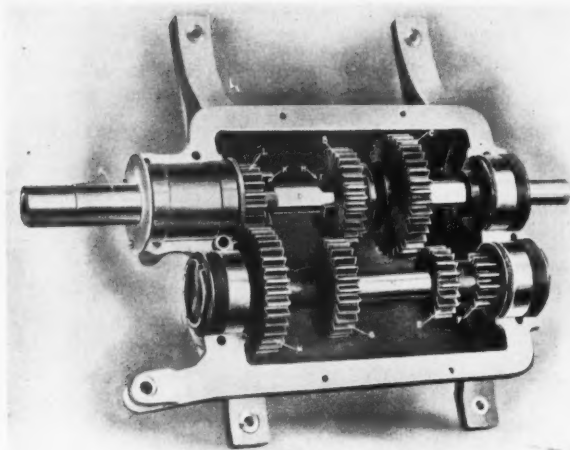
A FOUR-CYLINDER ENGINE FOR AN AUTOMOBILE—24 HORSE POWER

THE ENGINE

To show how these features have been brought about requires a review of the vital points of the automobile. The engine is essentially the heart of the machine. In it great improvements have been made; where possible weight has been reduced by machining down all unnecessary metal, and in the higher grade machines by the substitution of aluminum castings for iron. The bearings of the main shafts and the pistons have been increased and thereby strengthened. The design of the engine has been to a very considerable extent altered and improved. A year ago, practically every automo-

that when an explosion is taking place in one chamber, the foul gases are being driven out of the other, and vice versa. In this way it is unnecessary to have such a big, heavy explosion to obtain the same power; and, consequently, the two-cylinder machines obtain greater power, with a very material reduction of both noise and vibration.

The engines above described are the type now used in the runabout classes of automobiles. Until this year they were also used in the touring cars, and larger vehicles as well, but the New York Show, in January last, showed that material advance had been made



THE SLIDE GEAR TRANSMISSION

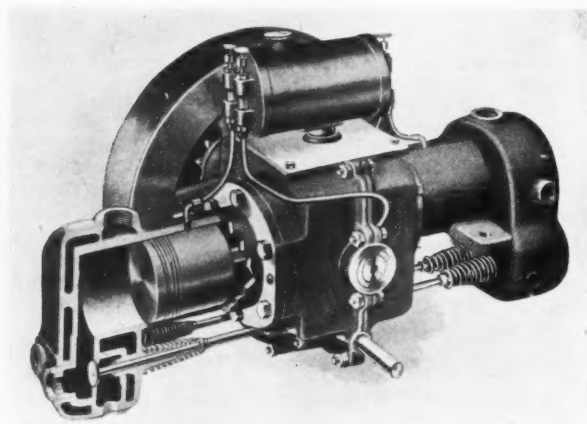
For increasing or decreasing the speed of an automobile. The short shaft is driven by the engine and the longer shaft is connected with the wheels. When the large wheel on the long shaft is meshed with the small wheel on the other shaft, the slow or "hill-climbing" speed results; when either of the other two gears are meshed, the speed is increased.

in these cars to bring them in conformity with the styles and structure which had been worked out of the French models. Instead of one or two-cyl-

der engines being situated under the body, the larger class are mostly equipped with three or four vertical cylinders situated in the front of the carriage. This is a practical necessity in a large touring car, as the parts require attention, which it is hardly possible to give them, if the operator has to get under the machine or remove the passengers from the car in order to look over his engine. The location of these engines in front has been a marked improvement. The adoption of the three or four-cylinder engines has rendered possible wide variations of speed, and, at the same time, material reduction of noise and vibration. Hence the leading touring car models on the American market this year are representative of the very highest type of automobile construction.

THE TRANSMISSION

By the transmission is meant the mechanism, of whatever description it maybe, which transmits the power from the engine to the rear axle for driving the carriage. In this transmission must be provided attachments for changing the speed, so that at the one



EXAMPLE OF A DOUBLE-OPOSED CYLINDER GASOLINE ENGINE

The power is increased, and the vibration off-set by this method

time in climbing a hill, the engine will be allowed to run at its full speed, but the gears be so reduced that the wheels will be moving somewhat slowly and the maximum of power applied. In the same way arrangements have to be made for higher speed under favourable conditions, and for reverse or backing up as well.

The runabout carriages are mostly equipped with what is known as a planetary system of transmission, and having generally two speeds forward and one for reverse. The touring cars are usually equipped with a sliding gear transmission, usually with a range of three speeds forward and one reverse. Its general plan is seen in the illustrations. Both of these systems of transmission for the season of 1904 show improvement in the way of strengthening the bearings, improving the lubrication, and reducing the noise.

The control of the machines has been improved, most of them adopting the wheel steer device for steering, which gives the maximum power to the operator with the minimum of effort. Levers have been simplified, so that a very few minutes' instruction will enable the ordinary person to operate his own carriage.

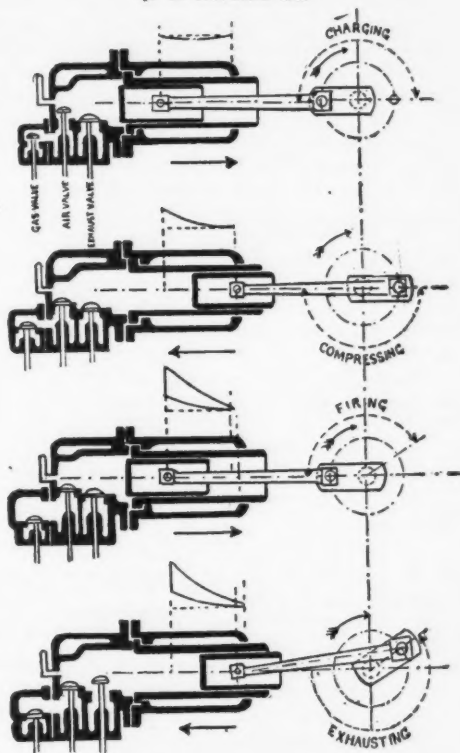
The speed of the vehicles is controlled in three ways. First, by the transmission gear above described; second, by the throttle which regulates the amount of air and gasoline admitted to the combustion chamber; and third, by the timing device which regulates the rapidity of the explosion. All these are usually conveniently situated on or near the steering wheel.

THE LUBRICATION

Lubrication is one of the important features of an automobile. Lack of oil will not only cause temporary heating,

and, consequently, stoppage of the machine, but very often serious damage to it. Formerly it was left to the operator to turn on the oil when he started his machine. Frequently he forgot to do so, with the consequent

FROM "SELF-PROPELLED VEHICLES" BY
J. E. HOMANS 1902



THE CYCLE OF A FOUR CYCLE GAS ENGINE

Note the three valves, one letting in gas, one air, and the third releasing the exhaust. The position of these valves varies in each part of the revolution. The first outward stroke of the piston draws in gas and air. The back stroke compresses it. It is then exploded and the second outward stroke follows. The second back stroke drives out the resulting gases.

result of over-heating and damage. Most of the improved 1904 models have automatic oilers, which start the oiling when the machine starts, and stop when the machine stops, thus eliminating trouble in this direction.

Frequently sight feed oilers are used in conjunction with the automatic attachment, so that the operator can see if anything is preventing the proper lubrication of the parts.

COOLING

The constant explosion of air and gasoline in the engine tends to create a heat which would prevent the further running of the machine if some means were not provided for cooling the engine. The result is that this has now been adequately provided for by covering the engine with a water jacket, which is connected by pipes with a radiator to the front of the carriage and with a pump operated by the engine, so that the moment the engine and the vehicle starts, hot water surrounding the engine is pumped through the pipes into the radiator in front of the carriage, where it is cooled by the air passing through, and again returns to the engine, and so is kept in constant circulation, cooling the engine as desired.

TIRES

All these improvements relate to the mechanical features of the carriage. Other improvements, which commend themselves to the operators, have been accomplished. Probably the most important is in the tires.

The pneumatic tire had never been applied to vehicles other than the bicycle, and its extension to the automobile was for many years the cause of trouble on account of its previous extreme lightness of construction. The tires have been so improved now that practically no more trouble should be given by an automobile tire than by a bicycle tire.

GENERAL STYLE

The body of the automobile has been improved both in appearance and in comfort. In appearance it has got away from the horseless look, and now stands as a type of its own as an automobile and not a horseless carriage. The seats have been made roomier, the upholstery improved, canopy tops and other devices for protec-

tion from the weather added, so that the comfort of the passenger is catered to in every detail.

The gasoline automobile is not yet perfect any more than the bicycle or the top buggy, or any other article of human contrivance is perfect, but this season sees it far beyond the experimental stage, sees it placed on a plane of reliability and excellence, where it will commend itself to that large public which requires a safe and speedy means of transportation, both for pleasure and for business purposes.

THE ELECTRIC CARRIAGE

The electric carriage has been materially improved for 1904. Some remarks which apply to the design of the body, strengthening of the running gear, improvement of the tires, etc., of the gasoline carriage, apply to the electric.

An electric carriage, outside of an ordinary vehicle, contains practically two elements, a storage battery, and, a motor transforming the energy of the battery into motion, which is in turn transmitted to the rear axle of the carriage. In other words, an electric carriage is an ordinary buggy with a storage battery, and an electric motor added.

The storage battery shows substantial improvement this year. It is made up of a number of cells from twenty to forty in number, depending on the style of carriage. Each cell is composed of a hard rubber jar, in which are placed a number of positive and negative plates, separated from each other by either wood or rubber separators, the spaces being filled with a liquid known as "Electrolyte." The positive plates for these cells are connected together with the negative of the other cells, and the whole complete connected with the motor.

The battery upon which Mr. Edison has been working departs from the present type of construction entirely. The jars, instead of being of hard rubber, are of iron and nickel. The plates instead of being formed of lead and lead

oxides, of iron and nickel. The electrolyte used, instead of being of an acid solution, is an alkali. Great advantages are claimed for this battery in the way of durability and increased mileage. At present its objections are the low voltage of the cells requiring 50 per cent. more cells than a lead battery, consequently more room in a carriage, and, secondly, the higher cost. Some of these difficulties may be overcome in another season, but for this year the Edison battery is not a commercial proposition in Canada, at least. Meantime, however, the improvements in the present type of stor-

age battery are such as to justify a largely increased sale of electric carriages for city use. They are absolutely noiseless in running, free from vibration, and are so simple in operation that a child can drive them. With a radius of 35 or 40 miles, they are the ideal city carriage.

The changes which have been outlined are the kind of changes which will give confidence to an intending purchaser. They are not new experiments to get at different results, but are improvements on methods and appliances well tested out, and should therefore be reliable in the extreme.

SONG OF TOIL

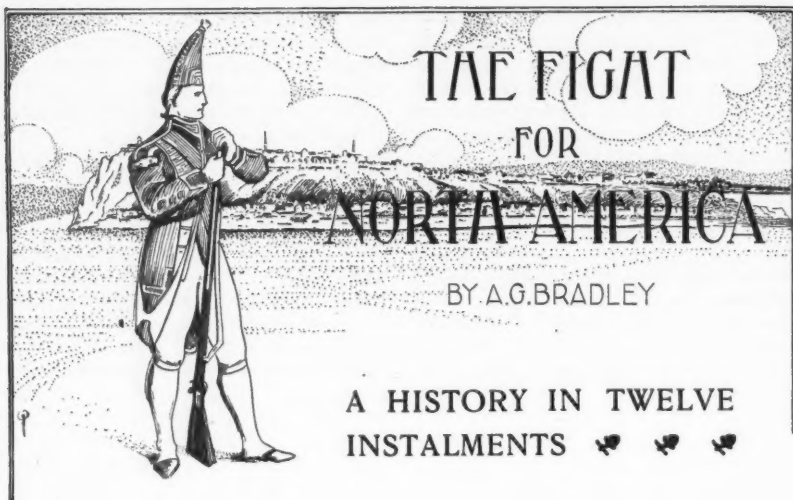
BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER

O LISTEN to the bustle and the rustle in the street!
 List to the click and clatter of ambitious, hurried feet!
 O hear the steady voices
 While fresh young life rejoices
 In the raging, battle heat!

O how I love the gladness and the madness of the crowd,
 That blinding, winding, finding goes a-hunting, where the loud
 Incessant, rhythmic laughter
 Fills bright hearts with the after
 Peace, so free and love-endowed!

How like a mighty ocean is the motion of the tide
 Of human beings, gaily, daily passing down the wide
 Paths of hopes undiscovered,
 Where sickly Pain oft hovered,
 And where sorrow knelt and sighed!

O heart of mine! the rattle and the battle in the street
 Fills thee with courage, proudly—loudly, while thy forces beat
 Against its casement dreary!
 Ah! life it is not weary
 When the toil is glad and sweet!



CHAPTER VI.—DIFFICULTIES IN FORMING A MINISTRY—PITT SUCCEEDS TO POWER—FRENCH ATTACK REPULSED ON LAKE GEORGE—ANOTHER BRITISH FORCE SAILS—LOUDON'S FUTILE EXPEDITION AGAINST LOUISBOURG—THE FRENCH CAPTURE FORT WILLIAM HENRY—THE MASSACRE BY THE INDIANS—1756-1757.

DURING the past autumn the dead weight of Newcastle's blighting hand had been lifted from British policy. His very friends could no longer be either bribed or flattered into his service, so with a groan of anguish like that of a miser parting with his hoard, the venerable intriguer and pettiest of Prime Ministers at last resigned. But it was no easy matter at that moment to form a fresh Ministry. The personal likes and dislikes of the king, his natural attachment to Hanover, and the mutual antipathies of potential ministers made a strong Government impossible, and even a compromise most difficult. Pitt was already recognized as not only the most popular but as the most brilliant of the group. But Pitt was most unacceptable to the king, whose knowledge of English was anything but profound, while his love of brevity in the discussion of business was notorious, and the Great Commoner had a habit of treating him in his closet to flights of oratory which were not only unintelli-

gible to his Majesty but insupportable to his practical, drill-sergeant type of mind. Lord Temple was another unwelcome counsellor. His civility the king found only less offensive than his remonstrances, which at times he declared took the form of downright insolence.

The result of the lengthy and precarious confusion which followed the resignation of Newcastle, was the rise of Pitt to supreme power, a power so gloriously used as to make the epoch marked by it one of the most memorable in the annals of Britain. A notable feature, too, of the moment was the partnership of Newcastle with the man who had so mercilessly lashed him and so utterly despised him. Nothing but the greatness of the one and the insignificance of the other made such a combination possible. So Newcastle returned to office, but on the sole condition of abjuring all connection with great affairs, and of confining himself wholly to the dirty work of politics, which he loved, and which

possessed at that time an importance not very easy nowadays to fully realize. Pitt had now a free hand, but when that happy consummation was reached it was past midsummer, and he could exercise but little influence on the year's operations which had been already planned. He had succeeded, however, in the face of some opposition, in raising the first of those Highland regiments which from that day to this have been such a conspicuous feature in our line of battle. Fifty-two thousand men had been voted in the recent Session of Parliament for the Army, and forty-five thousand for the Navy; while the militia had not been neglected. Eight thousand men were ordered to reinforce Loudon in America, and, adopting that general's very dubious advice, Louisbourg, with Quebec to follow in the event of success, was made the somewhat premature object of the main attack. It was an ill fate for France that the moment which saw the advent of Pitt to power in the councils of Britain almost coincided with the withdrawal from her own of the men who had been the chief support of her Canadian policy. Such forces as she had thrown into Canada were of excellent quality, and in Montcalm at least she possessed by very far the ablest soldier on the American continent at that time, while in her colonists she had a willing and efficient militia. Through the past winter of 1756-57, little could be ascertained in Canada about the intentions of the British. The bare rumour of a threatened attack on Quebec, would cramp Montcalm's movements and prevent him from fully concentrating his strength in an attack on Albany and the flourishing settlements of the Hudson. The tardy fashion in which news crossed the ocean in those days is hard to realize, and Quebec particularly, seated on its throne of snow and cut off from the Atlantic by endless leagues of ice and vast areas of frozen forests, awaited each recurring spring, in a state of more or less uncertainty, what fate might be in store for it at the bursting of the leaf.

Vaudreuil wrote to his Government upon every opportunity long letters in praise of himself and his Canadians, and in depreciation of Montcalm and his regulars. Montcalm also wrote home, touching with good-natured contempt on Vaudreuil as an amiable man without a will of his own, and the victim of designing creatures. He speaks of the Canadians as useful behind breastworks or in the woods, but of no account for a front attack. Like every other European visitor of that day, he remarks on their inordinate vanity and boastfulness, "believing themselves to be the first nation on earth."

Vaudreuil confides to the French minister that one Canadian is worth three soldiers from old France, though the latter, he condescends to admit, are good in their ways, and it is significant he presses for more of them! His figures, when applied to the facts of a campaign, might almost be reversed without being very wide of the truth. He had a tolerably consistent plan of multiplying the enemy in every engagement by two, and their losses by three or four. Montcalm's victories, too, were all due to Vaudreuil's initiative and support; his reverses to neglect of Vaudreuil's advice. By this time, however, the French Government had probably begun to pigeon-hole the voluminous documents that emanated from Quebec. The Governor's childish vanity and hopeless inability to speak the truth did little harm. He had his uses, being amazingly energetic and really patriotic, while extolling everything Canadian at the expense of France was perhaps just now a fault on the right side. When it came to severe fighting, however, Montcalm generally took his own line, and it signified very little if the Governor filled sheets of paper claiming the credit of it, if credit were earned, and sent them to a remote Minister of Marine, who probably never broke the seal. If Montcalm had a fault, it was perhaps his temper, which seems to have been quick. Like Braddock, he, no doubt, had infinite provocation.

But the silence of this winter on Lake George was not to be broken only by the howling of wolves in the Adirondack Mountains and the roar of falling trees in the snow-laden forests. The outposts who guarded the temporary frontier of the two nations at Ticonderoga and Fort William Henry, respectively, amused themselves from time to time, and not unprofitably, in scouting for prisoners, whose information was highly prized, and failing this, for scalps. One really serious attempt on the British fort was made in March. It seems to have been designed by Vaudreuil, and was placed, moreover, under command of his brother Rigaud, which sufficiently accounted in the eyes of the old French party for its comparative failure. Nor did he trust to the few hundred men who were wintering at the front for his enterprise, but pushed forward from Montreal a force that raised the attacking party to 1,600 men—regulars, redskins, and Canadians. They stayed some time at Ticonderoga making scaling ladders, and with these upon their shoulders they traversed the lake on the ice and crept close to the British fort on the night of March the eighteenth, to the entire surprise of the garrison. Major Eyre was in command with less than four hundred effective men. The British garrisons in all these cheerless, wintry stations made the most of anniversaries. Major Knox, in his day-to-day journal of dreary banishment among the Acadian forests, gives amusing accounts of the strenuous efforts at festivals which the feasts of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, to say nothing of birthdays, called forth among the soldiers. At Fort William Henry the Irish saint had been done full justice to the day before in copious libations of rum, and the gallant colonial rangers, having as yet no Fourth of July to their credit, patronized indiscriminately the festal days of their British brothers in arms.

The French were just a day too late to gain what advantages might have accrued from any laxity after such fes-

tivities, and were received in the darkness by a shower of grape and round-shot from the garrison, who had heard the sounds of their approach while yet upon the ice. Vaudreuil had not only given his brother the command, but had put his notorious predilections into practice and pinned his faith on his favourite Canadians and Indians. Admirable in defence and in the woods, they now showed their incapacity for a front attack on ramparts manned by determined men. Two hundred and seventy-four regulars of the 44th regiment and 72 rangers kept this force of 1,600 men at bay for five days. They were offered lenient terms of surrender, and at the same time virtually assured of massacre by the Indians in the event of refusal. But these gallant men, though neither well found nor very well protected, refused the overture with scorn. It is significant, too, that these soldiers were the remains of one of Braddock's broken regiments, while the most active of Rigaud's officers in attack was Dumas, the hero of that fatal field. This time the tables were turned, and the French many fell back before the British few, not, however, before they had succeeded in burning the detached outbuildings round the fort and a considerable number of sloops, batteaux and whale boats that lay ready or in course of construction for the operations of the coming season. On March 24th the whole French force disappeared down the lake amid a blinding snowstorm, having cost their Government fifty thousand *livres*, and inflicted a loss equal to perhaps a tenth of that amount. Eyre and his brave garrison marched out with their numerous sick a few days later, and were duly replaced by five companies of the 35th, under Monroe, whose name is indelibly associated with the more memorable events that in the coming summer made the spot famous in history for all time to come.

It was in this same month of March, 1757, that the gallant Knox commenced, as a lieutenant, that invaluable journal which he closed four years later as a major at the fall of Montreal. He

was now at Athenry in charge of a detachment of the 43rd regiment, whose headquarters were in Galway. They were ordered to Cork, as part of the force of 8,000 men which Parliament had recently voted for Loudon's support. Six other regiments from various Irish stations were gathering at the western seaport, namely, the second battalion of the 1st Royals, a thousand strong, together with the 17th, 27th, 28th, 46th, and the 55th, each mustering some seven hundred effective men. By the end of March they were all collected, and lay awaiting the fleet from England that was to convey them to America, their actual destination—namely, Halifax—being not yet made known. Cork, at the present day, does not suggest itself as the port most likely to treat an Imperial armament destined for foreign service with special enthusiasm or an excess of practical sympathy. But Knox, who was a Scotsman, cannot express sufficient admiration for its attitude during the six or seven weeks in which the city swarmed with soldiers and sailors. It was one of cordial good-will and generous effort. There were neither the riots nor brawls common in his experience to the influx of a large force into a big town. Instead of raising the price of necessities and lodgings on the poor soldier, under such great demand, as was the common custom, the citizens gave him of their best at the lowest prices, while large subscriptions were raised for the support of the women and children he left behind him. One is accustomed to think a somewhat brutal indifference in matters of this sort was characteristic of the Hogarthian period, and Knox's account of Cork at a trying period is pleasant reading. There were no meetings, such as we now see, to vote success to the scalping knives of the Shewanoes and Pottawattamies. Even if the blessings of free speech had been then sufficiently developed, the native sense of humour was still too strong to have tolerated in the alderman of the day such doleful exhibitions of clumsy malice. Sym-

pathy with France, as a Catholic power, and indeed, for more solid reasons, might reasonably have been looked for in Cork at such a time, but Knox at least tells us of no such discordant notes. On April 25th the expected fleet of warships and transports appeared off the Old Head of Kinsale, and on the following day anchored in Cork harbour. There were fifteen battleships carrying nearly a thousand guns, and fifty transports, averaging some two hundred and fifty tons apiece, for conveying the troops, besides numerous other craft laden with stores, siege guns, and ammunition. It may be worth noting, too, that a hospital ship of five hundred tons accompanied the fleet. The force embarked was in all something under six thousand men.

It required about six transports to carry a regiment, giving, therefore, something over a hundred men, besides officers and a few women and children, to every vessel, while each one carried a pennon to distinguish the regiment it was helping to convey. The Admiral in command was Holborne, with Commodore Holmes as second. The long delay in reaching Cork had been caused by adverse winds, and it was this, in great part, and not mere official dilatoriness, as is sometimes said, that proved the eventual failure of the enterprise. French fleets, it is true, had got out promptly and were already across. But they were unhampered by convoys, nor does it follow that the conditions of sailing from the Bay of Biscay were always suitable to getting out of the Solent.

It was the eighth of May when the British fleet, numbering upwards of a hundred ships, with their white sails filled by a favouring wind, swarmed out into the open sea. Here three more battleships and a frigate put in an appearance, owing to a report that a large French fleet intended to intercept Holborne, and there was good ground for the rumour.

Knox gives us a vivid picture of life on one of these small transports a hundred and fifty years ago. They soon experienced bad weather, and

their ship was separated from the fleet more than once, though they succeeded in finding it again. When a fortnight out, however, they lost it altogether, and were left henceforward to their own devices. What those of the skipper were likely to be soon became unmistakable. Indeed, Knox and his companions had shrewd suspicions that, if this worthy mariner had not actually contrived their isolation, he was in no way depressed by it. On their urgent demands and with some reluctance he opened his secret orders, which proved Halifax to be their destination, as was generally suspected. The course he proceeded to steer, however, struck even infantry officers as having a strangely southern bias about it for the coast of Nova Scotia. It was more than suspected that he had letters of marque, for privateering was just then immensely profitable. The skipper's cabin, too, bristled with cutlasses and firearms; the ship mounted seven guns, and with a force of a hundred soldiers besides his crew on board, the temptation to get into the track of merchant vessels and engage in a little profitable diversion seems to have proved altogether too strong.

They sighted several ships, and each time the decks were cleared for action, but in every case a closer inspection proved the hoped-for prize or suspected enemy to be a neutral or a friend. One really humorous encounter is related. A Massachusetts privateer approached our bellicose transport in threatening fashion, the only sign of her nationality being the apparently convincing one of the white uniforms and pointed hats worn by French soldiers, plainly discernible upon her decks. Having cleared for an encounter that looked remarkably unpromising for Knox and his friends, the true nationality of the stranger was disclosed, and the mystery of the French uniforms was solved by means of a speaking trumpet. They belonged, in fact, to a number of French prisoners whom the Yankee had captured with a French ship. She, on her part, had made precisely the same

mistake in regard to the British transport. It seems to have been an economical custom of that day to make the soldiers wear their uniforms inside-out on board ship, and those of the 43rd having white linings, it gave them all the appearance, at a distance, of French troops. On their mutual errors being discovered, the officers politely asked the captain of the privateer to dinner, but the amenities were extended even to the ships themselves, which got so fast locked together that for a short time they were in a somewhat serious predicament. The Yankee skipper, says Knox, went down on his knees upon the deck and called aloud to Heaven, while his British confrere jumped into the rigging and soundly cursed both crews at the top of his voice till they had effected a separation—much the surest method, according to our diarist, of getting the job done. Another little incident is, I think, worth relating. Though Divine service was punctiliously performed on the deck of the transport, the first mate was accustomed to introduce a most scandalous novelty into the ritual. No one, we are told, was louder or more devout in the responses than this excellent man; but the ship had to be sailed, and he had to sail her. In the usual course of business, therefore, it became necessary for him to lift his eyes from his devotions and from time to time shout directions to the sailors on duty. These he gave with no mitigation whatever of his week-day phraseology, returning in the most imperturbable fashion after each discharge to his responses. It was not easy, says Knox, for the soldiers to preserve their decorum, particularly if one of the mate's eloquent broadsides was intermingled with the responses of the latter half of the Litany. Fogs and icebergs, whales, dolphins and "gram-puses," and all the wonders of the deep, were encountered and duly chronicled by this observant soldier, till on June 30th they slipped into Halifax harbour the first of all the fleet. There they found Loudon with

his troops just landed from New York by Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, and hastened on shore to give him such news as they could—which was little enough—of the armament he was so anxiously awaiting.

Loudon, of a truth, whatever his shortcomings, had passed a most unpleasant winter. The sense of failure rested upon him as upon the whole British interest in America. There was even more soreness than usual, too, between the army and the colonists, the trouble this time lying in the much-vexed question of quarters. Seeing that Loudon and his soldiers were employed in the immediate interests of the colonies, it was not unreasonable to expect their people to show some concern for the comfort of their defenders. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were naturally selected by the commander-in-chief for the winter quarters of his army. But the first of these cities showed much backwardness in providing shelter, while the two last were still more inhospitable and provided none at all till they were forced to by threats of coercion. Loudon swore that, if New York would not house the troops he had placed there, he would compel them to accommodate double the number. The men were suffering and sickening for lack of shelter, and the fierce Northern winter was already upon them. The Assembly at length gave in as regards the men, but held out in the matter of the officers. Loudon responded by sending half a dozen of the latter to the house of a prominent townsman, with a threat of sending twelve if he declined to receive them. These amenities were not conducive to good feeling, and there were probably faults on both sides. The old English constitutional dislike of soldiers and a standing army was in the blood of the colonists, and the comparatively rigid habits of life made them dread the easy notions of the British soldier of all ranks. Still, without the British soldier the colonists would have been helplessly exposed at this time, both in person and estate, to their active enemies, and had some

cause to be grateful. True, the performances of the army had not so far been brilliant, but such organization and initiative as had been shown was due in the main to British soldiers and British money. The colonial militia, according to Loudon, had an airy way of simplifying difficult operations, and talked glibly of "taking Ticonderoga" or "marching to Canada." The tendency to inflated talk is part of the atmosphere of new countries, it is almost natural to their life. Any one who has lived in them nowadays can well fancy the discourse that was often heard around the camp-fires of New England regiments or in blockhouses on the frontiers of Virginia. But the colonies had so far shown no capacity for united effort, and without co-operation, and perhaps even with it, Montcalm, with his veterans and his mobile Canadians would have swept the country from end to end. At any rate, the refusal to find shelter for their defenders was singularly churlish. Philadelphia hastened with joy to make the dispute another cause of wrangle with their much-harried Governor, Hamilton, whose duty it was to assist Loudon in finding quarters for His Majesty's troops. Philadelphia, however, was finally settled very much after the fashion of New York. Another cause of annoyance at this time was the persistence with which provisions of all sorts were secretly sold to Canada. In this the Dutch of the Upper Hudson were the worst offenders. The greed of their traders had been a fruitful source of trouble with the friendly Indians, and now they were active in supplying—though by no means alone in doing so—those sinews of war which Canada needed much more than arms and troops, so dismally had she failed in the primary objects of colonial enterprise.

On Loudon, however, falls the onus of having recommended for this season the Louisbourg scheme. It was not its immediate failure which redounds to his discredit so much as the tactics which left the northern colonies in the gravest peril, and the western frontiers

of the others still reeking with Indian ravage. General Webb, with Monroe, a brave Scotch colonel, under him, had been left with three or four thousand, for the most part raw troops, to hold the frontier against the able Montcalm and the whole power of Canada, while the great effort of the year, occupying a powerful army and a powerful fleet, spent itself on the shores of Nova Scotia, and never even saw the first object of its attack. The important conflict of the season was reserved for the remnant Loudon had left behind him, and resulted in inevitable disaster. For while he was occupying a force of nearly ten thousand regular troops in sham fights, and cultivating vegetables where Halifax now spreads its streets and wharves, Fort William Henry succumbed to Montcalm under circumstances of such horror that its capture has rung down the ages in reams of prose and verse.

Montcalm, too, in Canada, had his winter troubles. His officers, for one thing, were continually falling victims to the charms of the Canadian ladies, which seem, according to all contemporary accounts, to have been more adapted for husband catching than for intellectual edification. What chiefly annoyed him was that most of these girls were comparatively dowerless, a sufficiently grievous sin in the eyes of a Frenchman who was also the temporary father of a large military family. Vaudreuil, it seems, secretly encouraged these matches, not merely to spite Montcalm, but with an eye to possible settlers for his beloved Canada. Gambling, too, was a passion with the wealthy clique who lived by plundering the country, and the impecunious young nobles who swarmed in Montcalm's French regiments took to the sport like ducks to water in the monotony of their ice-bound quarters at Quebec and Montreal. Balls, dinners, and receptions, though on a limited scale, and attended by more or less the same circle of guests, went merrily on. Montcalm entertained freely, to the detriment of his already encumbered estate and his ten chil-

dren, not so much from inclination, apparently, as from a sense of duty. In his letters to his wife and mother he jokes about his growing debts, and alludes with humorous despair to the capture by British ships of certain table luxuries consigned to him by their loving hands. Nor did the French soldiers and the Canadians outside the small social circles of the capital coalesce much better than did the British regulars with their colonial allies. Indeed, such jealousies were, aye and still are, inevitable, though greatly softened and modified by altered conditions. No intelligent colonist, or Englishman who has lived in colonies, would regard this statement as anything but a familiar truism. The difficulty of the home-staying, or even globe-trotting Briton, is to realize the colonial's point of view, or that Englishmen and colonial-born Englishmen, as a class, are apt to jar upon each till time and intercourse have rubbed off the angles, which, by the way, they sometimes fail to do. The exuberant and splendid loyalty of our colonies, at this moment above all, obscures these smaller matters. They are not questions for high politics, or public speeches, but of everyday life. One would call them unimportant, but for the fact that they have been the unsuspected cause of much that is not unimportant. How much greater, then, in most respects, must have been the lack of sympathy in these old days between the average individual of either stock.

As the spring advanced, Loudon had concentrated all his troops at New York in preparation for their removal to Halifax. His information from England had been scanty, but his immediate business was to get to Nova Scotia and there await the reinforcements he had been told to count upon. But if his home news had been vague, he knew of a certainty that three strong French squadrons, with Louisbourg as their ultimate destination, were already on the coast, while he had only Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, with a weak squadron, to serve as es-

cort to his own transports. In brief, if a French fleet caught him in the open sea, he was ruined. Secrecy was now Loudon's only chance, so he laid an embargo on the shipping of all colonial ports, with a view to preventing news of his movements getting abroad. This movement was necessary, but naturally irritating. He then lingered on, hoping for tidings of Holborne's fleet, but none came. To move without such a security seemed, as in fact it was, a prodigious risk. But in the meanwhile May had passed away and June had half gone. His sailors were freely deserting in order to join privateers, whose profits just now were proving an irresistible temptation, and he made a curious effort to recover some of these deserters by drawing a cordon of bayonets round the whole town, and concentrating to a centre. Loudon and the admiral at length made up their minds they must risk both their men and their ships, and on June 20th they sailed out of New York harbour. Fortune, however, favoured them, the French never guessing how great a prize lay within their grasp, and by the 30th of the month they were safe in Halifax, and in time enough to receive Holborne and his still more tardy flotilla, which arrived on July 9th.

Loudon had now some eleven thousand men, nearly all regular troops. He was greeted by the news that there were assembled behind the formidable ramparts and batteries of Louisbourg seven thousand French soldiers, two-thirds of whom were regulars, in addition to some fifteen hundred Indians; while in the almost land-locked harbour lay twenty-two ships of the line and three frigates, carrying nearly fourteen hundred guns. Louisbourg stood alone amid the fogs of the northern seas, upon Cape Breton, which, as I have said, was an almost barren island, just severed by a narrow channel from the unsettled regions of Nova Scotia. It was a great naval station, however, as well as an important town for the period, and was of vital import to the French.

It was garrisoned direct from France, and was practically out of touch with Montcalm and Canada. Later on we shall be before its walls, and have much to say about it, so will here content ourselves with remarking that these same fortifications, with seven thousand men behind them, and an overpowering fleet outside, were adjudged by Loudon and a council of war to be impregnable to the force at their disposal. So the general, after having spent six weeks at Halifax, re-embarked on August 16, with seven of his regular battalions and his provincials, and sailed for New York, leaving the 27th, 28th, 43rd and 46th regiments to garrison Nova Scotia.

Those that he took back with him were the 17th, 22nd, 42nd, 44th, 48th, 55th, and two battalions of the newly raised Royal Americans. Loudon, in short, performed upon the ocean a very similar manœuvre to that executed, according to the familiar rhyme, by the "noble Duke of York" upon the hill. He carried his force, that is to say, to Nova Scotia, and brought it back again without even firing a shot or seeing an enemy. The French fleet, by its promptness in crossing the Atlantic, had saved the situation; while the British Government, by its dilatoriness, due in part to weather, had been the chief sinner. Loudon, though devoid of genius, can hardly be blamed for this fiasco. His crime was rather in initiating an expedition which stripped the colonies of their chief military strength and left vital points exposed. He received his punishment before he reached New York, for while still on the sea news was brought out to him that Fort William Henry had fallen. Great ridicule has been cast on Loudon for his Louisbourg failure. A colonial wag had already likened him to the figure of St. George upon a tavern sign—always in a hurry, but never getting forward. He had certainly no genius for war, and was a depressing, unenterprising person, but neither the delay at New York nor at Halifax was his fault. At the latter place, in order to occupy the large body of troops

there collected, he exercised them continually in drills and sham fights—an admirable method, one might well suppose, for improving their discipline and keeping them away from rum and out of mischief. He also occupied them in the planting of vegetables, with a view more especially to the prospective sick and wounded; and seeing that the lack of these very things was a common cause of scurvy and an indirect one of drunkenness, it is not easy to understand the jibes and taunts cast in Loudon's teeth for employing the leisure of his none too well disciplined army in these useful and profitable pursuits. General Hopson, who brought out the division from England, was second in command to Loudon at this time. Lord Charles Hay was third, the same officer who made the famous request at Fontenoy that the French Guards should fire first. He must have possessed some vein of eccentricity, for he made himself so conspicuous for open ridicule of Loudon's "sham fights and cabbage planting"—in which he declared the nation's money was squandered—that he was placed under arrest, but died before his trial. With this same division, too, there came to America another titled officer whose character was also out of the common run, though of a loftier and very different type, and, in like manner, was doomed to an early death. This was the young Lord Howe, of whom we shall hear anon.

Nor was it only failure in a military sense that marked this Nova Scotia enterprise, but the naval force engaged in it met with something more than failure, though, like the army, it exchanged no shot with the enemy. For Holborne, being reinforced on the departure of Loudon, sailed up to Louisbourg and challenged the French fleet to come out and fight him. La Motte, the admiral, felt no call to take such unprofitable risks, nor was it his duty. So Holborne, like Loudon, proceeded to sail home again. But he was not so fortunate as the general, for a hurricane struck him off that iron-bound and desolate coast and drove him with

irresistible fury against its cruel, surf-lashed headlands. One ship, with nearly all its crew, foundered on the rocks; the rest were saved within an ace of destruction by a timely change of wind. Eleven lost all their masts, others all their cannon; and the cripplés found their way eventually, as best they could, into the various North American harbours, La Motte, happily for them, remaining in ignorance of their plight.

When Montcalm discovered that Loudon was really withdrawing the larger and the better part of his army from the continent, his joy was hardly greater than his surprise, for he could now strike with his whole forces at the feeble garrisons on the New York frontier. He recognized, of course, that an attack on Quebec was the ultimate intention of the Louisbourg force, but Louisbourg was not an Oswego or a William Henry—it was an embattled town of the first class, strongly garrisoned; and no enemy would dare to move up the St. Lawrence and leave it uncaptured in his rear. If Quebec should, peradventure, be threatened in the autumn Montcalm could fall back to Lake Champlain in ample time for its protection. He might, indeed, have been pardoned for deeming it more probable that he and his Frenchmen would be descending the Hudson on New York enriched with the plunder of Albany. But Montcalm, too, like Loudon, had to eat his heart out waiting for an Atlantic fleet. It was not men, however, that the French commander waited for, but stores and provisions, whose scarcity was the perennial curse of Canadian military enterprise. Nor was it in this case lack of human foresight or a prevalence of western winds that kept Montcalm impotently chafing till the close of spring, but the inevitable ice-floes that impede navigation on the St. Lawrence. Throughout the whole winter Indians had been gathering at Montreal from all parts of the west and northwest, eating French bullocks and drinking French brandy till their hosts—especially the reg-

ular officers among them—seriously doubted if their tomahawks were worth the price in money and annoyance paid for them. Unlike the semi-civilized and so-called Christian Indians of the east, these others were all heathens, all cannibals, all naked, and armed only with bow and arrow; though, for that matter, in the days of muzzle-loaders used at short ranges in the forest, the silent, rapidly fired arrow was not to be despised. The story of Oswego and the fame of Montcalm had spread to the farthest west. The painted and be-feathered orators from the shores of Lake Superior and the prairies of the Illinois professed surprise at the pale-faced hero's scanty inches. They expected to find the head of so great a warrior buried in the clouds, but with true Indian breeding they hastened to declare that his stature was quite atoned for by the lightning of his eye. Montcalm was terribly bored by the endless ceremonies necessary for retaining their regard. He had no natural turn for Indian diplomacy, like Johnson, but endured it from a sense of duty with heroic fortitude, and proved, in fact, a remarkable success. Bougainville took some of the physical labour off his hands, and humorously relates how he sung the war song in solo fashion for an indefinite period, repeating in endless monotone that he would "trample the English under his feet." The Mission Indians, too, under the influence of their priests, were gathering in full strength. The orgies of these so-called Christians were as wild as if they had never so much as set eyes upon the cross. They went clad, it is true, but they dyed their clothes instead of their naked bodies, while their faces grinned hideously through thick layers of red and yellow and green paint, smeared on with grease and soot. All alike wore the tufted scalp-lock on their shaven heads, decorated with nodding plumes of feathers; while heavy rings dragged their ears down to their shoulders. A gorget encircled their neck, and a profusely ornamented belt their waist, whence hung the toma-

hawk and the scalping knife. The chief entertainment at their feasts may be described as boasting competitions, in which one performer at a time, striding up and down the line with a gory bullock's head in his hand, exhausted the whole Indian vocabulary in describing the feats of valour he had performed, and would perform again. It is probable that the boastful language of the Canadians, which so much amused the French officers, was a sort of unconscious imitation of the Indian habit. Indeed, its influence was not confined to Canada, but coloured the eloquence of the Alleghany borderer for several generations, and perhaps is not yet dead!

The store-ships arrived in due course from France, but it was the middle of July before Montcalm had collected all his forces, Indians, regulars and Canadians, amounting to nearly 8,000 men, at Fort Carillon, better known in history as Ticonderoga. Preparations for the coming attack on Fort William Henry and the British frontier had been proceeding here this long time, and the scene, in this romantic solitude of lake, mountain, and forest, was a busy one. Since the melting of the ice in April, Lake Champlain had been alive with fleets of boats and bateaux and canoes, carrying men and material of all sorts to the narrows down which the waters of Lake George came leaping in a succession of shallow rapids. This channel was some six miles in length, a mile only at either end being navigable. The rapid portion of the river took a wide bend, and a road was cut through the woods in a straight line from the deep water which flowed into Lake Champlain at one end, to that which gave access to Lake George upon the other. Across this rough three-mile *portage* the entire material, boats included, for the operation on the upper lake, had to be laboriously carried.

By the end of July everything was complete, and the whole flotilla was launched upon Lake George ready for a start. Unwary scouting parties from the English forts had been al-

ready captured. Scalps and prisoners had stimulated the zeal of the Indians, among whom no less than forty different tribes were represented. From the far regions of Michillimackinac and the still remoter shores of Lake Superior; from the oak and chestnut forests beyond Lake Erie, where the finest farms of the fattest province of Canada now thrive among a network of railways; from the deep prairie lands of Michigan and Illinois came bands of howling and painted pagans to "trample the English under their feet," to drink their rum, plunder their settlements, and hang their scalps around their belts, or nail them on their wigwam posts. Independent bands, too, from the neighbouring and professedly neutral Six Nations were there, and even from the harried borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia some warriors, red to the shoulder in British blood, came to seek fresh fields of spoil. To mention Hurons, Ojibways and Ottawas, Iowas, Winebagoes and Algonquins would be naming but a few of them, while the Abenakis, Micmacs, and the Mission Indians were there to the full limit of their fighting strength.

On the shores of Lake George, however, before the final departure, Montcalm had to submit to one more solemn function, and address, with simulated passion, the mass of hideous and painted humanity that he was obliged to call his children; and, after all, if he had but known it, he had far better, upon this occasion, have been without a single man of them. He explained to them his plans, which was only reasonable, and then launched out into those astoundingly mendacious periods which, according to the code of the time, were looked upon as entirely venial. He said how pleased he was to see them—which in a sense was true enough—and then proceeded to inform them how he and his soldiers had been especially sent by the great king, Onantio, to protect and defend them against the English. When his voice gave out and his stock of backwoods rhetoric was exhausted, he

presented his savage allies with an enormous belt of wampum, and possessed his soul in patience while their chiefs replied in high-flown and ambiguous metaphor, amid the solemn gruntings of the gaudy assemblage. Another whole day was consumed by the savages in propitiating their several deities, the Mission Indians going in whole bodies to confession, the unconverted warriors hanging dead dogs and old leggings on trees and "making medicine," according to each man's special fancy. The last day of July saw the surface of Lake George ruffled by the splash of thousands of oar-blades and hundreds of Indian paddles. Two hundred and fifty boats were there, carrying five thousand men, and swarms of savages in bark canoes glided in the van. The cream of French Canadian chivalry was here, and famous regiments from old France, with officers and men now hardened by American campaigning, flushed with former victory, and conscious many of them, that war here meant something more than a great and bloody game. The battalions of La Sarre, Guienne and Languedoc, La Reine, Béarne and Royal Roussillon were all with Montcalm, and only as yet in the second of those five years of war and hardship which were to close, for them, at least, in a defeat only less glorious than victory. Provisions for some weeks had been shipped; and heavy siege guns, mounted on platforms slung between boats lashed together, brought up the rear of this motley armament. Montcalm had not boat accommodation for his whole army. So Lévis, with Indian guides and twenty-five hundred men, was detailed to push his way, as best he could, through the trackless forest that overhung the western shores of the Lake. At a spot some twenty miles on, and eight short of Fort William Henry, he was to display three fires as a signal of his whereabouts. The movement was successful, the British scouts having been all killed or captured, and it was not till Montcalm's whole force, by land and water, had arrived within two

miles of the English fort that their approach was discovered.

Nearly all the available force for resisting the French lay in the two forts at either end of the fourteen-mile carrying-place, between the lake and the Hudson river. General Webb, now commanding in America, was in Fort Edward at the latter point; while Colonel Monroe was in charge of Fort William Henry, where there were some two thousand five hundred men of various corps, namely, six hundred of the 35th, eight hundred of a Massachusetts regiment, with some rangers, and five hundred militia from the Jerseys and New York. Webb on this very day, the second of August, had reinforced Monroe to the limit of his ability, having no more than sixteen hundred indifferent troops now left with him, and a weak garrison or two on the river route to Albany. Fort Edward, too, might be attacked simultaneously with William Henry, and that by another route, namely, the long stretch of water running from Champlain southwards and parallel to Lake George, known as Wood Creek.

Fort William Henry lay close upon the shore of Lake George. It was square in shape, with corner bastions, and walls of hewn logs laid as cribs and filled in with heavy gravel, impregnable to rifle fire or small artillery, but a poor defence against heavy cannon. There was not room for the whole force within the fort, and a great part of the provincial troops were intrenched on some rising ground six hundred yards away with marshes upon either side. Montcalm was able at once to cut off the whole position from either retreat or succour, by sending de Lévis round behind it with three thousand men to occupy the road and only route to Fort Edward, where a famous partizan leader, La Corne, with a portion of the Indians, soon after joined him. Montcalm now proceeded to examine the fort, and came to the conclusion it was impregnable to ordinary assault. He prepared, therefore, to reduce it by regular siege, an apparently easy matter with his heavy

guns and large forces, which numbered in all something like eight thousand men. As a preliminary, however, he sent the faithful Bougainville to offer Monroe terms for surrender. He pointed out that help was impossible, which was quite true; that his own numbers were overpowering and his guns to match; above all, that a large part of his Indians had come from the wild west, and that when the surrender came—which was inevitable within a few days—and blood had been shed, he might be unable to restrain their diabolical ferocity. Monroe briefly replied that it was his duty to hold the fort, and he should do his utmost to maintain himself. Montcalm then opened his lines across the southwestern corner of the lake at a range of 600 yards. Hundreds of men worked in the trenches night and day under a fire from the fort that, after the first few hours, could do them but little damage. The Indians proved refractory and of little use. Montcalm wanted them to scout southwards towards Fort Edward and the Hudson, but they were sore at heart because they had not been consulted as to the operations, and the greater part of them hung about behind the lines, or lolled in their canoes or fired futile shots at the fort. Monroe, in the meantime, was sending eager messages to Webb for help, and Webb has been blamed for not responding. His previous record has, perhaps, made his critics unfair. He could not help Monroe, for his weak force alone barred the way to Albany, and to detach a portion of it would have been to sacrifice that portion either to the strong forces of de Lévis in the woods, or at the almost inevitable surrender of Fort William Henry.

In three days the best of Montcalm's forty guns were in position, and in two more were advanced to within 200 yards of the fort, whose ramparts were flying in fragments before their fierce discharges. Two sorties were tried, both from the fort and the intrenched camp beyond, but were easily repulsed. Webb might have done

something in this way, but messengers could no longer get through to Fort Edward and arrange for simultaneous action. Smallpox, too, had broken out in the garrison, and was spreading rapidly. Monroe seems to have had some vague hope that provisions, the chronic difficulty with all French Canadian armies, might fail the besiegers, for in that wilderness every ounce of food had to be carried. But Montcalm had this time made special efforts, and, moreover, had the good luck to capture 150 head of cattle belonging to the garrison.

Bougainville was again sent to propose terms, and conducted blindfold into the fort, but again the brave Monroe, though he was shown an intercepted letter to himself from Webb to the effect that assistance was hopeless, refused to treat. Another twenty-four hours, however, saw such warm work that a council of war was called, and the white flag was at length raised upon the walls.

For the whole French artillery was now intrenched at close range. Many of the English guns had burst, and only about half a dozen were fit for service, while their ammunition was nearly exhausted; so Colonel Young, commanding a detachment of Royal Americans, or 60th, then newly raised, was sent to arrange terms of capitulation.

The garrison were at Montcalm's mercy; they had no alternatives but death or surrender, and there were many women among them. It was agreed that the troops should march out with the honours of war, all ranks retaining their personal effects. Everything else in the fort was to be given up. Prisoners of war in actual fact they could not be, for food was much too scarce in Canada for Montcalm to indulge in such luxuries; indeed, the people themselves were, at that very moment, on something like half rations. The British were to be escorted to Fort Edward, and remain on parole till an equal number of French prisoners should be delivered safely at Ticonderoga, each batch of the latter

as they came in setting free from their obligations an equivalent number of the British. In recognition of the bravery of the defence, the garrison were to take with them a single gun, a six-pounder. The loss had been inconsiderable—some hundred and twenty men on the British and half as many on the French side. It was understood, however, that these articles could not be signed until the savages had given their consent. This, however, they were induced to do, and both sides proceeded forthwith to put them into execution.

The fort was evacuated at mid-day on the 9th, when the garrison, together with the women and children, marched out to the intrenched camp, which was, of course, included in the surrender, a French regiment being detailed to secure them against interference on the part of the Indians. De Bourlamaque, entering the fort with a party of regulars, set a guard over the ammunition and stores. Everything else was abandoned to the Indians, who gave an earnest of what was coming by instantly murdering a dozen or more sick men, who had been left according to the articles of agreement in Montcalm's charge. There was not much plunder in the fort itself, so the intrenched camp, where all the British were huddled without arms save the bayonets of the 35th, soon swarmed with blood-thirsty demons, baulked of what they regarded as their lawful prey, and with hands twitching viciously at their tomahawks. Numbers of Canadians, whose morals in warfare were little higher than those of the savages, mingled with the now excited throng, and showed unmistakable sympathy with its temper. There was great confusion throughout the whole afternoon, the Indians jostling and insulting the prisoners, and making attempts from time to time to wrest their personal baggage out of their hands. The liquor was either under guard or destroyed, else no efforts of Montcalm and his officers, which individually were considerable, could have prevented a general massacre before night.

But these efforts of the French officers, though sincere enough, were not intelligently directed, nor were they backed at the right moment by proper force. The whole business, in fact, was grossly mismanaged. Canadian militia were stationed at some points as a protection to the prisoners, though the Canadian militiaman looked on plunder or scalps as the rightful price to pay for Indian assistance, and was by no means averse to taking a hand in it himself. The restraint which Montcalm had exercised over the Indians at the capture of Oswego in the preceding year was regarded by all Canadians, from the Governor downwards, as a pernicious European prejudice. Mercy and pity had no place in backwoods warfare, and it is only fair to say that the New England rangers often paid the savage and the Canadian back in their own coin. But the responsibility on Montcalm was very great, and his failure to estimate its gravity is a lasting stain on his memory. Bougainville writes that his chief himself used every effort and made urgent appeals to the Canadian officers who had personal influence with the savages to avert the threatened catastrophe. It would have been far better if he had promptly called up his 3,000 French troops with fixed bayonets, who would have overawed with ease any attempted outbreak of the Indians. On this means of protection, however, he drew most slenderly, and seems to have contented himself with appeals to Canadians and interpreters, many of whom would have been inclined to look on a general massacre as something rather of a diversion than otherwise.

The afternoon and night of the 9th were passed anxiously enough by the two thousand British of all ranks, besides the women and children, within the intrenchment. They were to march in the morning, and as soon as the escort of 300 regulars, an absurdly weak one, seeing the temper of the savages, should arrive. Seventeen wounded men lying in a hut under care of a surgeon were the first victims.

The Indians brushing aside the sentries, dragged the wretched men from their beds, and butchered them within a few yards of a group of Canadian officers, who did not trouble even to remonstrate. As the defenceless column of prisoners began to move, the savages fell to indiscriminate plundering. The men strenuously resisted this attempt to rob them of their personal effects. Monroe protested loudly that the terms of the capitulation were broken and appealed to the French officers of the escort which was drawn up close by. The latter seem to have been cowed by the turmoil around them, and had not even the presence of mind to send for support to the army which lay a few hundred yards off. All they did was to urge the British to give up their property for the sake of peace, and to get away as fast as possible. Many indignantly refused this mean advice. Others followed it, and a certain amount of rum from private canteens thus found its way down the throats of the yelling savages and made them still more uncontrollable. No sooner had the column got clear of the intrenchments, and started upon the forest road to Fort Edward, than all restraint was thrown off, and the Indians fell upon the rear, stripping both men and officers to their very shirts, and instantly tomahawking those who showed resistance. The war whoop was now raised—by the pet converts of the Canadian priesthood from Penobscot it is said—when the rear of the column, rushing forward upon those in front, a scene of horror ensued that has been described by many pens. Women and children were dragged from the crowd; some were tomahawked, others carried off as prisoners to the woods. Their shrieks and cries, mingled with the hideous yells of the Indians and the shouts and curses of the impotent British, made an unforgettable scene. Montcalm and the French officers threw themselves among the savages now half drunk with rum or blood, and did all that men armed only with authority and not backed by force, as

they should have been, could do. The small French escort in the meantime looked on helplessly, the crowd of Canadians approvingly, as the scene of blood and plunder and outrage continued.

At length the exertions of Montcalm and Lévis, Bourlamaque and other French officers, had some effect; but it was only by promising payment for the captives seized by the Indians that some sort of order was restored. The precise number of both sexes thus butchered under the eyes of the French, while unarmed, captives of war, is a matter of dispute. Lévis counted fifty corpses on the field, while sick and wounded men to half that number had been murdered in their beds, and numbers more dragged off into the woods. It seems probable that a hundred would be a fair estimate of those slain.

Over six hundred were made captives by the savages, and it required the utmost exertions on Montcalm's part, with a considerable outlay of money, to recover about half of them. The Indians would not give up the remainder on any terms, and eventually took them to Montreal, where Vaudreuil, who, in his character of Canadian, looked with much toleration on Indian outrage, had to pay for the amusement this time with large sums out of his scant treasury by way of ransom.

There is absolutely nothing to be said in defence of the French in this affair. That they did not dare to run the risk of offending and alienating their Indians is, of course, the explanation, though surely no extenuation of such ignoble conduct. It is one of the worst stains upon the annals of their arms in America. They would have been bound by humanity only in the storming of a fort, but after a formal capitulation, they were bound not merely by humanity, but by the most elementary rule of military honour, and it is satisfactory to think that they paid dearly for it. The British Government, as a matter of course, repudiated their part of the contract,

and not a French prisoner was sent to Montreal, nor was the parole of the garrison taken any account of. The memory of the massacre drove many a bayonet home in the coming years of British success that might otherwise have been stayed in mercy, and many a Canadian sued in vain for his life at the hands of the New England Ranger who might formerly have been spared. *Remember Fort William Henry* became a terrible war cry in many a battle and in many a bloody backwoods skirmish. The French knew it well and felt that it added a fresh terror to defeat. The first impulse of a disarmed or captured Canadian was to protest by voice and gesture that he had not been present at that accursed scene.

The growing scarcity of food in Canada saved the forts on the Hudson and, probably, the flourishing town of Albany itself, from being captured and sacked by the French. Word was sent that it was of the first necessity, that the now ripening harvest should be gathered, and there were not men to do it. So the French turned their attention to the destruction of the British forts and all its dependent buildings. Great bonfires were made of the logs forming the ramparts, and into them were cast those bodies of the dead which had not been buried. As a fortress the place ceased to exist. Great armaments, some of them as luckless as the garrison of 1757, were yet to camp on its ashes, and again to break the silence of the forests with the din of war. But for the present solitude reigned over the devoted spot; the sounds of human life gave way once more to the weird cry of the loon and the splash of the summer-duck upon the lake, the boom of the bull-frog in the marsh, the drumming of the ruffed grouse on the hill. The waves of conflict fell back for a brief space, and left the charred logs and fire scorched stonework, and the trampled, stump-strewn cornfields of William Henry, as the sum total of a year's success and failure.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LAST SHOT

By MARGUERITE EVANS

"There is a remedy for every wrong, and a satisfaction for every soul."

—Emerson's *Immortality*.

"**I**F you won't shoot that ram, I will; but I'll be durned if I thought you was such a coward."

"A what!" and the handsome, stern-faced Englishman's steely-blue eyes flashed with a dangerous light.

"A coward! Ain't my articulation plain enough?" replied the other, a rough, old, sour-dough miner. "There ain't a blamed thing wrong with that English kid but just pure homesickness, an' there ain't no cure for that but just 'git home.' I kin set a broken lim', an' I kin pull a man through a bad case of fever; but when it comes to homesickness I either put my hand in my pocket an' yank them out enough spots to take them home, or I turn my head the other way, an' just let them die. Many a big, strong fellow I've seen just pine away an' die from that very thing."

The Englishman had pushed his chair into the shadow, and shaded his face with his hand; but the observant Yankee saw tears trickling through the browned and hardened but still shapely fingers, and he pursued the subject, not because he was anxious to do so, but because the need was so urgent.

"We're so dead broke we haven't money enough between us to buy a plug of tobacco, an' we can't git a cent of credit. You can't cable to the kid's mother for money, an' if your Englishy pride would let you there wouldn't be time to wait to git it, for the kid's dyin' in there; anyone with half an eye kin see that. He ain't got no appetite, an' he can't sleep; an' he just lies there starin' out of them big, hollow eyes of his at the trail over the mountain; an' I know durned well what he's thinkin'. I'm a hardened old sinner, goodness knows, but many's the night the tears roll down these grizzled cheeks of mine to hear that kid cryin'

for his mother when he thinks we're asleep. He's got to be sent home to England inside a week, or there will be a corpse in this shack that will haunt it while there's one log left on another."

"Granted," returned the Englishman icily, "still, what has the ram to do with it?"

"Damn you! you know well enough; the last time I was over at the town I met a young fellow from the east who asked me if I ever saw any Mountain Sheep out this way. Said he wanted a ram's head with good big horns in the very worst way to send down East. Said he knew they were scarce now an' hard to git, an' that he would give two hundred for an extra large one. My opinion is that the tenderfoot wants to let on he shot the animal himself; but I suppose it's none of my funeral."

"Well?" queried the Englishman, brusquely.

"I lied like a lord, said I hadn't seen any rams for years; they were gittin' mighty scarce. But, great hickory! if I'd told him that we had a pet ram here that you had raised; that it had come back to you for a few weeks spring and fall for the last fifteen years, an' was here now, an' could be shot just as easy as rollin' off a log, wouldn't that young easterner have been up here on the jump?"

"If you had told him that," said the Englishman coldly, "I should have killed you."

The Yankee chuckled, and unconcernedly cut some tobacco and filled his pipe. The Englishman rose abruptly and went outside, where the short winter day was dying.

Below him lay a dark, undulating line where oak and cedar had made their last stand in the upward march; nearer, the spectral ranks of the stunted firs showed the outposts of forest

advance. Above him dazzling white peaks cut strange, solemn shapes, like silver cameos on a ground of indigo sky. The sunset glory streamed up almost to the zenith, lighting and glorifying peak after peak with flames of gold and amethyst and faintest opaline green. Later, the vivid orange of the afterglow burned with a transient splendour, as the dying smile of a day that is going to its eternal rest, and all the mountain world around him was one vast evening primrose of palest gold sprinkled with star dust.

Then the golden glow faded, and all the wintry world in its glittering livery of ice lay white and cold and still, wrapped in peace as profound as that which reigned in the primeval ages.

For a long, long time the man stood with folded arms, gazing with eyes which seeing did not see, at the ever changing panorama, as memory unlocked her gates, and left him free to wander in the realms of the past, and among very different scenes.

Solemn, mysterious, tremendous was the picture before him; but memory showed him a very different one, in the foreground of which was a beautiful, dark-eyed woman, the one love of his life, and in the background an old English castle with ivied towers and battlements, ancient trees, and a green turf soft as velvet beneath the feet.

Back over the winding trail among the mountains, back over the weary miles of railway-spanned prairie, back over the rolling blue waves stretched the land of "might have been."

Surely he had been pursued by a malignant fate! The old castle which should have been his, the woman who should have been his, the boy who should have been his, the unstained name which should have been his; home, love, country, wealth, freedom even, all lost, and lost through another's deep-dyed villainy.

And now! an illiterate Yankee miner had dared to call him to his face a coward because he refused to shoot a noble animal which loved him, trusted him; and all for what? To save the life of a puling, homesick brat, the son

of the man whose treachery had taken from him all the sweetness, all the joy of life. And yet! the boy had his mother's eyes.

Slowly, drearily, hopelessly, three leaden-footed days and nights dragged themselves by, and still both men were waiting, like Micawber, for something to "turn up," and still the boy, wasted to a shadow, lay listlessly on his rude couch, gazing with hungry eyes at the narrow trail, which wound itself like a mighty, sinuous serpent around the steep mountain passes, and vanished in the distance like the ghost of a buried hope; and still the ram, secure in the friendship which he had proved so long, came and went at his own sweetwill. Now bounding from boulder to boulder, barely touching the rocks with his padded toes; now browsing off dainty tit-bits on the mountain-side, and now lying at the door of his friend's shack, gazing with kindly, golden-brown eyes in their faces as they came and went.

But!—On the morning of the fourth day the end came. The boy must be roused by being told that he could at once start for home, or he would never rally from the stupor into which he had fallen during the night. Both men realized that.

Outside, in the glad, free air, the ram, quivering in the fulness of his life and happiness, was leaping from boulder to boulder, every movement the perfection of the poetry of motion. Inside, the boy lay motionless, scarcely breathing, gazing with dull, unseeing eyes at the blank wall, and refusing to touch the food which with great care had been provided for him.

One or the other must die, but which?

Was it chance, or was it the "destiny that shapes our ends" that made Yankee at that moment sing in his high, cracked falsetto, "And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'll lay me down and dee?" Who can say? But it decided the Englishman's course. To "dee" for his Annie Laurie, that were easy, for what was life but a burden which he would fain lay down? But to betray

the trust which a noble animal reposed in him—that was a very different thing! Still he would do it!

"Go up to town, Yankee, and bring back they oung fellow you spoke of," he said. "I must see my thirty pieces of silver before I make a Judas of myself. Go, for heaven's sake go! What are you waiting for?" he continued, as the other lingered.

"I'll do it, if you like," replied Yankee, hesitatingly, pointing significantly from his rifle to the ram.

"I don't like! damn you!" roared the Englishman, "I'll ask no man to do my dirty work for me."

It has been said by someone that each human soul is dowered with an inherent adaptability to its environment, and no weight is ever imposed upon it which cannot by heroic effort be sustained; and the Englishman had found it so.

Falsely accused, and unjustly condemned, he had fled like a hunted beast from the land which had given him birth; and, hounded by the blind zeal of the officers of the law, had sought refuge in the loneliest retreat in the loneliest region of the Rocky Mountains, and had, like the eagle, built for himself a nest on the face of a cliff.

Humanity had turned its back upon him, but the unaccusing world of Nature, with the glory of its ever changing days, and the soothing witchery of its solemn nights, had ministered healing to his wounded spirit for a time.

Then, the beauty and the awful loneliness had palled upon him, and the terrible monotony of his life had become unbearable; and one bright June day, as he watched a mountain sheep grazing contentedly with her lamb skipping about, and wagging its tail by her side, the contrast between the full, satisfied life of the beast and the empty, unsatisfied life of the man had smitten him with bitter, unreasonable anger. "Why," he questioned fiercely, "should an animal have something of its own to love and care for when I, a human creature, have nothing?" And, with a pure savage desire to destroy the happiness he could not share, he had raised his rifle and fired.

The shot sped with all too fatal sureness, and without even a quiver the sheep lay dead.

When too late he cursed himself for his brutal cruelty and, kneeling beside his victim, wept over the ruin he had wrought, while the poor little lambkin, knowing no fear, had bleated pitifully over the body of its dead mother.

Filled with remorse he had carried it to his shack and fed it with milk from his own cup, and wrapped it at night in softest furs, and the little thing had grown and flourished, and filled his life at a time when, for want of some living thing to love, reason was tottering on her throne.

True to his animal instincts, the ram had, in the course of time, sought out his own kind, but he had always come back, fearing no evil, and now! he was to be offered a sacrifice on the altar of an old sentiment. And yet! the boy had his mother's eyes!

The hours had worn on. It was high noon now. Yankee would soon be back. Yes! even now, through the mountain stillness, he could hear the rattle of the waggon over the rocky road. There were voices, too! Then there was no hope, for the young easterner was there—and the ram must die!

But he would give him a chance for his life, and God grant he would take it! He should fire three shots. The first two should just miss him, no more; the third and last should not miss, if the ram still remained within range.

The rumbling of the waggon came nearer, the voices became more distinct, and inside the shack the boy moaned feebly.

The ram was browsing happily, not fifty yards away. The Englishman took steady aim, and fired. The ball grazed the grass under the ram's nose. He looked up for a moment in surprise, and went on feeding, while the mountains mockingly took up the echo of the report, and tossed it back and forth, and back and forth, as skilful players toss a tennis ball.

The waggon and voices came nearer and nearer. Heavens! how fast that fool of a Yankee was driving! The

boy moaned still more feebly, and again the despairing, desperate Englishman fired. The ball knocked the stone from below the ram's fore foot; but he did not run away. Instead, he turned his brown eyes in startled questioning on his friend.

Great drops of sweat stood on the Englishman's forehead, and his heart thumped like a sledge hammer, but his hand was steady. And—the boy had his mother's eyes!

In another minute the waggon would be there, for Yankee, curse him, was driving like Jehu! He must get it over while he was alone. Yet, great heavens! how could he do it? How kill in cold blood the friend of fourteen years, the preserver of his reason? But! the boy had his mother's eyes! His finger is on the trigger, it is half snapped, when an unearthly yell from Yankee causes him to drop his rifle, and "The Last Shot" goes harmlessly speeding down the mountain side.

"Great hickory! thank your stars you haint done it! Oh great hickory! I say! I never was so glad about anything in all my durned life! Here's the kid's mother!"

The ram with glad bounds came down close to his friend, and laid his head against his arm; and, with dazed unbelieving eyes, the Englishman gazed at the beautiful apparition in the waggon beside the uncouth, gesticulating, tear-begrimed Yankee.

"Aren't you going to assist me to get out, or must I jump?" asked the sweetest voice, belonging to the sweetest lips, in the world.

Then his inherent English pride and breeding reasserted itself, and with his old-time courtesy he assisted the lady to alight, and in his old-time tones, without a trace of his recent emotion, said: "You are just in time, Lady Hinton. I was afraid that youngster of yours wasn't going to pull through; but with such a nurse, and such medicine, he can't do otherwise than get well at once." He led her to the door of the shack and left her.

"For all the durned coolness and

high mightyness, in this earthly sphere, give me a dogoned Englishman!" soliloquized Yankee a few hours later, as with his arm around the ram's large curved horns he lay in the sun on the mountain side. "You'd have thought he had seen that woman every day for the last ten years, he was so durned cool and polite. Sat at the head of that durned table, without a cloth or a durned thing on it but the dishes an' the grub, as unconcerned as if it was loaded with china, an' flowers an' silver, an' had a flunkie behind each chair. But!" with a wicked grin, "I fixed him, didn't I, Rammie? I made his little cake of high mightyness dough, durned if I didn't, old Rammie! I don't believe in flyin' in the face of Providence, an' what else would it have been if I hadn't improved my opportunities this mornin' in that long drive I had with my Lady, to tell her how much store he set by her kid for her sake, an' how he was goin' to shoot you, old Rammie, an' sell your head to get money to send her kid home to her. Catch him tellin' her a durned thing about that! Even if he had fired that last shot at you, and killed you, old chappie, he'd have let on it was just because he wanted to, an' never hinted that it broke his heart to do it.

"But I fixed it up! Durned if I didn't, old Rammie. He is heir to an earldom, an' his innocence has been proved, she said; an' I never let on that he had been so durned close; he had never told me what he was accused of, but since he didn't do it, an' didn't shoot you, old Rammie, it doesn't matter"; and the ram blinked his eyes as if to say: "Them is my sentiments too."

"I rubbed it in well; what a desperate store he must set by her when he was willin' to fire the very last shot at you, old chappie; an' if she don't take him back with her, an' marry him, an' leave you an' me monarchs of all we survey here, old Ram, I'm no judge of dark-eyed widders—an' it's me that knows how they play the devil with a man, Rammie."

But subsequent events showed that Yankee was no false prophet.

AMUSEMENT IN STATISTICS

By STAMBURY R. TARR



HE preparation of mortality statistics is not primarily an amusing occupation. But even tombstones have contributed their quota to the world's fund of humour. So it is not inconceivable that a mortality investigation should give rise to occasions for smiling or even for hearty laughter. Data was collected recently from the leading life insurance companies of Canada and the United States, for a specialized mortality investigation by the Actuarial Society of America. This necessarily involved the reading of thousands of old application papers, and from some of these the following material has been culled.

Frequently the reports of private friends, sent in connection with the applications, contain amusing comments. One acquaintance writes in the following candid manner of an applicant: "Fairly temperate—takes an occasional bust." Asked whether a friend was active or sedentary, another writes: "Both—he rides a bicycle."

But among the private reports perhaps the most noteworthy is the following: "He is an extraordinary man for eating potatoes, but his other habits are good. He is a born teetotaler."

One of the company's agents, in reporting to head office upon an applicant who happens to be his own son, makes this reply to the question as to whether he is acquainted with the person proposed. "Very intimately—as I am in a measure responsible for his appearance on this sublunary spheroid." Questioned as to an applicant's habits, a conscientious agent states: "Temperate, though since his return from Germany he seems to think that a pipe with four feet of stem is the right thing." One of the company's representatives, himself evidently pos-

sessed of poetic tastes, reports that a certain applicant's reason for taking out a policy is that "the youth dreams this will be an *assurance* more grateful to his mistress than 'a woeful ballad made to her eyebrow.'"

One of the questions on the report form to be filled out by the agent reads as follows: "Is there anything in his manner, conversation or appearance which indicates ill health, irregular habits, etc.?" A comprehensive answer supplied by one agent declares: "He can take a standing jump of 5 ft. 7 in.—his manner is good—his conversation modest, though I have heard him swear when he lost a bass."

A somewhat precarious state of domestic bliss is thus described by a medical examiner, in reply to a question as to the applicant's habits: "Said to be somewhat wild at one time. Is now married and living steadily. He lives with his mother—or mother with him. It is hard to say which—but the mother has the means."

Upon enquiry from head office as to the cause of an applicant decreasing in weight from 162 to 150 pounds, the local medico replies: "Mr. A. informs me that the only way he can account for loss in weight is that last July he was selling oil for one dollar and twenty cents per barrel, which had a fattening effect on his system; while at the present time he gets only eighty-five cents for same commodity." The "fattening effect" of petroleum has seldom been more forcefully illustrated even in the advertisements of patent emulsions.

It is, however, the statement of applicants themselves that prove of most interest. It is not surprising to find that the man who states his father is "in good health, aged 70, and alive," is an Irishman, though another who declares his mother to be "in fair

health and not deceased," is English.

Another surprising piece of information is conveyed in the statement that "Five children died in infancy, three being boys; the rest were girls." The emphasis of the man who affirms "I am single—not married," must carry conviction to every reader. Paternal pride glows strong in this statement by a fond father: "I have one child; he is in good health, and a perfect little devil!"

That one applicant "left the family at the age of ten in a huff," is not remarkable—every boy has done that more than once. But in this case, unlike the generality, Johnny did not turn up at supper time, nor ever again, and, in consequence, no information is now given as to ages of parents at death. A somewhat noteworthy family it must be of whom one of the members says: "My brothers and sisters are both whole and half brothers and sisters."

In another family circle the "grand maternal parents are still living," while one less favoured man doesn't know "whether there ever were any near relatives or not." Recognizing the bearing of heredity in deciding upon applications, one intending insurer emphasizes the fact that "although my own mother died young my step-mother is alive and in good health." Another is less impressed with the importance of ancestral longevity, and complains in writing, "If it is absolutely necessary to answer all these questions—which requires a person to have a knowledge of his forefathers from Adam down—please cancel my application."

An applicant of over sixty remarks concerning his mother that she is living at the age of about one hundred years, "health being good, but not very active." One can imagine the carefulness with which the medical directors would feel compelled to examine into the application of a man whose mother ceased doing housework after a mere century of mundane existence.

Statements with regard to the cause of relatives' deaths are sometimes so oddly put that the reader forgets the pathos underlying them. A pathetic enough series of facts is told in a vivid but rather an unusual way by one applicant in this manner: "My brother fell down a well and was drowned; was brought back to life again; lived seven months, took a fever, and died."

Those who may doubt that the capacity for intense passion has survived to these prosaic days will be interested in the statement of one applicant that his brother died at the age of twenty-three, of no particular disease, but of a broken heart from being disappointed in love."

A rather complicated state of affairs it must have been which led to death "from inflammation induced by swallowing knife, fork and spoon." The applicant who states that his father "took cold and died, as judge of a horse race," undoubtedly does so as proudly as if he "died as a scholar and gentleman." Credulity is somewhat stretched in reading of a mother who "died at the age of 5," but on referring to a supplementary memo. it is found that the omission of a mere zero has made a perceptible difference. One parent "had a leg taken off which healed up, but fell from a chair and never got out of bed after"—altogether a somewhat complex case to diagnose if paralleled by the difficulty in analyzing the sentence itself. Little less complex is the culinary achievement of the man who "took a mixture of onions, buckwheat and milk of his own compounding, which resulted in an illness."

A whole novel *in parvo* is to be found in the following legal statement, found within the outer envelope containing the insurance papers of the applicant:

"I, John Dash, of the Town of Dashford, the assured under policy No. 00000, granted by the Blank Life Assurance Company, do by this instrument revoke the benefits intended

to be conferred by declaration, dated 3rd August, 189 , endorsed upon said policy, upon Miss Jane Nemo, my then intended wife, she having since married Another ; and do divert the entire benefit of the said policy wholly to myself, my executors, administrators or assigns."

Could a more up-to-date revenge than this be imagined? The possibilities of thrilling romance are by no means exhausted when everyday life contains so moving an instance of what a desperate lover can do. To contemplate the fate in store for the said Another "must give us pause."

But the finding of more or less amusing statements, such as those

mentioned, is only one incident in a task which in other ways constantly reminds those engaged in it that they are dealing with the records of individual lives—each of them with its own world of interests, its own strivings, its own joys and sorrows.

Sometimes in the bare statement of family history the collator of facts instinctively sees between the lines glimpses of individual or family pathos and suffering—some closet skeleton that seldom sees the light of day, a tragedy even that forces upon him the realization that everyday life is made up of the same elements from which dramatists evolve their most moving creations.

THE LAND OF LONG DAYS*

By EDWARD F. STRANGE

ONCE upon a time in the Land of Long Days, it happened that all the people were grown up, and so there were no children.

Then the men said: "Now there is no one to wake us up when we fall asleep after meals, or to ask us questions that we cannot answer."

And also the women told each other that at last they should have peace, for there would be no children to scold and things would keep clean.

So they were all glad and set about their work with cheerfulness and a good temper.

But because the King was very old and very wise he said nothing.

Now the first trouble came this way. The men went far afield in the morning to work and by noon were faint and hungry; but no one brought food as of old, so some had to waste their time and labour in fetching it for the others. And that was a cause of sorrow and wrath, and the oldest of them went to the King and complained.

The King thought the matter over

in silence for three days and nights; then he sent for the messengers and said: "Take by lot one from every ten of you, and let him serve the others; and he shall be called a child by the law."

Again there arose strife among the women, for they wearied of talking to each other while the men were at work and when the spinning was done; and they grew sour and spiteful and slovenly in their attire, having no need to set a good example. And again the messengers came to the King.

This time he debated with the Queen for six days and nights, and sent for the messengers, and said:

"Take by lot one woman from every five—seeing that there is need of many—and let her follow the example of her elders, and do as she is bidden without question; and give her toys, and let her be a child by law."

In that land also there were many wise men by reason of the days being so long; and they also came unto the King sadly, for they said that wisdom

* By permission of *The Outlook* of London, Eng.

was now of no account, since there was no one to be taught.

At this the King's heart became heavy with sorrow, for the wise men of his land were very wise. Twelve nights and days did he ponder, and then called them to him and said:

"Lo! you are my people, and I am King; therefore must I help you as I may. I will become as a child for you, and you shall teach me, and I will learn, so that you be content!"

But all that the King did was of no avail, and the cry of the people became sadder and sadder.

One day a poor man stood in the King's gate and spoke aloud.

"O King," said he, "I am but a poor man and in pain with toil; yet if a child's hand were laid on my brow I should be well."

And the King said, "What of thy law-child?"

But the man answered—sadly, for he had forgotten how to laugh—"O King, she is older than I, and her hand is not as the hand of a child." And thereat he went away, for he loved the King.

And many things like this befell daily.

Once the King walked alone in his courtyard trying to think. But or ever he saw the end of his thoughts the song of a starling on the roof brake in upon them and scattered them. At last in bitterness the King cried out:

"O starling, why dost thou mock me?—thou hast thy little ones, but we are a barren nation and our hearts are breaking."

But it seemed to the King as he spoke that the song of the starling was this:

Help cometh for thee
From the tears of a little child.

And he hastened forth and gathered his ambassadors together with gold and silver and rich presents, and bade them go far into the next country to the King thereof, bearing a message:

"To our cousin, greeting and good health. We are old and would fain

hear the voice of a child before we die. Send, therefore, one unto us for a little space."

Then the ambassadors went on their journey and laid this message before the King of the next country. He, thinking to do well, straightway called for his eldest daughter, and clothed her in her robes of State, and sent her forth with the ambassadors to greet his neighbour. And the embassy set out and made haste to return.

As they came near to the palace the news of the coming of a child spread through the country, and all the people hastened together to see her. But when they saw the rich robes of State and the proud face of the Princess some wept and some were angry, for they said:

"This is naught but a law-child from the next kingdom!"

And also the Princess looking about her saw some of the law-children, men and women of all ages, at their games and duties. At first she wondered and then laughed aloud in scorn.

"O King," she cried, "are thy people mad? for I see men of many years playing with toys, and grown women also." And she laughed in the King's face.

The King's anger rose in his countenance, but for courtesy's sake he treated the Princess with due ceremony.

But on the next day, at the hour of audience, the labourer stood again in the Hall, and cried to the King to ease him of his pain.

Then the King turned to the Princess—and the Queen also—and entreated her to lay her hand on the man's brow that he might be cured.

But the Princess turned aside. "Not so," said she, "diamonds touch not clay lest they be soiled."

Again was the King wroth: and this time he called together the ambassadors again and sent her back with them to her own land, saying:

"This thy daughter is verily a Princess, but I have need of a child. Send now one, or I will come with my armies and destroy thee."

At this the other was much per-

plexed, for he feared to give offence. But his Chamberlain bethought himself and said:

"There is a cripple child that playeth about the gate of the Palace, and hath not father nor mother. Let my lord send her just as she is, and perchance the king of the South will be appeased."

So that was done with all speed, and the embassy returned home again bringing the cripple child.

This time, however, the people took no heed, having been saddened before. And the cripple came unto the King without notice and stood beside him in the Hall of Audience.

And again the labourer knelt before the King, but ere he could speak the child looked upon him and saw his sorrow. And she placed her hand on

his brow, weeping for love of the unknown man whose countenance was so sad.

Then the man stood up straight before the King and thanked him, for he was healed and his face shone with happiness.

And a glad cry rang throughout the land like the sound of sweet music, and behold in every house was heard the laughter of children and tears of women whose hearts were filled with joy. Everywhere the children came trooping by thousands, and their faces were shining like gold and their eyes like diamonds.

And instead of a cripple there stood before the King the most beautiful child that ever was seen.

This is the end of the story.



FROM KOBE TO CANADA

BY EDWARD A. WICHER

THE black smoke traileth o'er the heavens low-bow'd,
 The leaden waters silent part and close
 Where moveth from the harbour's smooth repose
 The *Empress of Japan*, serene and proud,
 Toward *Kii channel, where the currents crowd,
 Toward the fierce Pacific just beyond,
 Where heave the myriad leagues of dark despond,
 Toward the light that breaketh through the cloud,
 Toward the land that gave me life and light,
 And hope and love and every perfect good.
 Land of the North, land of ascending might,
 Dear homeland, land of God's own fatherhood,
 Far homeland. How the exile's heart is sore!
 I look and long. When shall I see thee more?

*Pronounced Kee.

Current Events Abroad.

WE are the spectators of one of those great revolutions which influence the world for all time. A race towards whom the white man was loftily inclined to assume the position of arbiter and destiny-provider has suddenly shown that it is fully his equal both on land and sea. It may be a rude and barbaric standard, but it remains a fact, that the nation which is ready to enforce its views with men and guns must be admitted among the first rank of the nations. The Yankee captains, who, fifty years ago, used to set out with a single ship and deliver ultimatums at Yeddo, may earnestly hope that these incidents are forgotten. Nations which are disposed to hold the Japanese as an Ishmaelitish race, who may be excluded at the ports of entry or refused equality

of rights with other peoples, will have to revise their rule of conduct towards these competent, efficient and indomitable little men of the East. Thanks to the firmness of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canada has steadily refused to exclude them from our shores. With customary prevision the Canadian Premier has noted the rise of these neighbours of ours on the Pacific, has sent commissioners to study their wants and their commerce, and last year made a point of making a special display of Canadian products and manufactures at the first great international exhibition held in Japan. To it he also sent Mr. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture. While making these approaches he has been careful to veto all British Columbia legislation intended to exclude the Japanese from Canada. Far better to let them in hospitably than have them breaking in with their torpedo boats. As a result of all this Canada and Japan are on the most friendly terms, and Mr. Nossé, the Japanese Consul at Ottawa, is no doubt able to report to his emperor that the Japanese cause has nowhere warmer partisans than among our people.



RUSSIA: "My mines are working great. Now if I could only get a Japanese ship over one of them!"

—Detroit News.

Naturally enough those who concern themselves with the signs of the times are asking whence this "arrival" of the Japanese race leads. The significance of it is not confined to the people of Japan. Is there not a possibility of a similar evolution among the four hundred millions on the Asian mainland? Not only

will they have the example, but they may even welcome the leadership and initiative of Japan. That there are hundreds of thousands of men in the Chinese Empire capable of being turned into as good soldiers as those which bayoneted the brawny Russians on the Yalu can scarcely be questioned. The people of the Chinese Empire are not of one race, and therefore they cannot be spoken of as possessing uniform characteristics. The Mongol of the north with his friendliness towards strangers, his talkativeness and love of showing off, is surely the very stuff of which soldiers are made, whatever the silent, suspicious, secretive Chinese of the south may be. Whether the Chinese like it or not, and whether Europeans like it or not, Japan inevitably assumes the leadership of the East. China will be forced to turn to her in any moment of perplexity or danger, and her island neighbour will accept the responsibility with all its risks and vista of possibilities.



Is there anything to be deplored in this? We of the English races are only concerned that China shall not be dismembered, shall open her doors and shall preserve order throughout her borders. In these aims Japan sympathizes. Japan has flourished because Western progressiveness and efficiency have become her ideal. Her influence will be thrown in the direction of making them the ideal of China also. Just how difficult it may be to bring about such a change we, in our ignorance of what is behind those oblique eyes, can only vaguely guess. Fifty years



FRANCE AND RUSSIA

FRANCE: "Oh give me, oh give me my millions back again."—*Nebelspalter*.

ago when Britain, Holland and the United States were threatening and coaxing Japan to open her doors, no one could have guessed the transmutations which now we see. While the influence of Japan will undoubtedly be cast against the pretensions of nations intruding on Chinese territory, it will also just as surely be employed against Boxer uprisings, brigandage, exclusiveness, retroaction and retrogression.

TIBET'S DILEMMA



"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER," ETC.

RUSSIAN: "You leave her alone; she is mine, and mine only and wholly!"

INDIAN JOHN BULL: "That remains to be seen!"

—*Hindi Punch*

THE BRITISH BUDGET



THE RECKONING

MR. BULL: "You're a charming companion, my dear Arthur; but I really don't think I can let you order the dinner again."

—Punch

An Asian Monroe doctrine may be proclaimed, by which the status quo will not be disturbed, but which will forbid fresh aggressions or the enlargement of the existing European footholds on the Asian coast.

The consummateness of Japanese strategy and the superhuman courage with which it is being carried out, has challenged the admiration of the world. The only points which one would be inclined to question is the policy which entailed on thousands of men the exhausting marches from Seoul to Ping-yang over the execrable Korean roads. The ice-bound state of the

coast, the necessity of impressing the Koreans, the bad effects of inaction, might all be put forward as reasons for this decimating march. They will hardly be felt to be sufficient, and if the troops were those of a European power in command of the sea this useless expenditure of flesh and blood would have been much condemned. The retort can of course be made that whatever the trials of the march may have been, the troops were able to send the enemy to the right about when the testing-day arrived. The sea operations before Port Arthur, the timeliness of the arrival of the army landed at Pitsewo, the immediate subsequent isolation of Port Arthur, the persistency of Gen. Kuroki's divisions in the pursuit of Gen. Sassulitch's

beaten army, all show the almost dæmonic courage and energy of the new people. The spirit of self-sacrifice exhibited in blocking the entrance to the harbour at Port Arthur is unexampled, unless it can be paralleled among Mahomedan peoples, who see the nymphs of Paradise beckoning to the heroes who die for the faith on bloody battlefields.

How is it going to end? People will have difficulty in believing that a mighty military power like Russia can be overwhelmed by an antagonist so much inferior in population, wealth and resources. Indeed, we all realize

that there must be some earth-shaking conflicts before any acknowledgment of defeat could be wrung from the proud and arrogant Muscovite. It can scarcely be held even by the friends of Russia that her business has been managed well. Fallen human nature is too apt to enjoy the humiliation of that pride which goeth before a fall. During the negotiations Japan was treated with the easy superciliousness that would have been accorded to the representatives of some of the wandering Tartar tribes that have successively been brought into the Russian system in the march across Asia. Contemptuous delay and immovable and resistless ponderosity were expected to impress and subdue the little people. But to the giant's evident surprise and dismay he finds his pigmy antagonist angered by the one and not intimidated by the other. Since the opening of hostilities, we have had from the Russian side a great deal of bluster and a great deal of bounce about signing treaties at Tokio; from the other not a word, but an amazing lot of deeds. The situation suggests several images in nature—a great blundering, lumbering buffalo with an up-to-date wolf alternately at his heels and at his head; or a puffed-up whale spouting and blowing while an acrobatic sword-fish whips his bony rapier into him every few seconds.

Unquestionably the main Russian troops will be forced to retire on Harbin. It is quite unlikely that the Japanese will follow them there, unless it turns out that the tales of Russia's strength in effective troops have been as much exaggerated as everything else. If Russia can assemble half a million men there within the next few weeks it would be folly to go up against them. Japan's game then is to choose an impregnable position at some convenient place between Harbin and Port Arthur, and invite her enemy

to come and see her. She can afford to wait now much better than Russia can. The latter will have Port Arthur and its starving garrison, battered every once in a while by a hostile fleet in the offing, on her nerves. She will have moreover a disillusionized and murmuring Asia in her rear, the very stomachs of her army in daily dependence that no unfriendly hand will blow up a bridge or culvert along the 500 miles of railway that traverses the soil of those that hate her. The position is a desperate one, from which only the mightiest efforts which a country has ever put forth can rescue her. Has she the financial resources to meet such a crisis? That is a matter of much doubt. In view of it all I will venture to predict that should her generals score anything that looked like a rehabilitation of Russian prowess, France would soon be conveniently on hand with offers of mediation.



The visit of the King and Queen to Ireland has been cordially received by the people. The feeling between the two countries is undoubtedly better than it has been for years. There is more promise in that fact for the ultimate attainment of what thousands of Irishmen yearn for than in any other one circumstance. Why do Englishmen refuse the boon of self-government to Ireland? Because they believe the power would be used to sever the political tie altogether. As soon as this conviction leaves the Englishman's mind his reason for withholding that for which the Irishman craves will disappear. Home Rule would not be synonymous with separation if Irishmen were content to remain within the Empire. Once he felt he was free to go or stay he would perceive that even his material interests pointed out that it would be better to stay. We detest things, however good, when we are compelled to have them.

John A. Ewan

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

GO, LOVELY BIRD

(The "bullfinch hat" is in evidence... and a leading ladies' newspaper tells its readers that this is to be a bird season.—Daily Paper.)

Go, lovely bird,
Speed from my lady warily,
For she hath heard
That finches dainty decking be,
And her sweet charms mean death to thee!

Cares she that's young,
And seeks to have her graces spied,
That thou hast sung
In woodlands where the violets hide?
She loves thee better stuffed and dyed!

For at the sight
Of ruffled breast and stiffened limb
Her eyes grow bright.
A wreath of death will bravely trim
The circlet of my lady's rim!

So fly! For she
Would claim in service all things rare,
Including thee.
And thy short life she will not spare
When Fashion says that thou art fair!

—Punch.

JUNE used to be, as from time immemorial the impassioned poets have told us, the month of roses and rare days and sweet communings with nature, but now this month of months is associated in our minds with another idea, and "the month of weddings" has become a synonym for "the leafy month of June."

No longer do the covers of the ladies' magazines bloom this month with many-hued roses. They have long since been swept aside to give place to bewitching June brides in all sizes and poses.

Not long ago I came across the following rather interesting paragraph in an old English paper:—

"I suppose there are few people nowadays who do not know the origin of the word 'honeymoon,' or the month of honey, which can be traced back to the ancient Teutons, inhabitants of Northern Germany, whose custom it was, whenever there was a wedding in immediate prospect, to make a special brew in honour of the marriage festivities. This mead, or metheglin, was drunk for a period of thirty days after the celebration of the wedding; after that time the beer became, in a measure, undrinkable, turning sour and bitter. Of course, in some cases it kept sweet and wholesome a little longer, and sometimes it became a little bit 'off' before the thirty days had expired. Like many other things besides marriage, it was too sweet in the beginning, and fatally bitter in the ending!"

With the revival of the full skirts and short-waisted gowns of the early Victorian period comes a revival also of the dainty lawn and muslin undersleeves which our mothers and grandmothers embroidered long ago for their adornment. They will doubtless masquerade to-day under a more pretentious name than plain undersleeve, since these be times when there is much in a name, and no self-respecting society reporter dreams of designating a skirt otherwise than a *jupe*, while a plain "dress-waist" is unknown in her vocabulary.

But whatever it may be called, the undersleeve is here, and into the trunk of the summer girl who is given to fine needlework will go a supply of sheer lawn and linen destined to be converted



MURRAY VILLAGE—ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE SPOTS ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

PHOTO BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

during *dolce far niente* days into these dainty little articles.

Fashion decrees that they are to be decorated with the hand embroidery which our grandmothers did so exquisitely, and there is much ransacking by ambitious maidens of grandmother's treasure-chest for old silver embroidery stilettoes, and yellowed linen sleeves which may be used as patterns for Fashion's latest fancy.

Another Arts and Handicrafts Exhibition has been held recently in Toronto under the stimulus of the Woman's Art Association of Canada.

Since this Association first interested itself in the various branches of hand-work which are done by the women who have come to live amongst us from many different countries, it is interesting and gratifying to note the great improvement in the work which is now being done compared with that of a few years ago.

With the careful instruction as to designs and colouring, the practical help with regard to obtaining proper dyes and a market for saleable articles,

and the constant encouragement being given by the Association to the various women hand-workers in different parts of our country, there is no reason why Canadian arts and handicrafts should not on some not too far-distant day attain to as high a standard of excellence as the work of the skilled "craftswomen" of the old-world countries.

Now that once more the "spring-cleaning" is an accomplished fact, and the furs and winter garments are safely stowed away under the protection of camphor balls or other similar evil-smelling compound, in whose neighbourhood no self-respecting moth would deign to linger, it is time for the busy Martha of the household to turn her attention to the question of where the family will go for its summer outing.

Before deciding hastily that one really must seek mountain air in the Adirondacks or White Mountains, or that it is positively necessary to fill one's lungs with the salt breezes that fan the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts, would it not be rather a good

idea to ascertain first if it is not possible to find in Canada both mountain and sea resorts where the air is as salubrious and invigorating as that of Maine or New Hampshire?

Not long ago a girl who was going out to the Pacific Coast for the first time, said: "I wonder why it is that people are always so anxious to fly to other lands before seeing anything of their own. Summer after summer our whole family troops off to the continent, and yet until this year my knowledge of Canada was confined to Toronto and Montreal and what I have occasionally read of it in C.P.R. guide books or an illustrated magazine article. People I have met abroad have often embarrassed me by talking about the beautiful scenery in different parts of Canada of which—to my shame be it said!—I knew nothing. Hereafter, for some years at least, my travelling is going to be done in my own country. I never dreamed that there was such wonderful variety in Canadian scenery—such grandeur and such magnificence, such scenes of turbulence and riotous splendour, such idyllic pictures of pastoral peace and Wattean-like daintiness."

The train was swooping down into Kicking Horse Canyon as she spoke, and a young Irishman who had been hanging half out of the car window, drew in his head a moment to declare impressively: "Well, it's just five years to-day since I left Ireland, and in that time I have been pretty well over the world—Germany, Switzerland, Spain, Africa, Borneo, Ceylon—all sorts of places, but I have never anywhere seen anything to equal this. Yes, it's worth a year of a man's life to take this trip!" and with the last word out went his head again.

For those who prefer quiet scenes of lake and stream and woodland, there are the Thousand Islands, all the attractive spots in the ever-popular Muskoka district, the Kawartha Lake country, Massanoga, and the countless other summer resorts in Ontario; for those who long for high altitudes and mountains there are the superb Rockies

and the other ranges of western Canada; for the sea-seeker there is an *embarras des richesses* in the myriad charming seaside resorts in the Maritime Provinces; while for those who would fain combine sea and mountain air there are all the delightful little French-Canadian watering-places on the St. Lawrence below Quebec, where the salt air from the River and the breezes from the Laurentians meet and mingle their health-giving properties.

Surely with such a rich variety and such a wealth of places to choose from, one should not find it difficult to spend a thoroughly delightful summer in Canada, where one could, while storing up strength for the winter, be learning at the same time much of the charms and natural resources of one's own country.

Mrs. Langtry, whose youthful grace and beauty have been the wonder of her sex through several decades, has been talking recently on the ever interesting subject of the retention of health and beauty. Her remarks are worth considering.

"To a great extent," she declared to the newspaper woman who was interviewing her, "a woman's beauty is measured by her vitality. The key-stone of physical beauty is perfect health. Work, sunshine, exercise, water and soap, plain, nourishing food, lots of fresh air and a happy, contented spirit—there, as you say, 'Honest and true'—is my working rule for youth, youthful spirits and youthful looks. But the profoundest secret of my keeping young is that I have learned to keep my thoughts young . . . I believe in the importance of pure food simply cooked, but pure air in unlimited quantities and knowing how to fill the lungs with oxygen, not only while doing breathing exercises, but every moment of one's life, waking or sleeping, is the vital acquirement. . . . Whatever a woman's circumstances are she cannot look her best unless she has learned to breathe correctly. Until a woman has learned that her spirits, her health, her amiability and



HELL'S GATE, FRASER CANYON—A MAGNIFICENT SCENE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

PHOTO BY EDWARDS BROS., VANCOUVER

her good looks depend upon her using her lungs to their fullest extent she has not learned her most important life lesson. Without money and without price she can learn the surest way to acquire a clear skin, bright eyes and youthful face. . . . I look back on my pictures showing my hour-glass figure with positive amazement. How could I ever have thought I was getting my share of life in these prison corsets! The greatest difficulty the woman who has worn the tightly laced corset encounters in her efforts to breathe correctly is through the impairment of the waist and abdominal muscles, which have been for years unused. . . . Deep breathing should not be a matter of five minutes a day. It should be continuous; but until one has learned how, it is better to make a practice of regularly going through several deep breathing movements two or three times a day. . . . Walking is the best exercise for women. It brings into play every muscle without straining, and is one that poor women as well as rich can take. The girl who is in the habit of walking is easily mistress of the drawing-room graces.

She is free in movement because she has had plenty of the best exercise. I sleep with windows wide open and all heat turned off. We can't get too much fresh air. There is no sleep so sweet, so refreshing, as that which follows a busy day spent in happy, exhilarating work."

Mrs. Langtry is right, and the women of the city and the town are beginning to learn the lesson. In England they learned it some time since.

MOTHER

BY ZONA GALE

I wish I had said more. So long, so long
About your simple tasks I watched you, dear;
I knew you craved the words you did not hear;
I knew your spirit, brave and chaste and strong,

Was wistful that it might not do the wrong;
And all its wistfulness and all its fear
Were in your eyes whenever I was near.
And yet you always went your way with song.

O prodigal of smiles for other eyes
I led my life. At last there came a day
When with some careless praise I turned away
From what you fashioned for a sweet surprise.
Ah, now it is too late for me to pour
My vase of myrrh—would God I had said
more!—Selected.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

PARTY FIDELITY

THILE Professor Goldwin Smith is uttering protests against the party system and its evil effects upon government policies, the Parliament of Canada has been giving a stirring example of party fidelity in connection with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway proposition. Before the Bill was brought forward, resolutions endorsing an amended agreement previously entered into by the Government were introduced. The debate on these resolutions covers 403 pages of *Hansard*, containing 604,500 words. And yet that debate did not result in changing a word in the resolution, a line in the contract, or the vote of a single member. The country would have been much richer, in fact, had the resolution been passed without discussion.

Viewing this incident dispassionately, one cannot but conclude that debates in the House of Commons under present conditions are a farce. The Government whips its followers into line by saying that the policy it has laid down must be upheld or there will be no distribution of patronage by the members who oppose it. And, after all, what is the position of a member of the ruling party without patronage? The money to be spent in his riding is divided and the offices distributed on the advice of a local politician who has ambitions concerning the member's shoes. True, Mr. Blair opposed the Grand Trunk Pacific project and received a Government position, but the circumstances were exceptional.

On the other hand, the Opposition speeches were all along one line, all breathing forth the misfortunes

which must follow the building of a new railway on such lines as the Government laid down. There was little honesty in the criticism, no desire to give the Government credit for what was good in the bargain, only a combined attempt to beat a noisy drum.

This party fidelity extended to the newspapers. The Conservative journals throughout the country echoed the destructive words of the devoted members who support Mr. Borden; while the Liberal journals boldly proclaimed that the wisdom of the Government was the wisdom of High Heaven, and that not one word of the bargain was faulty, not one feature open to a moment's discussion. It does not follow that one side was wrong and one side right. It is not certain either that the Grand Trunk Bargain was improperly conceived, or that it was the best that could have been secured. It is not apparent that wisdom has her home among one party or the other. The conclusion to be drawn from the episode is that party fidelity is destructive of common-sense and of a desire to find out what is best in policies enunciated by governments or to discover what is honest and forcible in opposition criticism.

There are some members of parliament, some publicists and some journalists who are struggling against this undue exercise of party fidelity. Notable among these independent influences are the *The Weekly Sun* and *The News* of Toronto. In its issue of April 23rd, *The News* objects to seven features of the Grand Trunk Pacific bargain, the chief of which are the lack of government oversight concerning the first mortgage bonds and the price at which the common stock is to be

sold at, and the lack of a provision making the Abitibi to Moncton sections contingent on the finding of a suitable route. Having thus explained its objections, *The News* goes on to say that the new railway "ensures to our country the broad, simple and immensely important advantage of a second link between the East and the West. . . . New areas of stupendous size and of incalculable possibilities will be opened for development. . . . We will gain a new footing on the Pacific, and the Pacific is the ocean of the future. . . . The West will gain a new outlet." Then this admirable summing up of the whole question is ended with the following paragraph :

"It is worth while paying for benefits so enormous. It is sound policy to pledge the country's credit to help so pregnant an enterprise. The pledging may be done in a reckless and unbusinesslike manner, and yet in the broad outlines be wisely done. Some undeserved fortunes may be made, some unnecessary burdens may be laid upon the people, the freight rates may be more burdensome than is justifiable. But these drawbacks constitute a price which the country is able to pay. We disapprove many of the details, and approve the general lines of the bargain."

It is a pity that party politics could not be carried on in the admirable spirit displayed in this editorial. Such a state of affairs is easily possible if Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden, and those in like positions, were to loose the reins which they now hold so tightly over their followers. It would also be possible if the journalists of Canada were to place the good of the country before the success of the respective political parties. Why should Canada not have a parliament of free-men instead of a parliament of party-bound slaves and conscienceless adventurers? Why should men, who in private and business life bear the marks of honour and dignity, walk into the House of Commons and become as brass-mouthed graphophones and voting puppets?

The party system may be good in the main, but in Canada we are suffering from the abuses not the uses of it.

Every party worker admits the abuses but finds it easier to go with the tide than against it. The result is lamentable.



PROHIBIT MATCHES AND ELECTRICITY

NOW that the Dominion Alliance has found that the total prohibition of the liquor traffic is an impossibility for the present, it might turn its attention to the prohibition of matches and electricity.

On April 23rd, children playing with matches in Berlin Ont., caused the death of a two-year-old girl whose clothing caught fire. On the same day in the city of St. Catharines, a little boy, two and a half years of age, climbed out of bed, secured some matches, set his clothing on fire, and was burned to death. These are not unusual occurrences. Hundreds of lives are lost annually because of matches. Surely it is time that the prohibition of matches was a feature of our legislation.

On the evening of Tuesday, April 19th, an electric wire set fire to a building in the city of Toronto and destroyed fourteen million dollars' worth of property, throwing six thousand people temporarily out of work. Almost every week electricity is setting fire to something, or causing the death of a lineman or other unfortunate who comes in contact with the deadly current. Why not prohibit the production or use of electricity?

He was a wise man who said, "Be sure you are right; then think it over." I quite agree with those who believe in the total prohibition of the liquor traffic; but I have thought it over, with the result that I believe that it is impossible at this stage of civilization. People must first be taught that whiskey is harmful when taken as a beverage, that its use should be exceptional. Indulgence in strong drink is a sign of weakness, and all the boys and girls in this country should have that fact impressed on them every day in the week, every week in the year. Edu-



HILDA D. OAKELEY

Warden Royal Victoria College for Women and first female member of McGill's Arts Faculty.

cate the people, and prohibition will come gradually and naturally.



WOMEN AND UNIVERSITIES

IT is not so many years since women were admitted to Canadian Universities on an equal basis with men. To-day, many of them are found in the

classes of all the larger institutions. They do fairly well in the classes and occasionally find a brief period of usefulness as fellow or assistant. Now McGill University has gone a step farther and made the Warden of the Royal Victoria College for Women a member of the Faculty of Arts. This is a notable triumph for Miss Oakeley and the weaker sex.

Hilda Diana Oakeley who has achieved this notable innovation is a new-comer to this country, and the credit therefore lies rather to English education than to Canadian. She is a daughter of Sir Evelyn Oakeley, formerly chief inspector of training colleges in England and Wales. From a Manchester School she went to Somerville College, Oxford, whence she graduated a Bachelor in Arts with honours, and a first-class in Literæ Humaniores. She then spent some time in political science and constitutional history, in the meantime lecturing on logic and engaging in other educational work. In 1899, she was awarded a research studentship at the London School of Economics, but resigned it to come to Canada to take up her present work. McGill gave her an M.A. in 1900, and now bestows this further honour upon her.

McGill has gone farther than any other Canadian University in providing for its women students, although Victoria College, Toronto, recently added a splendid residence, Annesley Hall. This will shortly be supplemented by a new residence for women which will probably be a part of University College. Now that Trinity College has become a part of the University of Toronto, St. Hilda's will probably be used as a women's residence. Thus shortly the University of Toronto will have three residences for its women, Annesley Hall, St. Hilda's, and the new one that is to be erected shortly.

MORMONISM

THE *Christian Guardian* does not like the article on Mormonism by James L. Hughes which appeared in the May CANADIAN MAGAZINE. Among other things, it says:

"Neither of the 'peculiar institution' of polygamy, nor of the hideous superstition of 'sacraments for the dead,' nor of any other of the well-known immoralities and blasphemies of Mormonism has Inspector Hughes a single word of deprecation. The culture, the music, the woman suffrage,

the education, the zeal, the wealth, the amusements of the Mormons, inspire his pen and fill his paper. But there is another side, and a terrible one. Those who are infinitely better qualified to judge of Mormonism and its results than Mr. Hughes; those who have known it not as flattered visitors for a week, but as long residents in its centres and profound students of its workings, have far other tales to tell. There are families in this very Canada of ours broken-homed and broken-hearted because of this thing which is so bepraised in the article before us.

"For many long years the leading statesmen, educationists and religious workers in the United States have recognized Mormonism as one of the greatest menaces to the political and social well-being of that country. We are surprised that a high educational functionary of Canada shows no more sympathy with them, and with the vast majority of the people of the great republic, in their efforts to rid themselves of what they believe to be a social pest-house and a source of moral contagion and national danger and disgrace."

IMMIGRATION

The opening months of 1904 have witnessed a continuation of the immigration movement which last year brought us 129,000 new citizens. The Anglo-Saxon race is always expanding. It has spilled over into America until the United States is comfortably filled; it is now overflowing into Canada. We have six millions of people to-day. Mr. Lightall estimates that we have room for nine hundred millions. The number required is therefore 894,000,000. If they come at the same rate as in 1903, six thousand years will be required to secure them. Even if we received a million a year, it would be nearly nine centuries before the country is filled up. In view of these figures, the labour unions and trade councils need have no worry about the country filling up too rapidly.

John A. Cooper

About New Books.

CONCERNING THE HONOUR OF BOOKS

SINCE honour from the honourer proceeds,
How well do they deserve that memorize
And leave in books for all posterities
The names of worthies and their virtuous
deeds:

When all their glory else, like water-weeds
Without their element, presently dies
And all their greatness quite forgotten lies,
And when and how they flourished no man
heeds!

How poor remembrances are statues, tombs,
And other monuments that men erect
To princes, which remain in closed rooms
Where but a few behold them, in respect
Of books, that to the universal eye
Shew how they lived; the other, where
they lie.

—JOHN FLORIO

A CANADIAN IN KOREA

REV. JAMES SCARTH GALE,
author of "Korean Sketches"
(Revell, 1899), and "The Vanguard, a
tale of Korea" (Revell, 1904), was
born near the village of Alma, Wellington
Co., Feb. 19, 1862, educated at
Elora High School, St. Catharines
Collegiate Institute and Toronto Uni-
versity, where he graduated in the
spring of 1888. He went to Korea in
the autumn of the same year as lay
missionary, supported for four years
by student contributions. He then
transferred his allegiance to the Ameri-
can Board, and has been in the employ
of that body since then. In 1896, while
home on furlough, he was regularly
ordained.

A specimen of a Korean prayer is
given in "The Vanguard.*" Near
Ping-yang there is a famous shrine,

*Chicago and Toronto: The Fleming H.
Revell Co.

famous for its mysterious power. "On
the first day of the moon and the
fifteenth day, the people of the town
brought food and money and paper,
and spread it out on the ground before
the spirit and said, 'O spirit! here is
this offering, take it, eat it, inhale it,
do what you like with it, only be good,
and give us money, and rice, and sons,
and good grave-sites, and long life,
and nothing to do, Amen.'" Korea is
a place of great ignorance, of great
immorality, of great depravity, if "The
Vanguard" is a true picture. It should
be left in Japan's hands, now that she
has once more taken possession, and
perhaps it may be improved. No
doubt it will take many years of des-
perate education.

This story turns a new page in fiction;
it shows the picturesqueness, humour,
romance, and grim struggle of the life
of a young Canadian who elects to be
a missionary to the Koreans. In view
of the present war, the location in
itself is enough to make the book in-
teresting, but its interest does not rest
on that only, nor does one need to be
a mission enthusiast to be taken with
the story,—it is a recital of telling
incident that grips attention from first
to last. The Western characters are
all unique, and also the natives from
Ko the thief, gambler, and general
thug, to Jay the insurrection leader,
who got his price out of the govern-
ment. Underneath all is the romance
of the hero's life, with its dramatic
and happy finale.

"Korean Sketches," by the same
author, is a series of semi-humorous,
semi-descriptive tales about the hermit
nation, its people, and their four-footed
companions. Mr. Gale has crossed
the country twelve times, has penetrat-

ed into its most remote sections, and has lived with princes and coolies.

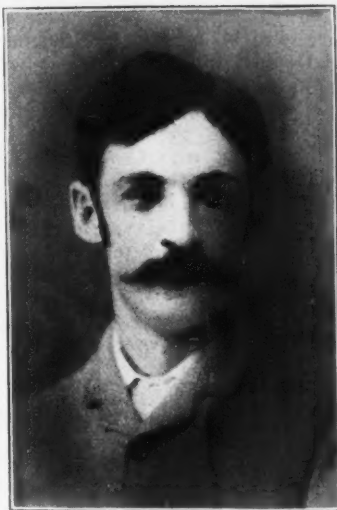
CROCKETT'S LATEST

THERE is a certain vigour in the novels of S. R. Crockett which is disconcerting to the reviewer, who finds that writer's novels flowing in with unceasing regularity—if there is such a form of motion known to the human mind. "Strong Mac"* is the story of a simple-minded young giant, who at the opening of the story is attending the Lowran schoolhouse and living with his poacher-father at the tiny freehold House of Muir, in the Galloway country. Adora Gracie, the young schoolmistress, shares the honours of the story, and the romance that is woven about the two by this skilful author seems very real and decidedly intense. Crockett strongly delineates his characters, so that there is no mistaking their identity. He describes their moods, their feelings, their ambitions, their actions, with much nicety of phrase and picturesque expression, until the heart of each is laid bare to the sympathetic reader. As these characters lived away back in the time when Canada defended herself from the United States and when Wellington fought in Spain, they did not live and speak as we do now, hence there is an added quaintness in the romance. The times were ruder and sterner and justice was differently interpreted and differently administered. Might was more nearly right in the individual, and the strong man needed his strength. Yet, even strong men had difficulties from which they barely escaped, as the story of Strong Mac most plainly shows.

A PROBLEM STORY

Doctors and students of science will find in "The Narrow Enigma,"* by Melvin L. Severy, a book worthy of a spare hour. This kind of problem-story is an oasis in the desert of

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



JAMES S. GALE

Author of "The Vanguard," and
"Korean Sketches."

monotone romantic fiction. This feature adds a piquancy and intellectual exercise to an interesting tale—though not in all cases.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

"Dorothea,"* by Maarten Maartens, is entitled "A Story of the Pure in Heart." It is as ambitious as a sermon, as long, and as interesting. The reader who ventures to ramble through its pages will require much patience, which will not be without reward.

NOTES

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, the novelist and historian, has recently been placed upon the civil list of the British Government to receive an annual pension of £250 (\$1,250). A prominent English publication expresses surprise that an author whose works are so popular wherever the English language is spoken should be in need of a pension. A score of editors have sprung forward with the information that Mr.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

McCarthy has been as generous in the spending of his money as he has been indefatigable in earning it, that he is now old (in his 73rd year), and that for the last five years he has been almost blind, requiring the services of his daughter, with whom he lives, as amanuensis.

Mr. A. C. Swinburne, who was sixty-seven on Tuesday, April 5, is stated to have completely recovered from his recent severe illness. It was in 1857-8 that Mr. Swinburne's earliest writings (says a writer in the *Westminster Gazette*) were published in the "Undergraduate Papers," edited by John Nichol, who, with Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Sir James Bryce, T. H. Green and Dr. Birkbeck Hill, was a contemporary of the poet at Balliol College, Oxford. Mr. Swinburne's first volume, "The Queen-Mother and Rosamond," was issued in 1860 by Pickering, but before many copies were sold it was transferred to Moxon, who issued the work with a new title-page. His "Poems and Ballads," which has had the largest sale of any of Mr. Swinburne's works, dedicated to "my friend Edward Burne-Jones," was originally published in 1866.

In his recently-published reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Ellesmere tells how punctilious the great Duke was in the matter of paroles, and he never forgave an officer who acted dishonourably in this respect. On one occasion, he recounts, a Colonel Walters who had been captured by the Spanish appeared at the dinner table. The Duke's first impression was that he had broken his parole; those who were present never forgot the awful expression of his face. It was not until the officer explained that he had made a daring and entirely legitimate escape that his superior's brow cleared.

There was a tragic occurrence in the Lake of the Woods district in 1736, when a son of Laverendrye, a missionary and a score of voyageurs were massacred by the Sioux of the Prairies. A complete account of this affair is given in a paper recently contributed

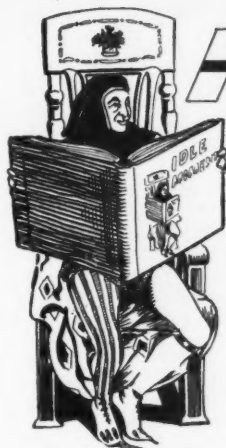
by Lawrence J. Burpee to the Transactions of the Royal Society. To the same series C. C. James contributes a record of the Second Legislature of Upper Canada, 1796-1800. The four sessions of that body were held in York, but Mr. James does not describe what was done, contenting himself with biographical notes on the men who made up that historic body. (Ottawa: James Hope & Sons.)

The Royal Astronomical Society of Canada have issued a volume of selected papers and proceedings for 1902 and 1903, edited by Arthur Harvey, F.R.S.C. This is a valuable volume, although regret must be expressed that the poor ink and the imperfect press-work have spoiled what is otherwise an attractive publication. This society is successor to the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto, which title was considered "too local for a body which had valued members in other cities and desired to bring together for their general good all Canadians who were interested in astronomical science." (Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Paper, 144 pages.)

There will be issued this month in the United States and Canada a volume of racing stories by W. A. Fraser, under the title "Brave Hearts." These stories are probably Mr. Fraser's best work, as he appears to be more at home with the horse than with any other animal. These tales have all his accustomed vigour, with a reality which makes them vivid and convincing. The scenes range through Canada, England and India.

The McGill University Magazine for April (Vol. 3, No. 2) contains, as a frontispiece, a fine portrait of the Hon. Charles Dewey Day, Chancellor of McGill University, 1857-1884. Most of the contributions to the number are worth reading, the weakest being the lecture from the pen of Professor Macnaughton. The poetry is above the average. (Montreal: A. T. Chapman.)

Edwyn Sandys has a new book ready which will be issued early in the fall. It is entitled "Sportsman Joe," and is a combination of fiction and woodlore.



IDLE MOMENTS

THE STRATEGY OF BIGGS.

BIGGS sat at ease in the "Queen's" verandah chair.

Hidden among the cedars at the brow of the long gentle slope leading into the village, is a pretty red brick cottage; neat, bright flower beds in front, a well-kept garden at the rear. There Biggs lives. But energetic, little Mrs. Biggs and son Jack deserve the credit for establishing this cosy home. Biggs is their free boarder. Scheming for free drinks at the "Queen's," and posting himself in politics from the hotel copy of the *Daily Bugle*, are his chief occupations.

Curtin, the cattle buyer, came driving along the Main Road. 'Twas his first trip north of the Townline. That summer, cattle were scarce, high-priced and hard to buy, and he was widening his territory.

Curtin's gig drew up at the door of the village hotel.

"Buyin' cattle?" queried Biggs.

"Yes, any to sell?"

"Mebbe," was the guarded reply.

"Aren't you coming in?" he continued, scenting the probable treat.

"What about them cattle?" asked Curtin after a couple of rounds of "something" at his expense.

"'Cross the bridge, 'bout a mile out," he was informed.

They drove out.

"There they are," pointed Biggs a few minutes later, and they halted at the crossroads. Half a dozen steers looked lazily at them from the corner field.

Curtin climbed the fence and examined the bunch. Biggs, from the gig, dilated upon the fine condition of each animal.

"What's your price?" asked the buyer.

"You're buyin'," was the curt response.

"Well, I'll give you forty apiece for these four and thirty for the others. What d'ye say?"

"It's blamed hot here. Let's go back and talk it over," was the reply of the thirsty man in the gig.

"Say thirty-five apiece for the two-year-olds, then," raised the drover, continuing the discussion in the Blue Room of the "Queen's," after a spell of refreshment.

Biggs wouldn't say.

Refreshments continued. Still he wouldn't say.

"Forty apiece all round," urged Curtin.

Biggs was inexorable. The liquor flowed deliciously cool.

"See here, mister," broke out the drover at last, irritably. "I'll give you forty-five all round. Your blamed cattle ain't worth it, but I'm in the township to buy and I'm goin' to buy. Have another. Here's a ten on the bargain. I've got to be moving."

Biggs slowly drained his glass, and spurning the tenner walked unsteadily out to resume the arm chair, while Curtin settled the score.

"I say, landlord," asked Curtin.

"What's the matter with that blamed fool? What *does* he want for his cattle?"



UNIMAGINATIVE.

AUNTIE.—“Do you see the hair in this old brooch, Cyril? It was your Great-Grandfather's.”

CYRIL.—“I say, Auntie, he didn't have much!”—*Punch*.

“His cattle? What cattle? Where?” ejaculated the astonished host.

“Why, the cattle we were out lookin' at. Tenth line, he said it was. That corner opposite the cemetery.”

“His cattle?” snorted the hotel keeper. “Biggs don't own a calf. That's Garlen's ranch out by the cemetery. And he gathered in every head for sale in the township last week, too.”

Curtin drove quickly along the Main Road, up the long gentle slope leading from the village.

Biggs slept at ease in the “Queen's” verandah chair.—*Don Graeme*.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY INTERNATIONAL CATECHISM LESSON

What is the first duty of a nation? To glorify itself and serve itself forever, and by any means which may not bring it in conflict with a more powerful nation.

What are Christian nations? Nations with large armies and navies.

What is a treaty? A solemn agreement between two or more nations, which the weaker are in honour bound to obey.

What is arbitration? A means of settling disputes between nations so equally matched that one is afraid to go to war and the other does not dare to.

What is Benevolent Assimilation? The process of adapting the resources of the weak to the benefit of the strong. It is practised by lions and tigers towards lambs and deer, and by Christian nations (see def.) towards barbarous and semi-civilized peoples. Also sometimes known as the Spread of Civilization. The most efficient and generally used instruments for this beneficent process are missionaries, rum and rifles.

Edwin J. Webster, in N. Y. Life.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



A DIVING HORSE

THE accompanying photograph shows a diving horse in action. It is, indeed, a source of never-ending

opening is that of a new "Scenic Tunnel" facing the Horseshoe Fall. I chanced to be in it one July day in 1903 when a workman—one of a number

engaged in erecting an electric power house at the base of the Table Rock Cliff—was hoisted by a derrick up the 160 feet of distance to the level of the cataract. The man hung on to a pulley block and was, therefore, suspended for some minutes over the boiling waters of the river and in the mist of the Horseshoe Cataract. Needless to say, the man's position when photographed was a precarious one; at least, it would be to the average man. The electric works at the Falls present some new phases to the tourist, even though the

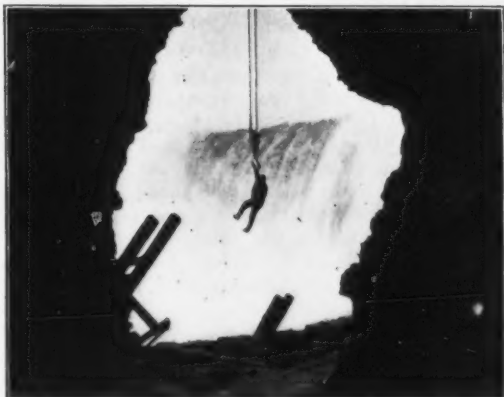


A DIVING HORSE IN ACTION

wonder that animals are able to learn so many novel tricks. At the Toronto Exhibition last year a horse was present who was able to go to bed and to cover himself up with the clothes. A few years ago, a diving elk went about the country giving exhibitions. Performing elephants, lions, and smaller animals are numerous. A diving horse is, however, one of the newest.

AN ODD SNAPSHOT

This interesting and curious snapshot was taken at Niagara Falls. The



A SNAP-SHOT AT NIAGARA FALLS
PHOTO BY FRANK VERHEE



THE FARTHEST NORTH TOWN IN CANADA, FORT MACPHERSON,
ON THE PEEL RIVER. IT IS WITHIN 200 MILES
OF THE ARCTIC COAST

natural beauty of the surroundings is fading away before the predatory hand of the capitalist.

A CURIOUS LETTER

NEW YORK, March 16th, 1904.

MY DEAR BOB,—Your letter—short and sweet—received some days ago, and I am glad you found my remarks re snobs to the point.

My dear Bob, you are not the only fellow who is troubled with snobs, there are others; your uncle Silas down in New Y. has his own troubles with snobs or rather with a snob and a snobby snob at that. His name happens to be Griggs, and he is the special partner of the firm of James Ross & Co. His money can't be counted and his brains can't be found, but what he lacks in brains he makes up in snobbishness.

Have you ever seen a regiment of Yankee militia drill? If not you are to be congratulated; I have. I saw the seventy-first inspected some time ago, and as our old friend R. H. says:

"Now there aint no chorus 'ere to sing,
Nor there aint no band to play,
An' I wish I was dead 'fore I done wot I did,
Or saw what I seen that day."

I took the wife with me. After witnessing one or two fearful and wonderful evolutions, accompanied by much running about and shouting of officers, she said, "Oh, let us go home, Ryerson school can do better than that." So home we went, grieving over what we had seen. Positively it was awful, the sorriest exhibition of ignorance and incompetence it has ever been my unhappy lot to witness. A sloppier lot of shagnappies I

hope I may never see. The colonel in command sat on his horse at one side, while his major gave the commands, smoking a big black cigar and chatting affably with the inspecting officer. A sergeant and a captain nearly came to blows right beneath the gallery where we were sitting over some question of etiquette, and the whole mob broke ranks and surrounded them. Some of the officers even began to make bets on the outcome, and then—oh, Bob—what do you think—of all things—in the headquarters of a regiment supposed to be of soldiers—with officers in uniform too—oh, it was pitiful—a policeman—think of it—a policeman—an ordinary, every-day, commonplace city policeman, pushed his way through the crowd and ordered officers, men and all to quit their fooling. Such an exhibition!

With all their talk and blow, their flag-flapping, and 'holier than thou' business, the people of the United States are only half civilized; they talk like savages, eat like savages, drink like savages and in every other way live and die like savages. They have their good points, but—

Yours sincerely,
FRANK.



AT PORT ARTHUR

Night! and the thousand terrors!
The eyeless Dark, and the fears!
Night! and its wrack of blindness:
Darkness where Panic rears.

Army that stalks in the sunshine,
And shell that flies by day!
These we may face and fear not,
These we may meet in the way!

But night and its awful fearing,
As our searchlights stab in the Dark!
When Death abides in the Blackness,
Our gunners find no mark.

Impotent gun and gunners:
We pray for coming of Dawn.
And the sun comes up and finds us
With pallid faces and wan.

Day! and a sparkling ocean!
Wished-for: the ships of the foe!
Day! and the battle is welcome,
When blow is returned for blow!

But Night, and its blind forebodings!
The Dark! and its black, dead fear!
When our hearts are ground in torture!
God! Is the Day not near?

—Roden Kingsmill in *Toronto News*.

SLOWLY BUT SURELY

SLOWLY, but surely, the idea is percolating through the minds of the press and the government of Great Britain that the present rate of postage on British newspapers and periodicals mailed to Canada is a disgrace. Great Britain charges 8 cents a pound to mail this material to Canada; Canada charges one-half cent a pound to send the same class of mail matter to Great Britain. Here is an editorial note

from the *British-Canadian Review*, of London:

Recently the Duke of Argyll wrote to *The Times* directing attention to the operation of the Preferential Tariff in Canada, and adverted to interesting details on the subject contributed by Mr. George Johnston, the head of the Statistical Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. Perhaps one of the most eloquently conceived passages in the report was that which runs as follows:—
“There is one subject which is intimately connected with the development of trade, to which, however, your Government does not appear to attach as much importance as I do. Your newspapers do not circulate in Canada. The United States papers do. Trade, we say, follows the flag. It is even more true that trade follows the advertisements of the newspapers.” This is edifying reading, but it is nevertheless true, and no one acquainted with Colonial trade can question the accuracy of the statement. The time has arrived when manufacturers must advertise over sea, and no longer foster the feeling that such advertising represents so much money thrown away. Most Governments encourage trade papers, but in England the policy is to impair their usefulness by imposing a prohibitive rate of postage. How long will it be before St. Martin’s-le-Grand are able to “think imperially” on this really urgent matter?

The British manufacturer seems very slow to move in this matter which so vitally affects his future interests.

A VALUABLE CONCESSION

ONE of the points brought out during the discussion on the Grand Trunk Pacific, and one which should not be lost sight of, was the value of a single concession made to the Canadian Pacific, in the original contract. It was therein provided that “the rail-

way, and all stations, station grounds, workshops, buildings, yards and other property, rolling stock and appurtenances required and used for the construction and working thereof, and the capital stock of the company, shall be forever free from taxation by the Dominion, or by any province hereafter to be established, or by any municipal corporation therein." This is a pretty generous provision, and if it had been given the C.P.R. for a limited period, perhaps much objection could not have been taken to it; but it is forever. No government in the future will ever be able to alter it. It will stand for all time as a monument to the generosity of the Conservative government that gave it. Some one may say "Well, what does it amount to anyhow?" It amounts to this, that on its 2,500 miles of railway (taxed in the United States at about \$50 a mile) no taxes whatever will be paid; on its station buildings, yards, etc., no taxes will be paid. In Winnipeg alone the company has a most valuable and extensive property, yet it will never contribute one cent to the taxes of the province. Those who have given the matter some careful study and attention, conclude that this concession alone is worth in the neighbourhood of one million dollars a year to the company. Capitalized, it would more than pay the entire cost of the proposed Grand Trunk Pacific, from ocean to ocean. As the value of the C.P.R. increases from year to year, the value of this concession will increase accordingly.—*Clinton New Era*.



THE UNFORTUNATE OBJECTION TO CHILDREN.

IF modern tendencies do not alter, it would seem as if the rearing of children in cities by any but the very poor or the very rich will soon be a thing of the past. The very poor live in tenements, and no questions are raised

by the landlords as to whether they have children or not. It is assumed they have children, or will have them. The very rich, on the other hand, live in their own mansions, and if they care to indulge in children there is no one to say them nay. But the middle class are hard put to it, if they have followed, even on a modest scale, the Scriptural injunction to increase and multiply. Landlords look askance at them, and sometimes absolutely refuse to have any dealings with them. Domestic servants, in like manner, regard a large family as something intolerable, and raise objections even to a couple of children. President Roosevelt delivered an address to the people of the United States about a year ago on "race suicide"; but not a few fathers and mothers are crying out to-day in sore perplexity, "What are we going to do if the modern, civilized community refuses a place to our children?" It has been hinted that, amongst our neighbours, the trouble is partly due to the fact that their children are so ill-trained. Certainly if the youngsters deserve the description given of them by Mrs. Ira Husted Harper, the prominent woman suffragist, one can understand that it would take all a fond parent's partiality to put up with their ill manners. Such an explanation, however, is far from covering the ground. Even here, where children are perhaps passably brought up, the objection to children is taking shape, and increasing the difficulties of those who have growing families and only moderate means. The great trouble is the sharp competition of modern life. Society is organized to-day as for battle, and in a battle, why—children are in the way. It is unfortunate that it should be so, and unfortunate also that time, far from promising an early remedy, hints rather that things may be worse before they are better.—*Montreal Star*.



TROUT FISHING, NORTHWEST MIRAMICHI, NEW BRUNSWICK

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY OF CANADA

JULY CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII

TORONTO, JULY, 1904

No. 3

THE LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB OF LONDON

By LALLY BERNARD



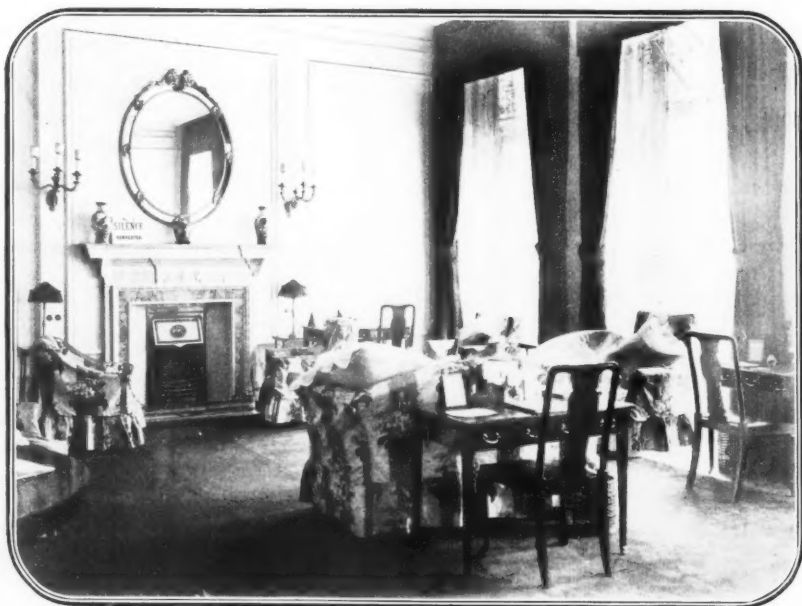
URING the season of 1902, made memorable by the festivities which attended the coronation of Edward the Seventh, the Ladies' Empire Club sprang into existence under the auspices of the Victoria League, an organization of well-known women in the British Isles who joined forces with the idea of furthering the Imperial ideal in social as well as political circles.

Lady Jersey, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton (wife of the present Secretary for the Colonies), and Lady Mary Lygon, who is attached to the household of the Princess of Wales, were among those mainly instrumental in originating and carrying out the idea. During the summer of 1903 the Club quarters were situated in Whitehall Court, and it became a distinguished rendezvous where visitors from all parts of the Empire met in an easy and informal manner the members of the various committees connected with the League, and the guests they invited to their weekly at-homes.

So eminently successful was the result of the efforts made by those interested, that it was decided to establish the club on a permanent footing, and thanks to the untiring energy of Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain (formerly a Miss Williams, of Port Hope), to-day the beautiful club at 69 Grosvenor Street is the very centre of the social whirlpool of London life, and forms one of

the most charming meeting grounds of all that is best in colonial and British society. Not ten minutes' walk from the town house of the High Commissioner for Canada, in Grosvenor Square, it is yet only a few yards from the fashionable shopping locality known to all Canadians, familiar with London, as Old Bond Street.

Formerly 69 Grosvenor Street was the residence of Lord Kensington, whose family name is Edwardes, but to-day the Duke of Westminster is the distinguished landlord of the club committee. A typical town house of the best possible design, the rooms are spacious and well proportioned, and have retained a distinctly home-like air. It is to be regretted that among the photographs reproduced there is not one of the fine entrance hall, with its broad curving staircase and its cheerful welcome of crimson-tinted carpets, which shed a warm glow over the ivory pannelling of the walls. The head porter has a snug little office to the right as you enter, and the telephone is not the least of the luxuries provided for the members. Opening off the hall on the ground floor is a well-proportioned dining-room, with soft green and ivory again for the scheme of decoration. Electroliers, softened by creamy silk shades, produce the mellow glow of candle light. Frequently one will find the round table in the dining-room set for a special dinner party, for several of the



LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB, LONDON—READING-ROOM

habituées of the club, and especially its colonial members, rent this room for their dinner parties, as by paying the sum of one guinea can secure it for the evening.

Opening off the dining-room is the lunch-room; here, again, is the same effect of ivory and green, which harmonizes well with the glitter of perfectly-kept glass and silver, and the snowy cloths which cover the numerous little tables, at which four or six people can be comfortably accommodated. Maids in the freshest of caps and aprons move quietly to and fro, and the buffet at the end of the room is set exactly as it would be in a private house, with cold joints and the inevitable "game pastie" of an English luncheon table.

Between the hours of one and two one will generally find the lunch-room filled with the *habituées* of the club; among them are Lady Aberdeen, who is often accompanied by her husband; the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady

Edward Cecil, Mrs. Laurence Drummond, Mrs. Molson Macpherson, the Baroness Macdonald of Earncliffe, Lady Brassey and the Hon. Mrs. Howard. Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan) and a lady who has lately arrived in London from Cape Town, are among the occupants of the club chambers at present. Strolling through the club drawing-room, of which a photograph is given, one will find groups of well-known people enjoying five o'clock tea in the pretty room with its comfortable furniture, covered with a rose-patterned glazed chintz, and its many dainty ectras, which give it the air of a room in a private residence.

The room is so large that half a dozen small tea parties can take place at one time without danger of overcrowding. Here, again, there is a glow of deep rose, ivory and green. Opening off the drawing is the members' reading-room, furnished much on the same lines as the drawing-room, for when it is necessary for special



LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB, LONDON—LUNCHEON ROOM

entertainments these two rooms are thrown into one with excellent effect. However, on ordinary occasions you will find solitary members enjoying their tea in the quiet and seclusion which this room affords with its command of "Silence," which comes out so distinctly in the photograph. Tea is served in green earthenware sets, which contrast well with the dainty besprigged china, quite in keeping with the rose-patterned chintz of the furniture. On side-tables are to be found all the newspapers and periodicals of the hour and several colonial publications, *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* conspicuous among them. The writing-tables are fitted with the most up-to-date appointments, and one hears the ceaseless scratch of the fashionable "quill," for members evidently find it difficult to keep up with the eternal rush of correspondence which assails one in London. At the end of the corridor, on the same floor as the drawing-room and reading-room, is the smoking and card-room, where members

may take their friends for a quiet cup of tea, while they smoke a veritable "cigarette of peace" or make up a game of bridge. After luncheon coffee is often brought up to this southern sunlit room with its mass of delicately-tinted windows. There is not a suggestion of the masculine smoking den, but pale green chintz takes the place of the rose-patterned glory of the drawing-room, and there is an air of cleanly, cheerful, home-like comfort. Coal fires blaze all day in the open grates, and hot-water coils keep the corridors and rooms at a temperature which Canadians in this land of fog and chill appreciate fully.

The bedrooms, of which no photographs are procurable, are furnished, like the rest of the club, with an idea of absolute comfort as well as beauty. Electric light, open fires, plenty of bathrooms with the latest and most luxurious appointments, and the best attendance to be had in London, are some of the advantages offered to members. Twenty-five servants are



LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB, LONDON—SMOKING AND CARD ROOMS

employed, and with the two secretaries, a manager and cashier, club chambers promise to be particularly comfortable.

Canada is represented in the list of members by about a hundred and thirty names, and the whole colonial list is over three hundred. The club committee which has to do with the entertainments decided to discontinue a series of lectures they proposed giving, as they found that the club had so many members who used it regularly that the disturbance caused by special entertainments was to be avoided.

There have been now and then observations made regarding the objects of the club, which should be fully discussed in an article such as this; for it is undoubtedly established with the idea of bringing into close contact visitors from the colonies with the wives and daughters of men of prominence and distinction in Great Britain.

There have been those who asserted that making it so much a "matter of business" is to take away the most pronounced charm of social inter-

course. But those who raise this objection fail to grasp that in so vast a world as London the season has always been managed upon more or less business-like lines. Unless colonial women who come to London have the advantage of either great wealth or the social prestige which surrounds the wife of a Minister of the Crown, they have little chance of finding themselves brought into close touch with those whom doubtless they consider it a pleasure and profit to meet. People, especially women, might spend months in this vast metropolis within a stone's throw of someone with whom they might find they had much in common, were it not for such a medium of communication like the Ladies' Empire Club, where there is a sub-committee whose work it is to make known to each other members of society from all parts of the Empire.

The work of the Ladies' Empire Club is to draw together all that is best in colonial and British society circles without reference to political



LADIES' EMPIRE CLUB, LONDON—THE DRAWING-ROOM

official prestige; and anyone who has had experience of life in the great self-governing colonies will admit that this is a work worthy of encouragement. Now comes the practical side of the question; what renders one eligible for membership in the Ladies' Empire Club and what expense does it entail? The answer to this is very simple. By writing to the secretary a list of members may be procured, and if the person desirous of becoming a member can find the names of two of her friends or acquaintances on the list she can apply to them to propose and second her as a member, one of them writing a note

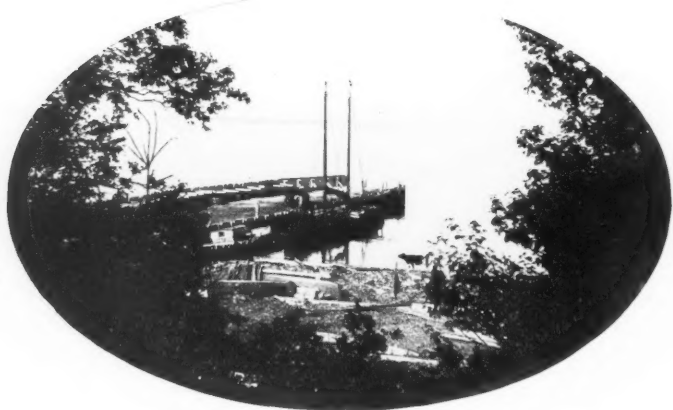
of introduction to the secretary. On receipt of the notice of her election she will receive a note of the amount of the entrance fee, which is one guinea, and two guineas annual fee if in England, and only ten shillings and sixpence while resident in the colonies.

That its existence in its present and permanent form is mainly due to the untiring energy and administrative ability of a Canadian by birth is one, and certainly not the least, of the reasons why the Ladies' Empire Club should receive the cordial support and excite the interest of all Canadians who have the welfare of the Empire at heart.

THE WHITE TRILLIUM

BY INA HAY

ARRAYED in glory, far surpassing king's,
 Stately and pure, ye grace the woodland shade;
 Toiling nor spinning, and all unafraid
 Ye shame the folly of man's questionings.



"Occasionally a little schooner calls at the wharf for wood"

AN OUTING ON THE BAY OF FUNDY'S SHORE

*By F. C. SEARS**



HARDLY know how we happened to decide on Morden as a summer resort, for we had been warned beforehand that the mat-

tresses there were not of the Ostermoor variety, and that it was customary among housekeepers to boil tea for twenty minutes. But we were ready for some hardships, and I am sure that once we had seen the place not one in the party would have gone elsewhere. What we were looking for was not the comforts of civilization but rest, and there is more rest to the square inch in Morden than in any other place I have ever seen.

It used to do a thriving business in the days before the railroads, when packets came regularly from Boston and St. John, and when one or more schooners could always be found at the wharf loading with wood for American markets. But now, though there is still occasionally a little schooner calls at the wharf for wood, everything but the local trade has gone over the moun-

tain to the railroad in "the Valley," and one walks along the grass-grown streets or looks in through the dusty windows of the old custom house and meditates upon the fluctuations of prosperity and the changefulness of human ways.

I called it a summer resort, but it isn't, and that is one of its chief charms. One can wander about its shores and through its woods and along its roads and never meet anyone except an occasional "native" till one comes to feel a proprietorship in its beauties and almost to resent the intrusion of the occasional picnics from the back country.

It has its historical side, too, for those who lean in that direction and who like to wander over the scenes of Nova Scotia's French tragedy. For here, in the winter of 1755, one of the returning bands of French Acadians settled and set up a rude wooden cross to mark the spot of their landing and the scene of their sufferings. And when the original cross rotted away it

* Photographs by the author; see also Frontispiece in June number.

was replaced by another which still stands (the second generation only) and gives a quaint and melancholy interest to the place. For years the village was known as "French Cross," and only of late years has it received its present name.

The chief charm of Morden, aside from its restfulness and its exclusiveness, is its variety, its resourcefulness. It is not like the ordinary watering place where one has only the choice between roaming along the beach and going in bathing, or sitting by and noting the grotesque bathing costumes of his fellow-sufferers. Here one is scarcely obliged to do the same thing twice or to go a second time to the same place. Even the beach is variable. Most of it is rocky and rough, due to the rocky nature of the cliffs along the shore. But if one wants sand there are stretches of beach as smooth as a floor and as soft as a carpet, and here (if one is not made nervous by the newspaper stories of the fierce attacks by dog-fish upon innocent children and unfortunate men) one may wade or bathe to one's heart's content.

One day we would take our dinners and tramp a couple of miles down the shore to the "East Gorge," and then, following up a little brook which flows down the gorge, we would come to an ideal spot for a noon camp. The brook flows over immense ledges of flat rocks, many of which lie bare except during spring freshets, and here one can build his fire and make his coffee secure from any danger of setting fire to the neighbouring forest, and so secluded that it would seem one must be miles from a human habitation. And after dinner had been eaten and the birch-bark dishes had been thrown into the fire, if we felt like having a nap (and we generally did, having slept only nine hours the night before) we could wander down to the shore with a blanket and a cushion and, lying down upon the sand, fall asleep to the murmur of the waves and the sighing of the winds along the cliffs.

Another day, when we were not in the mood for the salt water, we would go off to the woods and revel in its shady nooks and its beautiful ferns. Some species of *Aspidium* and *Osmun-*



"Here, in the winter of 1755, one of the returning band of Acadians settled and set up a rude cross to mark the spot . . . and when the original cross rotted away it was replaced by another which still stands."

da I have never seen in greater profusion nor finer specimens. There is one path in particular through a fine stretch of birch and maple woods that was an endless delight to us with its borders of ferns, its beautiful banks of *Linnæa borealis*, its patches of bunchberry (*Cornus Canadensis*) and the countless other woodsy friends, some of them known to us by name, and others only by their faces.

a good view of the water, and read from the pages of "Kim" (it was the first year the book was out), or watch some schooner beating up the bay. Usually the schooner received more of our attention than "Kim," for what was the use of struggling with such passages as—"It was a boy who came to me in place of him who died, on account of the merit which I had gained when I bowed before the law within



"An ideal spot for a noon camp"

And then there was the road! When other attractions failed it could always be relied upon. It skirts the shores for miles, never far from the water, and always beautiful; winding among tall spruce trees, passing over quaint old bridges, and giving one continual glimpses of the Bay of Fundy, with its gulls and its ships and its tides. If the day was warm we would sit down under some spruce tree where we had

there," when one could lie down quietly and chew spruce gum while speculating on whether the particular schooner under observation had been to the other side of the world with some of our lumber, or was only up from New York with a cargo of high-priced anthracite coal.

But it was on the cool, crisp days of early autumn that we frequented the road most regularly and enjoyed it

most thoroughly. When the asters had begun to fade and the golden rod was in its prime; when the occasional maples among the spruces had lighted their beacon fires as a warning to the wood folks that winter was at hand, and when the winds off the Bay were strong and cold and bracing, then it was that we tramped along the road for hours, or sat down by its side in a sunny spot and read Van Dyke's "Little Rivers," or talked of home, or simply loafed in silence.

If one cares for fish one should go earlier than we did, for after the first of August the dog-fish take possession of the Bay, and all less blood-thirsty and more palatable fish retire. Sometimes one can get a small cod-fish, and occasionally one of the weirs along shore captures some "herrin'," but these are the exceptions, and the rule is that one eats *salt* fish, or none at all. On our first visit to the place, before we were fully initiated into the local piscatorial lore, we bought a small "hake," and boiled it for supper at our camp-fire on the shore. But after the meal was over we were strongly inclined to agree with our landlord, who remarked when he saw us bringing the fish up from the wharf—"What you got there, a hake? Why, they ain't no



"Fall asleep to the sighing of the winds along the cliffs"

good 'cept to make boneless cod-fish of."

I don't know whether the sunsets at Morden are particularly fine, or whether it was only that our appreciation of all the beauties of Nature had been sharpened along with our appetites, but I

do know that we never failed to be down at the shore when there was likely to be a sunset (I mean a spectacular one), and that we enjoyed them as we had never enjoyed sunsets before.

Another joy of the



"Under a spruce tree where there was a good view of the water"



"There are stretches of beach as smooth as a floor"

evening was our nightly bonfire. Bonfires were almost as frequent as the sunsets, quite as frequent as the beautiful ones, and we could have them with almost as little effort. The shore all about Morden is lined with driftwood varying in size from splintered shingles to broken masts, and we had only to pile it up, set it on fire, and then sit down and enjoy it. And as the sunset faded and the night shut down we piled more wood upon our fire, and told stories, or sang songs, or watched for the revolving light on the Isle of Haut.

But the day finally came when we had to leave it all, and after we had paid a last visit to the French Cross, and had watched the breakers for the last time; when for the last time we had

"Heard the wild gulls screaming at the turning of the tide,"

and had shaken hands with our motherly landlady, we climbed into our waggon and drove slowly and rather silently over the Mountain and down into "the Valley" to the railroad station. And as we looked back for the last time to the blue waters of the Bay and the little white lighthouse on the Isle of Haut we felt like children leaving home, and said that we must come again.

And what of the expense of it all? Well, it wasn't excessive, as I think you will agree when I say that the share of the two members of the party for whom I was personally responsible amounted to \$16.83 for two weeks, and that included transportation charges to and from the railroad and the ten cents which we spent for that "hake."

THE RURAL CALENDAR

BY INGLIS MORSE

STAGE after stage, sweet flowers come and go
To fill some corner of the Calendar.
The pale anemone, the rose so fair,
Breathe out their glories with the season's flow.

Dear Nature's chronicler each passing day
Reveals some beauty in the leafy dell—
Some kindly thought of God would gladly tell
To him who chances passing by that way.



AN ODE FOR THE CANADIAN CONFEDERACY*

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

AWAKE, my country, the hour is great with change!
Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North,—
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream.
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendour wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name;—
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth,—our own Canadian land!

O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard!
Those mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,—
What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North,
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame,
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name!

* One of the earliest and most noted of Professor Roberts' poems.
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LITERARY PORTRAITS

By HALDANE MACFALL, Author of "*The Masterfolk*," "*The Woovings of Jezebel Pettyfer*," Etc.

III.—RICHARD WHITEING



STRONG, sturdy figure of a man is Richard Whiteing at a hale sixty years; and his breezy belief in the innate dignity and eventual triumph of democracy is as hale as he.

To the world at large, Richard Whiteing came to life in 1899 with a novel, "No. 5, John Street;" but, though he began to exist on the eve of his sixtieth year for most of us, he was already a personage in upper journalism, and Paris knew him—as he knew Paris—wondrous well.

Richard Whiteing hopes to see the world as a vast garden for the average man. His shrewd eyes see through the pettiness of the claims, and the aims, and the habits, and the pretence of a mere privileged class to hold dominion over the state. He shews with genial statement but with dogged insistence, with calm utterance—and restrained emotion, yet nevertheless insistently, that the living of life is not for a class—that decency of life and enjoyment of life, and the right to live that life in a healthy, human way, are the absolute birthright of every human soul.

And with biting satire—for he is a master of satire rather than of humour—he shews the decadency that sets in, and the wholesale misery that results, from any one class shirking its responsibilities of labour, and filching the leisure from another class. For, be you sure of this, whether aristocrat or democrat, red-hot Nihilist or cloistral nun, what one class repudiates in labour, and filches in pleasure, by so much shall another class pay the debt of labour, and be filched of its pleasure.

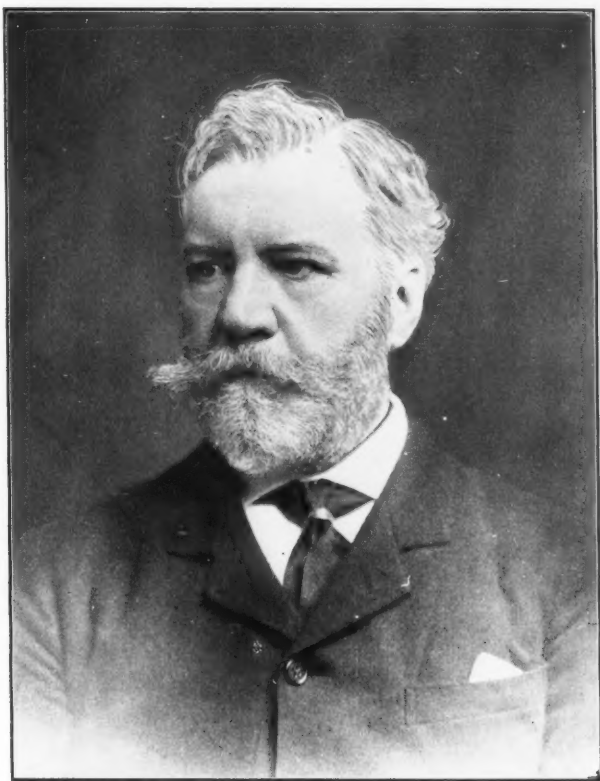
There is world's work to be done; and every man's hand must do it if it shall be done sanely, and healthily in the doing. If an enriched class shirk

its duties to the state, and live a life of pleasure, the class below must do its own work and the repudiated work of the class above; and the heel of the repudiated tyranny will grind the heaviest on the lowest class of all, the injustice being transmitted in ever-increasing violence. And the more populous the state the more cruel the harshness, until the labourer shall be worn out with excess of grey toil that knows no joy, and the mighty populace rots like a fœtid thing.

So a large people, robbed of vitality and a healthy day, becomes of less worth than a small people of vigorous life; for that people is the mightiest that breeds the strongest average man. And the law justifies itself utterly; for the privileged class becomes bored by its very excess of pleasure, by its tedious having nothing to do—the very thing for which it has striven turns to the ashes of Dead Sea fruit in its mouth. It does not even produce a fine virile upper class, which might be some source of comfort out of the cruel murk.

These things Whiteing set down in terms of art, and gave us "No. 5, John Street"—the millionaire's son wasting his years trying on suits of clothes, dawdling through a scented elaborate day, a day scented and elaborated to keep the pit of boredom from yawning at his feet, paying large sums for polo ponies to knock about a little ball on the grass at Hurlingham, sums that would keep a dozen families in health and in freedom from the ghastly over-toil that ruins the race—whilst, hard by, in filthy garret and noisome den, the sweated toiler grows blind and starved and puny and demoralized, in tragic and sordid days that are worse than death.

Thus justice dies, and the law be-



RICHARD WHITEING, AUTHOR OF "NO. 5, JOHN STREET"

comes the law of the rich; until at last some half-crazed fellow looks at the fantastic thing he has been calling life, looks up from the bench to which he has been a tied slave, shades his half-mad eyes with starved, lank fingers, and sees the coach of the rich dawdler go by, sees the bored shirker of toil yawn at his fantastic life; and, poor fool! he rises and sets what little peevish will remains to him to the making of a bomb, flings the bomb amongst innocent people, and jigs into eternity at the end of a gallows rope for the whim of his mad tomfoolery. And the dawdler rolls on and on, and yawns and yawns.

So Richard Whiteing, a big, burly man, thunders for a big, burly, healthy

race. That large peoples shall set small peoples under their heels becomes every day more evident; and that the large people that breeds the healthy average man must overpower the large people of the less healthy average man goes also without proof; and that a large people who have self-respect will govern themselves and not be governed by a privileged class is a fact which has perhaps even less need for proof; therefore a great people must be a democracy.

And of a surety this man of large observation of men and peoples is right. He has watched the wondrous development of this England of ours during the last thirty years—he has been in close and intimate touch with the

enormous but silent revolution in France. He has seen England increase by her imperial instinct, logically blind, but vitally right; he has seen France healing herself and strengthening her shattered nerves by the reverse process, by her clean-cut, logical tact. And no man shall have seen these things and dread the people.

It is for this reason I detest the word Empire and prefer the word Commonwealth. And that Commonwealths must stand for the eventual mastery of the world who shall deny? If you would see these things in proportion you must look at man in the large—trace him from the beginning—and what is the tale that the years have to tell us?

Out of the mystic ways, the eager life that is at the core of all existing things, evolving from stage to stage, found its supremest habitation in the wondering creature that dropped from its ape-like habits in the trees, and, with ungainly straddle on the firm earth, took its upright stand upon tentative hind legs—falteringly, hesitatingly, bodying itself forth as Man—the Thinking Thing.

Life's cunning, with increasing cunning, is become reason in this blinking thing that thinks. It notes the hand's use, and the value of that wondrous thumb that is on the hand—to grip, to throw, to hold. That thumb that, with the brain's cunning for guidance, is to enable the hand to chip tools and weapons from the flint, and give confidence to this naked, defenceless, shivering being, and lead him from his lair in the thicket and the cave out into the open strife; that, for his body's welfare and sustenance, with pitfall and with gin, is to put to naught the lion's strength, the wolf's tooth, the wild boar's fury, so that he shall wrap the skins of these about him against the frost's nipping cold, and use their hides to protect his feet; that hand that is to strike fire from the chill flint and bring warmth into the chattering winter, and give rise to the potter's art; fire whereby also the earth's metals at last yield-

ed their ductile strength to his enfranchisement; that hand that is to break the dog and horse to man's bidding, and gather together flocks and herds that he may roam the pastures of the world; and, his wander-years being done, that is to fashion the plough whereby he shall settle on the land and till the ruddy earth and gather in the harvest to his body's use; that is to invent the distaff and the loom to the weaving of cloth; that is to knit the fisher's net; that is to make the vast, wide world tributary to him—the elements and the brutes, the valley and the plain, and rock and stream and raging seas, so that the exquisite eye of man shall see the stars a myriad leagues beyond the eagle's utmost ken, his skill of transit make the swiftness of the antelope a sluggard's pace, his calculating hand cage the strength of many horses in the machinery's wheeled intricacies.

He increased his strength in the close-knit brotherhood of the clan. He foregathered into villages, uniting his skill and strength, and the trades and crafts arose to the mutual strengthening of the people. Power and increasing fulness of life passed from the wild fellow of the cavern to the wandering tribe—passed from the wandering tribe to the settled village—from them that were in villages to them that foregathered within the stout walls of the populous city—from the city to the state, whose might crumbled the city's walls, grown inadequate against the power of states—passed from the state to the mighty race that is fenced about to her uttermost frontiers solely by the majestic bulwarks of her daring spirits.

Kingship has passed to the Commonwealth, and the sceptre is in the hands of the manhood of the people. And in our inmost hearts we know this thing to be true, be we Tory or Whig, socialist or individualist. We may sneer away ideals as fairy tales, but the godhood in man leads to an ideal, and they who fear to walk thereto must fall and be trodden under foot by a master race.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. 52—RICHARD McBRIDE



THESE are the days of opportunity for the young man of ability and capacity, when occasion is certain to call him to commanding position. Perhaps there is no Province in Confederation where there is so much need of a strong man as leader of the people as in British Columbia, and at last, after waiting long, it is felt that the occasion has produced him. Since the days of the late Hon. John Robson that Province has languished under the confusion and uncertainties which must ever exist under, and seem to be inseparable from, non-party government, the members of which ignored the public and were not responsible to any party or principle, which might in itself have proved a curb upon careless or culpable action. The consequence was that the Province was despoiled in every way possible. There are those who extol non-party government, holding that it presents all the qualities that make for the general good, but it was tried in the Dominion, it was tried in Ontario in the early days, it is now under trial in the Northwest Territories, and it has but recently ceased in British Columbia. Everywhere a failure and a disappointment by its own operations, it was particularly disastrous in British Columbia where, under its wing, the public domain, which should now prove an invaluable asset of the Province, was sacrificed piecemeal to covetous and rapacious political hacks who were in public life evidently for what they could get out of it. Farming lands, timber lands, coal lands, mining lands were alienated from public use and became the private possession of individuals to exploit for their own profit. After Hon. John Turner, who honestly tried to carry on an upright Government, but was prevented by the faults of those about him, there was a brief spell of Hon. Mr. Semlin, who did

no better, and then came Hon. Joseph Martin. It is said of Mr. Martin that the chief cause of his unpopularity was the firm hand he put forth to hold political cormorants in check, but however that may be, he left non-party government more chaotic than it had been before his coming.

Hon. James Dunsmuir was not able to improve matters, and it was during his administration that the people nearly lost the South Kootenay Pass coal fields, contiguous to the Crow's Nest Pass coal measures, and considered to be equally as valuable, the only piece of coal land of consequence that the public now own. Mr. Martin made very warm times for Mr. Dunsmuir from the other side of the House, and the latter, on the principle that if one cannot destroy his enemy the next best thing to do is to conciliate him, made a compact with Mr. Martin that hurt Mr. Dunsmuir far more in the public esteem than it could possibly benefit him had it been ever so popular.

Then came Col. Prior, formerly a representative of the city of Victoria in the Dominion Parliament. A strict parliamentarian, an upright and conscientious man, the people hailed in him one on whom they could reasonably repose hope to save them from those who were eager to grasp such of the public lands as were left, or to get any sort of a concession that might prove a marketable commodity. It was during Col. Prior's premiership that the granting of the South Kootenay coal lands to the C.P.R. by the Dunsmuir Government came up for decision. Col. Prior took high ground on that matter and insisted on certain members of the Cabinet resigning. Then someone went over to the Department of Public Works and secured a copy of an account showing that Col. Prior's firm had received public money for a cable supplied for a Government work, and with this and



RICHARD MCBRIDE, PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

a copy of the contract his firm had made Col. Prior was confronted. This was clearly an infringement of the Independence of Parliament Act, and the Lieutenant-Governor called upon Col. Prior to resign, which that gentleman was forthwith constrained to do.

There sat in the Chamber for several sessions, a quiet observer of these many strange things and a ready speaker when occasion required, a young lawyer from New Westminster named Richard McBride, known to some as "Dick" McBride, for he was familiar to most and a favourite with all. Commanding in appearance, always faultlessly dressed, invariably engaging in manner, he was a striking figure in that House, which has seen many able and fine-looking men.

Mr. McBride is one of the native born, "native sons" they are called out there, the date of his nativity being

Dec. 15, 1870, and the place New Westminster, where his father held office under the Crown, so that he is now in his thirty-fifth year. He was primarily educated in the public and high schools of his native place and finished at Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S., whence he graduated LL.B. in April, 1900. Returning to New Westminster he entered law, in due course was called to the bar and practised for some time. From his youth he inclined to politics as an attractive science worthy of mastery, and early he took part in the discussion of public questions, gaining considerable prominence, so that in 1896 he was looked upon as a promising man and was nominated for the Commons in the New Westminster district, but was defeated by Mr. Auley Morrison. However, he had had an opportunity to show his power and win widespread

good-will, so that when he came before the people again in 1898, as a candidate for the Provincial Legislature in the riding of Dewdney, he was easily elected, as he was again in 1900. In that year Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir saw in the good-looking and able young lawyer from the banks of the Fraser a supporter worthy of encouragement, and he was appointed a member of the Government, being assigned the portfolio of Minister of Mines. Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir was inclined to conciliation of his foes rather than to fighting them, and when he called Mr. J. C. Brown, of Richmond, into his Cabinet, Mr. McBride objected, his protestation taking the form of resignation and he went into opposition. He also went over to Richmond and was instrumental in defeating Mr. Brown in his own constituency when, as a Cabinet minister, he went back for re-election. He continued to lead the opposition until the session of 1903, Col. Prior in the meantime having succeeded Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir. So that when Col. Prior retired from the House, Mr. McBride was by no means a novice. He was not exactly "an old Parliamentary hand," but he had the advantage of some experience and it was seen that he was on the way to the front benches. The opposition, made up of men of all parties, was not strong, but it contained some good debating talent and some likely politicians, of whom young "Billy" McInnes, of Alberni, was probably the brightest and cleverest. It is understood that when Col. Prior resigned he advised the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henri Joli de Lotbinière, to call a member of the House, who was a Conservative, to form a Ministry. Sir Henri is not a Conservative and did not incline that way. Under the circumstances he favoured the non-party plan of government, though its faults and weaknesses were plain and it had brought the Province to the verge of bankruptcy. The Lieutenant-Governor was intent on keeping out party politics, it was whispered, especially Conservative politics. But whom should he call? Now, there was young

McBride, able, wise beyond his years, tactful and amiable, and these qualities appealed to the courtly Sir Henri, whom the Princess Louise complimented as the best gentleman in Canada. Mr. McBride led a non-party opposition, and if called would he not form his Cabinet from among those around him? Here was the man, then, to form the Government. So Mr. McBride was called and accepted the task. The way he went about it must have been a disappointment to Sir Henri. There was none who saw the defects of non-party government in the Province clearer than the young Premier did. He had seen men of honour and high purpose trying to do what was impossible under that system, premiers who had a working majority one day and through some quibble lost it the next. He had seen men for mere selfish ends pass from one side of the House to the other. He had passed from one side to the other himself, but that was on a matter of principle. Had he consulted selfish interests he would not have done so, but his duty to himself and to the people demanded that he should so protest against what he could not approve of. He also saw that the complications to which the system gave rise, in putting the First Minister at the mercy of a refractory majority that might make exactions the price of their support, paralyzed all efforts at good government, destroyed confidence in legislation, which to-day was and to-morrow was not, and rendered the Executive powerless to effect any lasting good. For years the Province had been the plaything and the prey of designing politicians ready to appropriate anything for themselves or to secure the profits of appropriating for others by act of Parliament. What would stop this brigandage, restore confidence in legislation, and serve to rehabilitate the decaying credit and diminishing honour of the Province, rich in everything but men great and courageous enough to fight the good fight without any regard to self? Party government would in a measure serve; federal party lines with a strong

government and a watchful opposition ready to see and resent any improprieties. Then members could not tumble from one side of the House to the other to further sordid ends. Representatives would not only be responsible to the House and to the people, but to the party to which they belonged, the conventions that nominated them, and particularly to the caucus, which would discipline them while in attendance at the House. And the result would be good and conscientious men in Parliament, consistent with its dignity and with the dignity of the Province. "Everything is on a colossal scale in this magnificent Province," said Mr. Edward Hewitt in an impassioned speech at a public gathering in Vancouver. "Everything great—great coal measures, great mineral deposits, great timber areas, great fisheries; but there is one thing lacking, gentlemen, and that is great men," a happy and accurate estimate of the condition of affairs.

Premier McBride found that public opinion was with him in declaring for party lines. Weary of Cabinet shuffles, weary of the handspring politicians who tumbled from one side to the other, weary of defeated governments, harassed by frequent elections that disturbed and disorganized everything and effected no change for the better, the people plainly saw that party government, whether Liberal or Conservative, would at least give something tangible to depend upon, and Premier McBride had their full sympathy in the course he had chosen. Any change would be better than the uncertainty and confusion that had hitherto existed.

So, after considering the matter in all its bearings, and after exhaustive conferences with his friends and even those opposed to him, Hon. Richard McBride publicly declared for federal party lines, being the first in the history of the Province to assay so bold a step. He was a Conservative and had always been so, but if the fortunes of war decreed that he should go into opposition, then into opposition he would go and bend all his energies to

securing honest administration of affairs, so that the Province wherein he was born and bred and was dear to him should take the honourable position in Confederation that was hers, and be placed upon a stable basis that would restore confidence in her industries, revive those which through irksome and unwise legislation were dead of neglect or dormant through disuse, and make the land one to which the British and the Canadian investor could come with the surety that his undertakings would not be crippled by quibbling legislative enactment or his enterprise hampered by injurious imposts.

That the determination of the young Premier to take the important step his declaration foreshadowed should arouse considerable comment and criticism was to be expected. It disturbed the old-timers, who were content to jog along under the old arrangement, thinking it perfection, for was it not as in days past, and all change is suspicious, if not dangerous. Nescient and narrow is the old-timer, as a rule, wherever found. Apotheosis of the past is the chief tenet of his restricted creed. Modernity is intolerable to him, for nothing is equal to what was long ago. Even the seasons were better in the forties and the fifties, before weather experts began juggling with them. The suggestions and opinions of newcomers, always meaning change, are not to be tolerated. They "make him sick." It is difficult to grapple with this sort of prejudice, hard at any time to overcome it. Hon. Mr. McBride is no cheechahco (newcomer) himself, but he does not class with the grand old pioneers of the Province, the men who almost half a century before the stork left him at his father's door in New Westminster, were pounding the cheerless trails of the interior with slabs of pork and sacks of flour on their backs, opening up the country to enterprise and civilization. No, sir-ee. They were the men who made British Columbia. They know how much salæratus to put in their bread, and they knew how to

government, too. So they did not take kindly to the innovation the young Premier sprang on them. Halo! And it also disturbed the happy family of venerable old somnambulists, Whig and Tory, who have always looked on the Government in all its branches as their especial prerogative and pasture. Hon. Joseph Martin shook them up in a dreadful way. No such ruthless hand had ever been laid upon them. But they got rid of him, the tormentor, after a time, and were just about sinking into repose and peace, when here comes this young innovator, a "native son," too, to throw them again into haste and hurry. He wanted "system." Why, wasn't there system already? Wasn't everything going on all right? What more did he want?

If any of these complaints ever reached the Premier he made no sign, but went steadily along with his preparations. Liberals and Conservatives organized throughout the country, held their conventions, nominated their candidates and went into the campaign with enthusiasm. The Premier stumped the country from the boundary line to Atlin, and as far in the interior as he could conveniently go. Throughout, his utterances were straightforward and manly, on the higher plane of politics, and containing no promises that might compromise him. He threw out no offers of material advantage to men or municipalities that were to be paid for in votes, but brought to them the old message of Conservatism made new by his eloquence, for he is a ready speaker, though with a hard ring sometimes in his voice. He is tall and massively built, an athletic figure. His face is full, but pale; his eyes dark and keen, though kindly, and his hair is quite perceptibly streaked with grey, which is the fashion nowadays; a young face, if it be comely, and grey hair being considered the most attractive combination possible, especially among the women. He resembles Sir John Macdonald and he resembles Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and it has been suggested that a composite picture of the two would be a picture of Mr. McBride.

It was a hard-fought battle, and the Socialists proved a disturbing element. Both sides had fair organization and worked hard for success. When the returns were in it was found that the McBride administration had a small majority. Victoria had long been regarded as a Conservative city, but on this occasion the electors returned four Liberals. Had Victoria gone with the Premier he would have had a clear working majority of ten or twelve, which would have strengthened his hands for what he has to do. As it is he must depend upon the votes of the Socialists, two in number, to carry any measure he has in view. The old "graft" may be still in evidence, and may be in a position to demand favours, but Premier McBride is a tactful man who can move warily, and no one doubts his ability to cope effectively with any designing element. He has declared his intention to guard the Treasury and protect the public domain, and it is the conviction of his many friends that he will do it or fall defending the principle of public honesty. Those who know him say that he is not so fond of office as to stoop to anything questionable to retain it and mar a future big with promise to him. The people, so far as can be learned, are satisfied that he stands for truth and uprightness in public life, and that he will be faithful to his ideals. The true man, knowing the emptiness and deceit of popularity, does not seek to conform in his acts to popular views, because he is well aware that the path of duty is not to please all men. Therefore he must expect to meet the detraction of the scornful and the misrepresentation of the malicious; and even if slander wag her ugly and evil jaws at him he must learn to suffer and be silent. No need to go to Epectitus for the lesson of resignation and fortitude; for One far greater than he said: "Beware when all men speak well of thee," because he that puts forth his hand to straighten the crooked ways of this life will not be spoken well of, but will be an offence to many.

T. A. Gregg



THE SCORING OF THE RAJA

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Thoroughbreds," "Brave Hearts," etc.

BURRAPARA was Raja of his own domain after a fashion. The domain of Burrapara was on the Madras side, two days' steady steaming from Calcutta.

His father, the old Raja, aided by a bull-necked *Dewan* (Prime Minister), had ground down the *ryots* (farmers) for tax-money until the whole Raj had become practically bankrupt.

Then the British *Sirdar* (Government) stepped in and platonically arranged things. That's the *Sirdar's* prerogative in India.

Under the new *régime* thirty-six lakhs a year flowed into the coffers, and the burden on the shoulders of the *ryots* was lighter than it had been in the memory of ten generations. The Raja was allowed twelve lakhs a year for himself and court, while the *Sirdar* took the other twenty-four for managing the country, and incidentals.

The Double X Hussars were stationed at Burrapara as part of the governing faculty. It was like sending a public school to a watering place for duty. There were white palaces, and leisure Brahmins, and horses without stint; a big polo ground, a fine race-course, and a proper oriental atmosphere as background.

The Double X contingent had everything in life to make them happy—except the Burrapara Cup. Each year, for three years, they had reached out with a "by-your-leave-gentlemen" for this bit of plate, but each year it had gone back to grace the sideboard of the Raja.

Burrapara himself was a sportsman from the first tinkle of the bell. He gathered leopards and kept them in a cage; and once a year turned them out on the plain for an improved pig-sticking bout. This was at Christmas time.

The Double X took themselves to horse and hunted "Spots" with their lances. In the three years only two fellows had been mauled with sufficient intentness to cause their death—that is, two European officers; perhaps a score of beaters and shikarries had also been mauled, but they were His Highness's subjects, and did not figure on the European side of the ledger; so it was good sport, and of a fair interest.

The polo was as fast as they played it in Tirhoot, which is like looking at polo from the topmost pinnacle; and not one of the Double X played a bit faster or closer on the ball than Burrapara himself.

From an earthly point of view it was almost a paradise for men whose lines were cast along that plane. As I have said, the only unreasoning thing was the Cup—they could not get that. Yearly it sat big in pride of place at the annual Race Meet. It was donated by the Raja for an open handicap steeplechase of three miles. It was a reactive donation, for his own stable always won it. That was why the Double X were sad.

Captain Woolson started it. "If you fellows will back me up," he said, "we'll land that mug this try."

"Going to ham-string the Raja's horses?" Devlin asked. But Devlin

had no head for deep plots, Woolson knew that; he was only a lieutenant who danced well.

"The Raja gets this crazy old plate back every time because he's got the best nags," Woolson observed with an air of conviction.

"There may be something in that," Devlin answered, setting his glass down with a sort of "hear! hear!" ring.

"Devlin, you're an imbecile. You make remarks that are not in the game. What I mean is that we haven't a gee-gee in the whole bally troop that Burrapara can't give pounds to, with, at least, a dozen Arabs."

"That's what's the matter, Woolson," one of the officers said; "we're beaten before the race starts—that's what's the matter with getting the Cup."

"It's a great discovery," said Devlin, sarcastically.

"Look here, youngster, shut up!" said Captain Lutyens, wearily; "it's too hot to blather. Woolson's got a scheme, or he wouldn't be talking—talking's all rot, anyway."

"Yes," continued Woolson, "the Raja is as slick as a Brahmin. He gets fifteen or twenty Arabs down from Abdul Rahman at Bombay, gallops them a bit—heaven knows where, we never see the trial—and the best of the lot is chucked into this handicap light, being a green one, and beats all our well-pounded nags out."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Devlin, impatiently; "all the fellows know that. Your discovery is like going to hear 'Pinafore'—it's antique. Besides, it's not the Raja at all; it's O'Neill that does the trick. You're an unsophisticated lot, and O'Neill knows just what your nags can do. What do you suppose the Raja keeps him for—his beauty? It's to play the English game against you Feringhis."

Lutyens threw a box of matches at Devlin's head by way of entreaty, and the latter went out on the verandah swearing there was a conspiracy to keep him out of the good thing.

"Go on, Woolson," said Lutyens;

"tell us how to do up the Raja. That young ass is out of it now, so go on with the disclosure."

"Well, we'll have to get a horse down from up country on the quiet to do the trick. What do you think?"

"Where'll you get him?" asked Lutyens.

"Some of you fellows remember Captain Frank, don't you—Frank Johnson?"

"I do," said Lutyens, decisively. "I've had to live in retirement, financially, since I joined him in a big thing we were to pull off at Lucknow once. But he's always got a fast horse; generally—yes."

"Well, he's got one called Saladin now, that you simply couldn't handicap down to the form of the Raja's lot."

The others waited, and Woolson continued unravelling his brilliant plot.

"I saw a note in one of the Calcutta papers about this Saladin brute, and wrote up to Doyné. Doyné says he's dicky on his legs, but he'd stand a prep. for one race, especially in the soft going here. He's never won yet, because his legs wouldn't stand training on the Calcutta course. It's as hot and hard as a lime-kiln, as you fellows know. If we could buy him from Captain Frank, and play him a bit in polo here, he'd be sure to get in the handicap with a light weight, and we'd even up things with His Highness."

"I'm in it, if it's all on the square," said Lutyens. "The Raja's a good sort, and we must have it all straight."

"Gad! I'll tell him we're going to win with Saladin, if we get him," exclaimed Woolson. "But we mustn't let Captain Frank know about it; he'd never let any sort of a game go through unless he was Viceroy of it himself. We'll get Doyné to buy the horse, and Johnson can discover accidentally that he's being sent up to Tirhoot among the indigo sahibs, or to Heaven, or to almost any place but here."

"I'll stand doing Captain Frank up," said Lutyens with candour. "His hand is against every man, and, *pro tem*, we'll send a punitive expedition

against him. I don't mind that a bit."

The truth of the matter as concerning Woolson was, that there was a standing feud between him and Johnson over some brilliant *coup* at Lucknow, and he knew the Captain wouldn't sell him a horse at any price.

So that was the inception of the plot. Woolson was commissioned to acquire Saladin. He wrote his friend Captain Doyle to buy the horse as cheaply as he could—warned him against Captain Frank's rapacity, and explained that Saladin would be supposed to go to any part of the British Empire but Burrupara.

Doyle executed his commission with diplomatic enthusiasm. Johnson wanted three thousand rupees. Doyle offered two thousand and half the first purse the horse won, plate not to count. Theoretically that should have represented a considerable sum—in point of fact Doyle chuckled softly to himself over this commercial victory, for he knew that Saladin would win only the Cup at Burrupara and no prize money.

The horse was bought and shipped in a roundabout way to his new owners.

Woolson played him in polo just twice, then pretended to make a discovery. "I'm going to keep that chestnut brute for the races," he assured the Raja, "he can gallop a bit."

Burrupara smiled pensively, for he had Shahbaz in his stable, and it would take a rare good horse to beat him.

O'Neill was an ex-Hussar officer who had found the service too fast for his limited income. Influential friends had farmed him out to the Raja, and he was what might be called commander-in-chief of stables to His Highness. He also made a discovery, the Raja would never have found it out for himself.

"Look here, Your Highness," he said, "the Mess has got hold of a good thing at last. I don't know where they puckerowed that white-faced Arab, but he's a rare good one. He'll beat Shahbaz for the Cup."

"And—?" said the Raja, with oriental control.

"We must play the game too, Your Highness."

"You know best, O'Neill Sahib. It's in your department." The Raja liked to play at officialdom.

"Shall I get a horse to beat them, Your Highness?"

"What appropriation do you require?" asked Burrupara.

"Perhaps three or four thousand, Your Highness."

"I will command the treasurer," replied the Raja, laconically.

Now as it happened, O'Neill, before he left the service, had swung along in the racing game beside Captain Frank. "Frank knows every horse in India," he mused, "and if the rupees are forthcoming, he'll get just what I want." Though he had not the faintest idea that the Mess had got one from Frank.

So he wrote by the first mail steamer to Johnson:

"The fellows down here have picked up a horse somewhere called Saladin. Do you know anything about him? I saw them try him out, and he galloped like a wild boar. If you've got something in your stable to beat him I'll buy it or lease it. It's all about the Raja's Cup, three miles over timber, for Arabs and Countrybreds. Captain Woolson is at the bottom of it—I think you'll remember him."

Johnson puckered his thin lips and whistled long and softly to himself when he read the letter. "My aunt!" he ejaculated, "they played softly. Who the thunder told Woolson about Saladin?"

He shoved the letter into his pocket, lighted a cheroot, and played chess with this new thing for three days. Then he wrote to O'Neill:

"Woolson was born of commercial parents—he gets this thing from his father, who was a successful soap merchant. They bought Saladin from me to go up country. The Raja has my sympathy if he hopes to beat the chestnut with anything he's got there. I have nothing in my stable could look at him over three miles of country.

"But all the same, I think we can

beat out this joint stock company. I've got May Queen, and Saladin has always been worked with her. He's a sluggish devil, and has notions. He won't try a yard so long as the mare is galloping beside him; that's because they've worked together so much. He'll just plug along about a neck in front of her, and the more you hammer him the sulkier he gets.

"If you've got something fairish good in your stable, and the Raja will pay well for the expedition, I'll send the Queen down, and go myself later on to ride her, for the edification of our friend, the soap merchant's offspring. I'll guarantee you'll beat Saladin, only you must have something good enough to do up the others. Don't let them know where you've got the mare."

These affairs of state were duly laid before the Raja by O'Neill in a general way without too much attention to detail. Kings as a rule don't care for detail, they like to win, that's all. Burrapara simply gleaned that by the aid of a mare, a certain Captain Frank, and his own Shahbaz, he was to win once more his favourite toy; also triumph over the united ingenuity of the Double X Mess. The executive duties he left to O'Neill; also spoke the necessary word to the treasurer.

In two weeks May Queen was in the Raja's stables, and the wise men who had gone out of the West knew not of this back-wash in the tide of their affairs.

Two weeks later Frank Johnson sauntered into the Mess of the Double X with his *debonnaire* military swing, as though he had just returned from a week's shikarri, and lived there always.

"Great gattlings!" exclaimed Lutyens, "where in the name of all the Brahmins did you come from, Johnson? by all that's holy."

"Where's the balloon?" asked Devlin.

"Nobody ever come here any more?" asked Captain Frank, pitching into a big chair after solemnly grabbing each paw that was extended to him."

"Heaps of ordinary chaps," answered Lutyens.

"But visits like mine are like the cherubs, eh?"

"He's tons like a cherub," muttered Devlin; then aloud, "Here, boy, bring a peg, Captain Sahib's dry."

"Came down to the fair to pick up some smart polo ponies," Johnson volunteered. "Any racing at the fair?"

"Heaps," said Lutyens, thinking dismally of the accursed fate that had steered Captain Frank their way when they had got it all cut and dried for Saladin. "Make yourself at home, Johnson," he said, "I've got to make a call."

Then he posted down to Woolson's bungalow. "Guess who's here?" he said.

"Anybody big?"

"Size of an elephant."

"The C.C.?"

"No—Johnson."

"Great heavens! Not Captain Frank?"

Lutyens nodded; Woolson turned pale. "Does he know?" he asked dismally.

"Don't think it. It's a pure fluke, his coming; he's down after some polo tats."

Woolson's face showed that he was still mistrustful. "He'll stay for the races, sure."

"Uh-hu!" grunted Lutyens.

"And he'll spot Saladin; he's got devil-eyes, that chap."

"Uh-hu!" again assented Lutyens.

"We'll have to tell him, and beg him to keep quiet."

"I think so."

"You'll have to put him up, Lutyens, to keep him out of their hands."

"All right."

So that night Captain Frank learned to his great surprise that Saladin was in Burrapara. Gracious! but he *was* surprised. How had it happened—he had understood Doyne was sending him up country?

Woolson told the Captain a fairy tale about that part of it; but he had to be made free of the secret that they hoped to win the Cup with Saladin.

"Don't tell the Raja nor O'Neill," begged Lutyens. "The honour of the Double X demands that we win that Cup."

"I'll tell nobody," said Captain Frank. "Let everybody find out things for themselves—that's my way of working."

They cracked a bottle of champagne to this noble sentiment, and all that belonged to the Double X was placed at the disposal of Captain Frank during his sojourn amongst them. The Raja had a dozen bungalows splendidly furnished, always at the command of visitors; and Captain Frank assured Lutyens that one of these had already been placed at his disposal, so he declined the Double X Captain's hospitality. "Hang it!" he said to himself, "I can't eat his rations, and sleep in his bed, and play against him; that's too stiff an order."

As race day approached, events outlined themselves more clearly. The Raja had three horses entered for the Cup: Shahbaz, May Queen and Ishmael. Woolson had Saladin, and there were six other entries, not calculated to have much bearing on the history of the Cup.

"What's this May Queen thing?" asked Lutyens.

Nobody knew; not even where she had come from. She was a country-bred without a record, that's all that anybody could say. It didn't matter anyway, Shahbaz was what they had to beat, that was certain. O'Neill was riding this pick of the stable himself.

Two evenings before the race O'Neill came over to the Mess. He wanted somebody to take the mount on May Queen; the boy who was to have ridden her was ill, he explained.

"Johnson will ride for you," exclaimed Lutyens. "He'd get paralysis if he hadn't a mount at a meeting."

"Is she any good?" asked Captain Frank.

"We don't know much about her," answered O'Neill. "We'll declare to win with Shahbaz, but the mare may run well. The Raja'll be delighted if you'll pilot her."

"It'll be better," said Lutyens, "for an outsider to ride than one of our fellows."

"All right, I'll take the mount," exclaimed Captain Frank, "only I'd like to school her a bit to-morrow."

You will see that the tea set had been almost completed; because when Fate undertakes to arrange matters, there is seldom a hitch. Everybody works for Fate—everybody.

Of course there was a big lottery held at the Officers' Mess the night before the race; and the Burrapara Cup was the main medium for a plunge.

Woolson was suspicious. "I don't like it," he said to Lutyens. "Frank Johnson isn't down here for the benefit of his health; and I'll swear he hasn't bought a single gee-gee. We don't know anything about that mare; I've tried to find out where she comes from, but nobody knows."

"Do you suppose she's good enough to beat Saladin?" asked Lutyens, doubtingly.

"Well, Johnson rides her."

"I'm the cause of that," answered Lutyens.

"You may think so, but to me it looks like a job. O'Neill and Captain Frank knew each other in the old days. If they back the mare in the lotteries, I'm going to have a bit of it," asserted Woolson.

This little cloud of suspicion broadened out, until by the time the lotteries were on, there was a strong tip out that May Queen was a good thing for the Cup. The Mess ran Saladin up to a steep figure when his chances were sold in the lotteries.

Nobody but O'Neill wanted to back Shahbaz, and he went cheap. When May Queen was put up, Johnson laughingly made a bid, saying, "I'd back a mule if I rode him in a race."

"You're pretty slick, Mr. Frank," Woolson muttered; and he bid on the mare. This started it, and in the end May Queen fetched nearly as good a price as Saladin. It went that way all the evening; the Mess flattered themselves that they had stood by Saladin

pretty well—and they had. Of course Captain Frank couldn't well bid on Saladin, he explained; it was their preserve.

When they were finished at last, Captain Frank said to Woolson: "I've got that brute Shahbaz in two lotteries. You'd better take half to hedge your money; you're loaded up with Saladin."

"No, thanks," the other man said, with a clever glint in the corner of his eye, "I've also got May Queen, your mount; I've got enough."

"Do you want to part with a bit of May Queen?" the Captain asked carelessly.

"Not an anna of it. I'll stick to the lot. The Saladin money belongs to the Mess; we bought him together, but the May Queen business is nearly all my own."

He looked sideways at Johnson while he said this, watching the blonde-mustached face narrowly; then he spoke up with abrupt impetuosity, "Johnson, look here, you know all about that mare. Tell me whether it's all right or not."

"I think," answered Johnson, leisurely, pouring with judicious exactness half a bottle of soda into his peg glass, "that you fellows here are a bally lot of sharks. You've bought all of Saladin in the lotteries; the most of May Queen, and then want to know what's going to win. You'd better have half of Shahbaz now, and make a certainty."

"No, thanks, I'm filled up."

"Do you want to part with a bit of Saladin?"

"Can't do it. All the fellows are in it—all the Mess."

"I think you're missing it over Shahbaz. O'Neill thinks he'll win," drawled the Captain, appearing terribly solicitous for his enemy's welfare.

A little later Captain Frank rehearsed this scene to O'Neill. "I pretended to want a bit of Saladin or May Queen, but Woolson wouldn't part with any. Lord! but the father is big in the son. Stuck to his pound of flesh like a proper Ishmaelite. Then I

offered him some of Shahbaz in the lottery, but he shut up like a knife; he was afraid I'd force it on him. Tomorrow after Shahbaz wins, I'll say to him: 'I wanted you to take a bit of the good thing;' and he'll scowl, because he'll be sick at his stomach. I'll teach them to get a good horse out of me to do up a fine chap like the Raja, and then pay for him out of stakes that are not to be had."

Woolson's version of the same thing to Lutyens was slightly different, which only goes to show that human nature is a complex machine.

"Johnson's got stuck with Shahbaz in the lottery, and he's been trying to unload on me. He wanted a piece of Saladin. That's Captain Frank all over; pokes his nose in here on our good thing, roots around until he finds out something, then wants a share."

"I wish he hadn't come," said Lutyens, abstractedly. "Heaven knows what he'll do; he's like a Hindoo juggler."

"He can only win out on May Queen," retorted Woolson, crabbedly; "and I've got the biggest part of her in the lotteries myself."

"Yes, but the other fellows are all down on Saladin, and it's the Cup we're really after, not the rupees."

Woolson said nothing to this. The Cup was all right as a Cup, but it would suit him to land his big *coup* over May Queen.

The next day at the race-course Lieutenant Devlin sauntered up to Captain Frank and said: "Little Erskine, who is in the Seventh, over in Colombo, is in a bit of a hole, and I'd like to help him out. What I've got's no good to him—'t isn't enough."

"Say, youngster," drawled Johnson, "are you one of the forty thieves that got Saladin down here to do up O'Neill and the Raja?"

"Oh, I think the fellows played fair enough," answered Devlin, "but whatever it was they didn't ask my advice; in fact they drummed me out."

"What are the bookies laying against Shahbaz?" queried Captain Frank.

"Five to one," answered Devlin.

"What does Erskine need?"

"Couple of thou., I fancy."

"Have you got four hundred?"

"Yes; but can Shahbaz—"

"Don't be a damn fool," interrupted Captain Frank, with profane brevity.

It was time to mount for the Burrara Cup. As they jogged down to the post, Frank ranged alongside of Woolson who was riding Saladin, and said, "You'd better take half of Shahbaz still;" but Woolson tickled Saladin with the spur, and swerved to one side, pretending not to have heard.

O'Neill was riding Shahbaz, and to him Johnson said: "When we've gone half the journey, you slip up in front before Saladin gets his dander up. I'll keep close beside him and he'll never try a yard. But keep on in front, so as not to draw him out.

For a mile and a half half a dozen of the nine starters were pretty well up. As the pace increased and Shahbaz drew away in the lead, all of the others but Saladin and May Queen commenced to drop out of it. At two miles Shahbaz was six lengths in front; Saladin and May Queen were swinging along under a steady pull, neck and neck.

"He means to stick to me and beat me out," mused Woolson.

"The blasted idiot is kidding himself," thought Johnson. "He thinks he's got to hang to my coat-tails to win."

Saladin was keeping his eye on May Queen. He had been separated from his stable chum for weeks, and now he was galloping along beside her as in the old days. His soft Arab heart was glad. What a pity she couldn't gallop a bit faster though. The thrill of strength was in his muscles, and he would like to unstring his great tendons that soft warm day, and spurn the red, yielding earth. His leg wasn't a bit sore; ah, there was another horse on in front there. Why couldn't May Queen hurry up?

Soon his rider's legs commenced to hitch at his ribs, and Woolson was chirruping at him to move on. If they'd hurry his chum he would.

Woolson was getting anxious. There was only half a mile to go now, and Shahbaz was still well in the lead. He had ridden Saladin under a pull all the time, and fancied that his horse had a lot left in him; but now when he shook him up he didn't respond.

"Go on!" he shouted to Captain Frank. "We'll never catch Shahbaz."

"Go on yourself," answered the Captain, in schoolboy retort.

Woolson brought his whip down on Saladin's flank. Stung by it the Arab sprang forward, and for a second Woolson's heart jumped with joy. He felt the great muscles contract and spread under him, and fancied that he would soon overtake the dark bay in front. The mare struggled too; Saladin heard her labouring at his quarters, and waited patiently.

"Steady, you brute!" Captain Frank ejaculated to the mare, but Saladin knew the voice, and after that the man on his back amounted to very little in the forces governing the race.

With whip and spur, and profane appeals, Woolson laboured at his mount, throwing him out of his stride a dozen times. The mare struggled and strained every nerve to keep up with her stable companion. Saladin rebelled against the fool who was riding him, and sulked with Arab persistence; raced as he had always done at home with the mare, neck and neck.

Shahbaz was tiring badly. At the last fence he nearly fell; striking the top rail with his toes out of sheer weariness. There was only a short run in on the level now. Would he last out? If Saladin ever ranged alongside of him it would be all over, Johnson knew that. In the struggle he would forget about May Queen, and shoot by Shahbaz as though he were dead.

Woolson was in an agony of suspense. Shahbaz would certainly win, and he might have saved his money by taking Frank's offer. A sudden resolve seized him. Saladin was sulking and he was worse beaten than the

horse, he could not ride him out. He would take Frank's offer now.

Bending his face around toward Johnson he gasped "I'll—take—half—Shahbaz——" then he disappeared. That final grab had effectually settled the race. They were rising at the last jump, and his movement caused Saladin to swerve. The horse struck the rail heavily, and Woolson was shot out of the saddle, and planted inches deep in the soft earth on the outside of the course.

It had looked a close thing from the stand. "Saladin'll win in a walk," the Mess fellows said just before the fall, "Woolson's been waiting on

O'Neill, and now he'll come away and win as he likes."

When Woolson vacated the saddle so energetically a groan went up from them. When Shahbaz slipped by the judge's stand, three lengths in front of May Queen, they groaned again; but with official politeness cheered lustily for the Raja.

His Highness sat complacently eyeing the excited people. It was a very small thing to get agitated about, for he had won, you see.

Captain Frank bought Saladin back for a thousand rupees; beaten horses go cheap.



THE HEART OF THE WOODS

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER

THE wild heart of the woods ! therein is rest.
 Above me sways a sky of whisp'ring green,
 Around me far the silent shadows lean
 And listen to tree-music ; in their nest,
 The fond birds mother their young brood, so blest ;
 The purling brooks quench Summer's thirst ; the sheen
 And shimmer on the changing, Sylvan scene
 Is glorious to me, glad Nature's guest.
 A thousand happy mem'ries slumber here
 Beneath these oaks ; a thousand happy hopes
 Flutter upon the bending leaves in fear.
 And O the press of the cool grass ! The slopes
 Of Peace stretch wide before mine vision clear
 And slowly God's white finger Heaven opes.

LA MERE SAUVAGE*

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT



HAD not been at Virelogne for fifteen years. I went back there in the autumn, to shoot with my friend Serval, who had at last rebuilt his chateau, which had been destroyed by the Prussians.

I loved that district very much. It is one of those corners of the world which have a sensuous charm for the eyes. You love it with a bodily love. We whom the country seduces, we keep tender memories for certain springs, for certain woods, for certain pools, for certain hills, seen very often and which have stirred us like joyful events. Sometimes our thoughts turn back towards a corner in a forest, or the end of a bank, or an orchard powdered with flowers, seen but a single time on some gay day; yet remaining in our hearts like the images of certain women met in the street on a spring morning, with bright, transparent dresses; and leaving in soul and body an unappeased desire which is not to be forgotten, a feeling that you have just rubbed elbows with happiness.

At Virelogne I loved the whole countryside, dotted with little woods, and crossed by brooks which flashed in the sun and looked like veins carrying blood to the earth. You fished in them for crawfish, trout and eels! Divine happiness! You could bathe in places, and you often found snipe among the high grass which grew along the borders of these slender watercourses.

I was walking, lightly as a goat, watching my two dogs ranging before me. Serval, a hundred metres to my right, was beating a field of lucern. I turned the thicket which forms the boundary of the wood of Sandres, and I saw a cottage in ruins.

All of a sudden I remembered it as I had seen it the last time, in 1869, neat, covered with vines, with chickens before the door. What sadder than a

dead house, with its skeleton standing upright, bare and sinister?

I also remembered that in it, one very tiring day, the good woman had given me a glass of wine to drink, and that Serval had then told me the history of its inhabitants. The father, an old poacher, had been killed by the gendarmes. The son, whom I had once seen, was a tall, dry fellow, who also passed for a ferocious destroyer of game. People called them "les Sauvage."

Was that a name or a nickname?

I hailed Serval. He came up with his long strides like a crane.

I asked him:

"What's become of those people?"

And he told me this story:

When war was declared, the son Sauvage, who was then thirty-three years old, enlisted, leaving his mother alone in the house. People did not pity the old woman very much, because she had money; they knew it.

But she remained quite alone in that isolated dwelling so far from the village, on the edge of the wood. She was not afraid, however, being of the same strain as her menfolk; a hardy old woman, tall and thin, who laughed seldom, and with whom one never jested. The women of the fields laugh but little in any case; that is men's business, that! But they themselves have sad and narrowed hearts, leading a melancholy, gloomy life. The peasants learn a little boisterous merriment at the tavern, but their helpmates remain grave, with countenances which are always severe. The muscles of their faces have never learned the movements of the laugh.

La Mere Sauvage continued her ordinary existence in her cottage, which was soon covered by the snows. She came to the village once a week to get bread and a little meat; then she returned into her house. As there was talk of wolves, she went out with a

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gun upon her back—her son's gun, rusty, and with butt worn by the rubbing of the hand; and she was strange to see, the tall "Sauvage," a little bent, going with slow strides over the snow, the muzzle of the piece extending beyond the black head-dress, which pressed close to her head and imprisoned the white hair which no one had ever seen.

One day a Prussian force arrived. It was billeted upon the inhabitants according to the property and resources of each. Four were allotted to the old woman, who was known to be rich.

They were four great boys with blonde skin, with blonde beards, with blue eyes, who had remained stout notwithstanding the fatigues which they had endured already, and who, also, though in a conquered country, had remained kind and gentle. Alone with this aged woman, they showed themselves full of consideration, sparing her, as much as they could, all expenses and fatigue. They would be seen, all four of them, making their toilet round the well of a morning in their shirt sleeves, splashing with great swishes of water, under the crude daylight of the snowy weather, their pink-white Northman's flesh, while La Mere Sauvage went and came, making ready the soup. Then they could be seen cleaning the kitchen, rubbing the tiles, splitting the wood, peeling the potatoes, doing up all the house-work, like four good sons about their mother.

But the old woman thought always of her own, so tall and thin, with his hooked nose and his brown eyes, and his heavy moustache which made a roll of black hairs upon his lip. She asked each day of each of the soldiers who were installed beside her hearth:

"Do you know where the French Marching Regiment No. 23 was sent? My boy is in it."

They, answered, "No, not know, not know at all." And, understanding her pain and her uneasiness—they who had mothers, too, there at home—they rendered her a thousand little services. She loved them well, more-

over, her four enemies, since the peasantry feels no patriotic hatred; that belongs to the upper class alone. The humble, those who pay the most because they are poor, and because every new burden crushes them down; those who are killed in masses, who make the true cannon's meat, because they are so many; those, in fine, who suffer most cruelly the atrocious miseries of war, because they are the feeblest and offer least resistance—they hardly understand at all those bellicose ardours, that excitable sense of honour, or those pretended political combinations which in six months exhaust two nations, the conqueror with the conquered.

They said on the country-side, in speaking of the Germans of La Mere Sauvage:

"They are four who have found a soft place."

Now, one morning when the old woman was alone in the house, she perceived far off on the plain a man coming towards her dwelling. Soon she recognized him; it was the postman charged to distribute the letters. He gave her a folded paper, and she drew out of her case the spectacles which she used for sewing; then she read:

"Madame Sauvage,—The present letter is to tell you sad news. Your boy Victor was killed yesterday by a shell which near cut him in two. I was just by, seeing that we stood next each other in the company, and he would talk to me about you to let you know on the same day if anything happened to him.

"I took his watch, which was in his pocket, to bring it back to you when the war is done.

"I salute you very friendly,

"CESAIRE RIVOT,

"Soldier of the 2nd class, March. Reg. No. 23."

She did not cry at all. She remained motionless, so seized and stupefied that she did not even suffer as yet. She thought: "V'la Victor who is killed now." Then little by little the tears mounted to her eyes, and the

sorrow caught her heart. The ideas came to her one by one, dreadful, torturing. She would never kiss him again, her child, her big boy, never again! The gendarmes had killed the father, the Prussians had killed the son. He had been cut in two by a cannon ball. She seemed to see the thing, the horrible thing: the head falling, the eyes open, while he chewed the corner of his big moustache as he always did in moments of anger.

What had they done with his body afterwards? If they had only let her have her boy back as they had given her back her husband—with the bullet in the middle of his forehead!

But she heard a noise of voices. It was the Prussians returning from the village. She hid her letter very quickly in her pocket, and she received them quietly, with her ordinary face, having had time to wipe her eyes.

They were laughing, all four, delighted, since they brought with them a fine rabbit—stolen, doubtless, and they made signs to the old woman that there was to be something good to eat.

She set herself to work at once to prepare breakfast; but when it came to killing the rabbit, her heart failed her. And yet it was not the first. One of the soldiers struck it down with a blow of his fist behind the ears.

The beast once dead, she separated the red body from the skin; but the sight of the blood she was touching and which covered her hands, of the warm blood which she felt cooling and coagulating, made her tremble from head to foot; and she kept seeing her big boy cut in two, and quite red also, like this still palpitating animal.

She set herself at table with the Prussians, but she could not eat, not even a mouthful. They devoured the rabbit without troubling themselves about her. She looked at them askance without speaking, ripening a thought, and with a face so impassible that they perceived nothing.

All of a sudden she said: "I don't even know your names, and here's a whole month that we've been togeth-

er." They understood, not without difficulty, what she wanted, and told their names. That was not sufficient; they had written them for her on a paper, with the addresses of their families, and resting her spectacles on her great nose, she considered that strange handwriting, then folded the sheet and put it in her pocket, on top of the letter which told her of the death of her son.

When the meal was ended she said to the men:

"I am going to work for you."

And she began to carry up hay into the loft where they slept.

They were astonished at her taking all this trouble; she explained to them that thus they would not be so cold, and they helped her. They heaped the trusses of hay as high as the straw roof; and in that manner they made a sort of great chamber with four walls of fodder, warm and perfumed, where they should sleep splendidly.

At dinner one of them was worried to see that La Mere Sauvage still ate nothing. She told him that she had the cramps. Then she kindled a good fire to warm herself up, and the four Germans mounted to their lodging place by the ladder which served them every night for this purpose.

As soon as they closed the trap the old woman removed the ladder, then opened the outside door noiselessly and went back to look for more bundles of straw, with which she filled her kitchen. She went barefoot in the snow so softly that no sound was heard. From time to time she listened to the sonorous and unequal snorings of the four soldiers who were fast asleep.

When she judged her preparations to be sufficient, she threw one of the bundles into the fireplace, and when it was alight she scattered it over all the others. Then she went outside again and looked.

In a few seconds the whole interior of the cottage was illumined with a violent brightness and became a dreadful brasier, a gigantic fiery furnace, whose brilliance spouted out of the

narrow window and threw a glittering beam upon the snow.

Then a great cry issued from the summit of the house; it was a clamour of human shriekings, heart-rending calls of anguish and of fear. At last, the trap having fallen in, a whirlwind of fire shot up into the loft, pierced the straw roof, rose to the sky like the immense flame of a torch, and all the cottage flared.

Nothing more was heard therein but the crackling of the fire, the crackling sound of the walls, the falling of the rafters. All of a sudden the roof fell in, and the burning carcass of the dwelling hurled a great plume of sparks into the air amid a cloud of smoke.

The country, all white, lit up by the fire, shone like a cloth of silver tinted with red.

A bell, far off, began to toll.

The old "Sauvage" remained standing before her ruined dwelling, armed with her gun, her son's gun, for fear lest one of those men might escape.

When she saw that it was ended she threw her weapon into the brasier. A loud report rang back.

People were coming, the peasants, Prussians.

They found the woman seated on the trunk of a tree, calm and satisfied.

A German officer, who spoke French like a son of France, demanded of her:

"Where are your soldiers?"

She extended her thin arm towards the red heap of fire which was gradually going out, and she answered with a strong voice:

"There."

They crowded round her. The Prussian asked:

"How did it take fire?"

She said:

"It was I who set it on fire."

They did not believe her, they thought that the sudden disaster had made her crazy, so while all pressed round and listened she told the thing

from one end to the other, from the arrival of the letter to the last cry of the men who were burned with her house. She did not forget a detail of all which she had felt, nor of all which she had done.

When she had finished she drew two pieces of paper from her pocket, and to distinguish them by the last glimmers of the fire, she again adjusted her spectacles; then she said, showing one: "That, that is the death of Victor." Showing the other, she added, indicating the red ruins with a bend of the head: "That, that is their names, so that you can write home." She calmly held the white sheet out to the officer, who held her by the shoulders, and she continued:

"You must write how it happened, and you must say to their mothers that it was I who did that, Victoire Simon, la Sauvage! Do not forget."

The officer shouted some orders in German. They seized her, they threw her against the walls of the house, still hot. Then twelve men drew up quickly before her at twenty paces. She did not move. She had understood; she waited.

An order rang out, followed instantly by a long report. A belated shot went off by itself after the others.

The old woman did not fall. She sank as though they had mowed her off her legs.

The Prussian officer approached. She was almost cut in two, and in her withered hand she held her letter bathed in blood.

My friend Serval added:

"It was by way of reprisal that the Germans destroyed the chateau of the district, which belonged to me."

As for me, I thought of the mothers of those four gentle fellows burned in that house, and of the atrocious heroism of that other mother shot against the wall.

And I picked up a little stone, still blackened by the flames.

HOW OUR GRANDFATHERS LIVED;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF CANADIAN PIONEER LIFE

By FRANK YEIGH



BUT a century has been required to revolutionize the way of living in the English-speaking part of Canada.

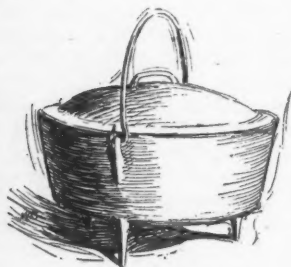
Rural Quebec has felt the revolution to a much less degree, but in Ontario the change from the conditions of life of a hundred years ago has been a radical one. It is, indeed, difficult to realize in this age of rapid transportation, applied science and ready accessibility to the necessities as well as the luxuries of life, that these simpler times of our forbears are not more remote. Mr. Goldwin Smith—now an octogenarian—bridged his span of life when, in a reminiscent mood, he was able to say: "I have talked with a man who talked to the man who was Premier of England in 1801—to Addington about Pitt. I remember the rejoicing in England over the Reform Bill. I remember seeing the farm-buildings near my father's house burned by raiders who

opposed the introduction of threshing machines. I recall, as a lad, seeing the servants light the fire with a tinder box. I have seen a man in the stocks. I have heard the curfew. I taught his present Majesty King Edward English History when he was a lad."

In like manner there are thousands still living in our own land who have passed through experiences similar to those here related; there are many more, of a later generation, who have had the domestic life of the early nineteenth century brought vividly to mind by these aged eye-witnesses.

The advantages in thus recalling some of the ways in which our grandfathers lived are obvious. The comparison will serve as a basis for estimating the distance we have advanced in little more than two generations. It should, moreover, lead us to recognize more fully the debt we owe to those valiant pioneers for the brave battles they fought under adverse conditions. If Canada should ever have a Hall of Fame or a Roll of Immortals, these humble foundation-builders would deserve a niche equally with the heroes of the battle-field or the leaders of State.

One may further realize the former days by recalling that Canadians of 1800 had no railways, no steamboats, no highways, in the modern sense, no telegraphs or telephones, no harnessed electricity, no "horseless horse cars," no automobiles (thank Heaven!). They were practically without clergymen,



BAKE KETTLE

doctors, judges or lawyers, and the schoolmaster was not yet abroad in the land. The abundant crop of parliamentary representatives of to-day (over 700 in all the legislative bodies of Canada) had not then begun to sprout in earnest. There was little money in circulation with which to carry on business; there were no stores to speak of, and consequently no bargain days! There was no gas and no such thing as a match; the flint and steel, or the brimstone-tipped pine stick was relied upon for starting the flame. There were no envelopes, no blotting-paper, no steel pens, and the sand box was in requisition to dry the ink; in fact, there was a sad lack of what we in this wiser generation regard as essentials.

But there were compensating advantages: a simplicity and wholesomeness of life that ensured health and length of days; so long a life that an old family record speaks of the "premature" death of a man of 84! There was a rational enjoyment of God's best blessings of nature, a hearty, unaffected social life, and a sound moral sense of right and justice. There was mutual self-help, a hospitality that was not measured by motive, a burdened table of good things where it was bad form to refuse what was offered, no matter what nature's penalty might be. In a word, a sane mode of life was lived that produced strong men and brave women.

Brave in truth were our grandmothers—brave in what they endured in the loneliness and isolation of pioneer life; in the dangers, too, when the weird howl of the hungry wolf was heard in the forest near the clearing, or when the stealthy-stepping Indian would glide like an apparition, unheralded and unannounced, into the log home. Brave were they in the spirit in which sorrows were borne and testing trials met.

The ladies of a century ago did not, fortunately, have to rely upon the fashion-plates of a daily paper. Native feminine talent transformed their limited material into serviceable gar-

ments. At first the hides of the fur-bearing animals, obtained from the Indians in barter, were the chief source of clothing supply. One can easily imagine that a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, well-built lassie of 1800 would, when clad in deerskin petticoats and skirts and squirrel-skin bonnet, break masculine hearts quite as disastrously as if she had worn creations of a modern modiste. And the utility of a deerskin petticoat, that could not be torn by a rough journey through the woods, or the turning of a deerskin suit into a warm bed-cover at night, will commend itself to every feminine descendant of our mothers' mothers.



A MACHINE FOR BREAKING THE FLAX—
USUALLY KNOWN AS A HACKLE.

No fancy-pointed patent shoes dressed their feet, for there were no tanners, and for many a year no shoemaker, until itinerant St. Crispins came on the scene—shoemakers on circuit, like the preacher and the schoolmaster of the early days. They were the days, indeed, when the settler was a many-sided character, for he was perforce carpenter and blacksmith and shoemaker and tailor if need be rolled in one.

Let us draw back the curtains of Time and peep into a pioneer log home. The rough-walled retreat is but rudely furnished and its floor is carpeted with skins or rag-carpets. A ladder leads

to the attic, where any number of men-folk can be stowed away at night-time. The hearthstone is the altar of the home, and seated in a semi-circle around it are its priestesses. Busy, busy, always busy are the women-folk, amid a buzz of talk that mingles with the hum of the distaff or the song of the spinning-wheel.

There sits Grandmother in front of the deeply recessed fireplace which glows cheerily red from the giant back log that required the strength of a horse to draw it to the cabin door. A benediction is in Grandmother's placid face, an inspiration in her smile, and evident peace of heart under her quaint starched cap. Stirring tales the dear old mother can tell—of the flight of her Loyalist family from the New England home to the shores of Quinte, involving hardships that show what stuff Grandmother was made of! Tales too of the trials of the first days in the new land, when a fresh start in life had to be made.

There too sits the dear Mother in homespun, and even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, so Mother, by the loadstone of love,

attracts her brood to her skirts. All the bonny children are early taught to work. That we can see as we gaze into the interior, to spin and sew if they be girls; to fashion tools and implements if they be boys. To the right is a group of daughters, breaking, scutching and

spinning flax from which will come the table linen and wearing apparel that will last a lifetime. Sewing and knitting machines are unknown, but Nature's deft hands are the implements that produce the best of goods. So work away the lassies.

What a wonder-palace the log-ribbed room is! Who would ever dream that such an inventory of articles could be crowded in the little apartment! On the fireplace shelf are the heirlooms in crockery, travelled crockery mind you, for it has seen foreign lands and crossed the Atlantic in a clipper ship and afterwards heard the cannon of a Revolution. The light of the burning logs is added to by the tallow

dips and the candles, and there, sure enough, is the candle box and the candle mould. The gourd dipper hangs from its nail, and the skimmer for use in the sugaring off is its neighbour. They have often worked together in the maple woods. Shining warming pans speak of warm feet. Waffle irons too, and I'll warrant the waffles tasted as good as the word suggests. And by the same token, I'll wager the hand-made tooth puller gave as much pain as its black outline and size indicate. Strong enough it appears to pull the molar of a mastodon.

Ah, what is this? Shocking, shocking,—a toddy ladle, as brazen in its boldness as the capacious punch bowl itself! Pewter plates, mugs and spoons are in a military line. Spoons of wood too and forks of iron and buck-handled knives that saw action three times a day. And there is a contrivance for cutting loaf sugar in the days when it was sold in large chunks.

All these utensils and many more are dignified by a place on the shelf. Above hang hand-made lanterns. Old guns that invariably kicked—and killed. Powder horns, discoloured with years of use. A tin dinner horn of prodigious length that has called many



WAFFLE IRONS



GOURD DIPPERS

a labourer from the stump-strewn fields to his meals. Axe heads, a score of them it seems, and the oldest boy over in the corner, whittling something, can sink the biggest axe of the lot up to its hilt in a soft elm or maple at one blow, for those were the days of muscle—applied muscle.

The apple-parer and bone gouge for coring the apples bring up visions of the days of the social bee—apple bees, husking bees, quilting bees, logging and clearing and barn raising bees—all of them times of social gayety, especially when the wandering fiddler could be waylaid for the events. Good old-fashioned fun did our grandfolks get out of life on these great occasions, even though the wag-at-the-wall clock solemnly ticked its disapproval.

The bushy-browed settler bends to stir up the slumbering fire with the long-handled poker, for a fierce heat is radiated from the deep bed of embers, and as the eye follows his movements it catches sight of the world of pots and pans and kettles that swing from the great cranes. If we are patient we will later have a glimpse of the sacred hour of cooking in the old log cabin palace of peace; we will see, too, how the mothers of the former time did without new fangled cooking stoves and gas ranges and patent ovens and cook books and ready-to-be-eaten mysteries. In this old bake kettle is being placed a big batch of dough, and kettle and contents are then buried in the red-hot ashes, and covered, lid and all, with the glowing embers.

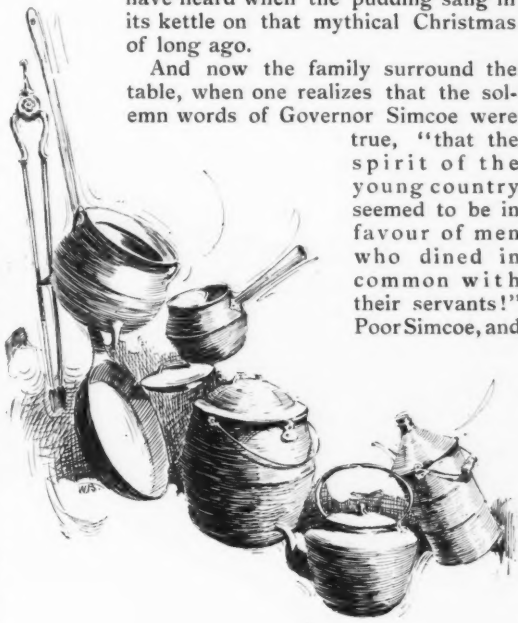
What stores of goodies issue from the hearth! Cookies—what a world of meaning the word still holds! Cakes, corn and wheat and honey and pound cakes. Pies, deep, luscious, abiding! Pasties, meat pasties at that, the receipt for



AN EARLY FRYING-PAN

which came from Devon. And the pasties have the finest of browned juice on the curled-up edges of the paste. Honey in the comb. That implies bees and bee-keeping, and the blowing of horns and pounding of tin cans to keep the bees from going away when swarming. But there are more good things in this ancient menu, such as apple tarts and apple sauce, and dried-apple dishes in galore; pease puddings, sourkrout, ginger bread, fat fowl roasted on the turning spits, meats fried in the long-handled pans to a cheerful tune from the spluttering gravy, like unto the succulent sound that Tiny Tim must have heard when the pudding sang in its kettle on that mythical Christmas of long ago.

And now the family surround the table, when one realizes that the solemn words of Governor Simcoe were true, "that the spirit of the young country seemed to be in favour of men who dined in common with their servants!" Poor Simcoe, and



"The world of pots and pans and kettles"

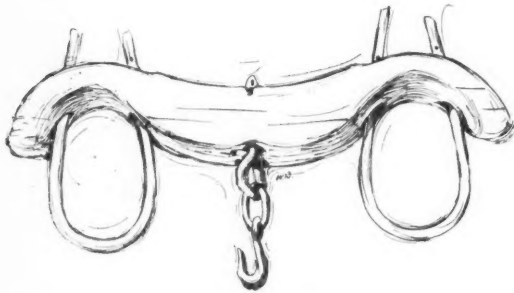
he trying to plant a modified aristocracy in the land by appointing military officers to government positions!

These early century menus sometimes meant sacrifice and cost, when the settler had to carry his limited store of wheat a hundred miles or more to the nearest mill in order to bring back a precious supply of flour. Nature, however, was often prodigal in her gifts of food when the wild fruits were in abundance, and game and fish abounded. But there was not always a full pantry. Terrible must have been the experiences of the Hungry Year of 1788 in Canada, when the frogs saved many a life from starvation, and the newly-planted potato

shore. Famous sport had our grandfathers when they were young, shooting black squirrels, trapping wild pigeons, spearing salmon, or scooping them up in prodigious numbers. The skilful red man was wont to spear the fish by torchlight as he stood alert in the prow of his canoe. The hunting of the larger game and the attempt to exterminate the wolves also led to many an exciting adventure in the depths of a Canadian forest.

Eating has ever gone with drinking, and the toddy ladle we saw in the cabin home forces the further truth to be chronicled that in the beginning days of Canada's life whisky drinking was not unknown; when, in fact, it was consumed by the bowl full, and when a man's standard of capacity was placed at two quarts. At twenty-five cents per quart the cost was not excessive. For years there was but one distillery between York and Kingston, and as an accessory to the stronger liquid, as soon as orchards began to bear, the cider jug was a feature of the capacious cellars, along with the barrels of winter apples and the bins of roots and vegetables.

Drinking was a feature of the various "bees." On the occasion of a barn raising a man would mount the top plate of the skeleton structure, swing a bottle three times around his head and throw it in the air. If it fell unbroken it meant good luck, evidencing one of the many superstitions prevalent in the early times. Other forms of superstitions were the supposed sight of a winding sheet in a candle flame, or that the howling of a dog at the moon meant trouble for the inmates of the house, or when a sudden shudder came over one it foretold that an enemy was walking over the spot which would later be one's grave. May was regarded as an unlucky month in which to be married, and it was equally unlucky to kill hogs in the wane of the moon.



THE OX-BOW WHICH PLAYED SO LARGE A PART IN CLEARING THE FOREST LANDS OF EASTERN CANADA

had to be dug up and eaten. There were times, too, when the wheat froze in the head and wheat bread was in consequence an absent article of diet. On other occasions the government supply trains were overtaken by the winter and frozen up, as a result of which the settlers who were depending upon the expected stock were compelled to have recourse to the buds of basswood trees, and beef bones were loaned from neighbour to neighbour as stock for soup. Both the white men and the Indian relied much upon the animal and fish life. The waters teemed with fish as the air with birds, and the woods with small game as well as deer and moose. There was no limit to the wild ducks, especially along the water stretches of the Quinte

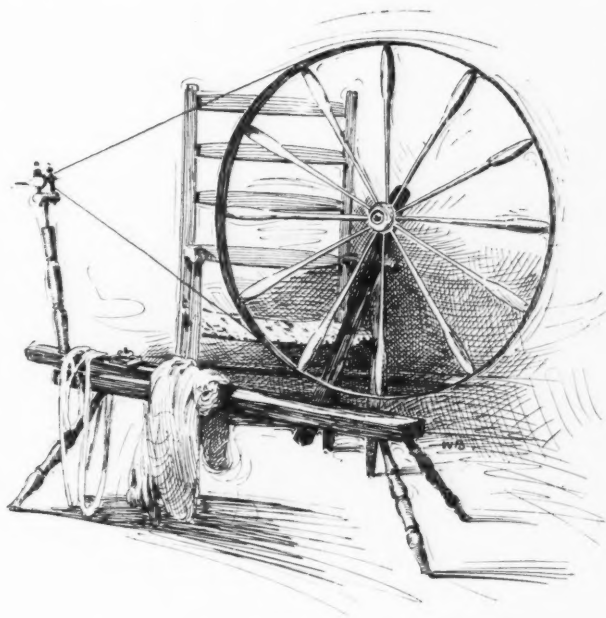
Speaking of weddings reminds one that there was marrying and giving in marriage in the same pioneer times. The courting was sometimes carried on in Indian fashion, when the fair Hebe would run through the forest in a pretended effort to escape the pursuing lover, who invariably caught his victim. A kiss was the sign of victory, and the wedding soon after closed the romantic chapter.

There were difficulties innumerable in the way of these trusty hearts of old. For years there were scarce half a score of clergymen of the established church in Upper Canada authorized to perform the marriage ceremony. A few magistrates held the same power. To-day all that a modern lover needs is a two-dollar bill for a license—and a girl! But in 1800 and thereabouts the happy couples were sometimes compelled to travel long distances on foot or on horseback to wait on minister or magistrate. An interesting tale of early Canadian life records the fact that rings were as scarce as clergymen or magistrates. One official, rather than turn away an ardent couple that had walked twenty miles to his settlement, found on a primitive pair of skates a rough steel ring. Though a homely substitute the bride was told she must perforce wear it to make the ceremony binding, and wear it she did for many a long year thereafter, and the trophy is a highly-prized heirloom among her descendants to-day.

It is interesting to read in this con-

nection of the dowries of our grandmothers. A generous one was a piece of land, a colt, a heifer, a yoke of steers, two sheep, some pigs, a linen chest with bed and bedding and feather ticks, crockery and cutlery and some hand-made furniture. The wedding fee stood for a long time at one dollar.

All the furniture of the time was perforce hand-made, such as chairs with elm-back seats, tables of rough hewn boards, and bedsteads—four



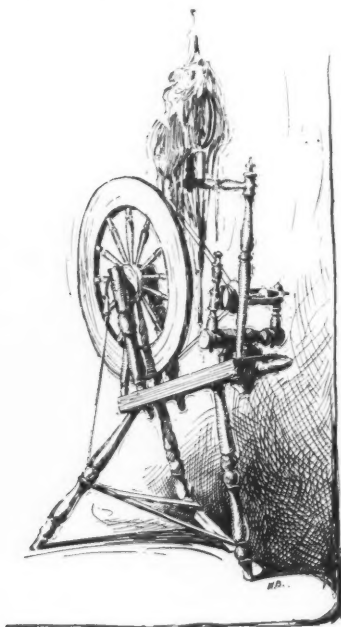
A SPINNING WHEEL USED BY OUR GRANDMOTHERS

posters—cut from the native lumber. Sometimes the baby's cradle was the sap trough of the sugar season, but lined with blankets and resting on rockers, our pioneer babies slept soundly and never did the trough hold a sweeter burden.

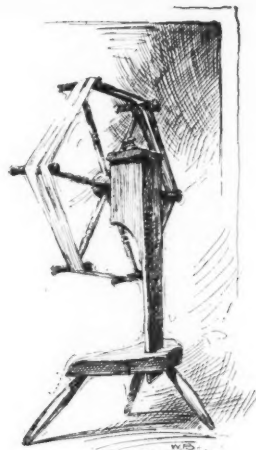
Practically all the implements were hand-made—the reels for winding yarn, the hand looms, the trunks made of bark and the beehives of plaited straw, the plows with wooden frames and wrought iron mould boards, the

primitive harrows made of the butt end of a tree which the oxen hauled around the stumps in the process of "bushing in." Scythes, cradles and flails were the precursors of mowers, reapers and threshing machines. The wheat was sometimes ground at home by pounding or crushing it in the burnt-out hollow of a stump, a block of wood attached to a springing pole acting as a pestle in the mortar cavity.

The ways our grandfathers travelled is in interesting contrast with modern methods. The horseback way was for years the only means of covering long distances through the bush, with the oats in the saddle bags, a gun or tomahawk for weapons, and provision for camping out if night overtook the traveller. Journeying by water was in bateaux or flat-bottomed Durham boats. After a time, along with better roads, came the springless waggon with boxes resting directly on the axles and chairs for the use of the passengers in the body-racking journey.



A SMALLER-SIZED SPINNING WHEEL



A YARN REEL

A writer describes the old waggon and stage coaches "as rolling and tumbling along a detestable road, pitching like a scow among the breakers of a lake storm, with road knee-deep in mud and an impenetrable forest on either side." It of necessity took weeks of time to cover the distance, for example, between York and Kingston or Niagara.

The market prices for commodities also throw a suggestive light on the days of our grandfathers. An ancient price list of 1804, quoted by Canniff Haight, reads as follows: A gimlet 50 cents, a padlock \$1.50, a jack knife \$1, calico, \$1.50 per yard; tea, eight to ten shillings a pound, Halifax currency; needles, a penny each; ball of cotton, 7d; board of pigs, \$1 a week; an axe, \$2.50; salt, 6d a lb.

The early store was a departmental store in miniature, and bartering was the chief feature of trade. An old lady of my acquaintance has told of buying a farm with a saddle, and a yoke of oxen in another case was traded for 200 acres of land. Butter, cheese, homespun clothing, lumber, pork, ox hides, molasses, shingles and potash were a widely varied list of articles used in trading. In the Talbot Settlement in 1817 it took eighteen

bushels of wheat to buy a barrel of salt and one bushel of wheat for a yard of cotton. The first clocks were \$40 each. Before the clock days a line was cut in the floor, and when the sun's rays reached the meridian height they were cast along this mark through a crack in the door to indicate the noon hour.

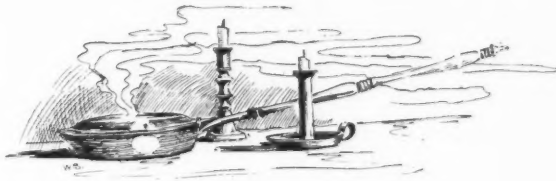
Pens cost thirty cents each, but the easily secured quill long held its supremacy. Postage was payable according to distance—not exceeding sixty miles, 4d; 100 miles, 7d; 200 miles, 9d; and greater distances in proportion.

One should not forget in this picture of pioneer life the first church, with men and women sitting on opposite sides, when the circuit rider made his infrequent visits and preached sermons of a length commensurate with the rarity of their delivery. One of the humorous bits of the early Upper Canadian archives is the request sent to London that a "pious" missionary be sent out to the benighted settlers of Upper Canada. The first log school houses also deserve a word, with the huge box stove in the centre around which long wooden benches were

ranged, too high for the feet of the toddlers to reach the floor. Tired and sleepy, the tiny students sometimes created a panic by tumbling off their uncomfortable perch!

The administration of justice was accomplished under arduous conditions. There were few gaols or court-houses; accommodation for jurors, lawyers and others was most limited, and many a trial was held under the trees or in a tent. Jurors were often compelled to journey fifty miles or more, and to take ten or more days before returning home. When the first gaol was built in York it was made large enough to hold debtors as well as criminals of a deeper dye, the gaoler receiving 5s. a day salary, and 1s. 3d daily for the maintenance of each prisoner.

Such are some of the glimpses of early Canadian days. All honour to our sturdy pioneers for the work they accomplished, the characters they evolved, and the rich heritage they passed on to their children. May we of the twentieth century be as true to our conscience and country as our grandfathers—and grandmothers!



WIND SONG

BY INGLIS MORSE

PLAY out thy song, O wind of Time,
O wind of a thousand years!
Life's solemn joys and falling tears
Are in thy voice sublime.

Play out, O wind, play out thy song,
To hopes that have forever fled
Into the land of the long lost dead,
Whither have passed earth's throng!

Play out thy song of olden days,
Of dreams that nevermore shall be:
In murmuring repose, both full and free,
Now haste thee on thy various ways!



CHAPTER VII—LOW EBB OF BRITISH FORTUNES—MILITARY APATHY IN MIDDLE AND SOUTHERN COLONIES—OFFICIAL CORRUPTION IN CANADA—MAGNETIC INFLUENCE OF PITT ON BRITISH AFFAIRS—WOLFE AND AMHERST—SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG—REJOICINGS IN ENGLAND—1757-1758.

LOUDON, it will be remembered, received the fateful news from Fort William Henry while yet upon the ocean, and it must have been a bitter moment when he realized how completely he had been outgeneralled. For the bloodless failure in Nova Scotia he could blame others; for the bloody tragedy on Lake George his own tactics were wholly responsible. He relieved his temper by vowing vengeance against Montcalm as an abettor of savages and murderers, and sent word by a fast-sailing craft to Webb to hold out at Fort Edward till he could send him reinforcements. It was the last of August when he landed his troops at New York. But the French, as we have seen, had, for urgent reasons, abandoned all attempts at an advance up the Hudson, and had returned in part to Canada to save the harvest, and in part to Ticonderoga to make that post secure. Loudon is supposed even now to have cherished thoughts of attacking the French fort-

ress, but if so he soon abandoned them on a closer view of the situation. In intention he was the very soul of energy; in execution he remains, whether from his fault or his ill-fortune, the typical sluggard of the Seven Years' War in America.

Sir William Johnson had joined Webb at Fort Edward, with a small band of his Indians, just about the time of the fall of William Henry, and a day or two after, but all too late, raw militia had begun to pour in by the hundred. Their behaviour, however, was so mutinous, and their conduct so riotous, that Webb was glad enough to dispense with such troops and disband them, now that their services were no longer needed.

Only one incident of moment marked this depressing autumn of a year of disgrace and failure, and that of a kind by no means calculated to lighten the general gloom on the Mohawk River. Near those forts that Webb had, it will be remembered, destroyed in his panic after the fall of Oswego, was a



WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

To whose energy and determination much of the later success of the war was due

colony of thrifty Palatine Germans. Far behind civilization, in this beautiful and fertile valley, these industrious settlers had been labouring for forty years, and were now a community of some three hundred souls, well situated in comfortable homesteads and tilling valuable farms. It was a popular creed among French-Canadians that the Germans of the British colonies were dissatisfied—a queer delusion in regard to people who revelled in an independence far more novel to them than to Englishmen. By way of

encouraging other Germans to crave for the paternal government of France, one, De Bellaitre, was despatched by Vaudreuil with a hundred Canadians and two hundred Indians to read them a lesson. Paddling up the St. Lawrence from Montreal, past the now familiar Thousand Islands into Lake Ontario, they struck southward to Lake Oneida, crossed the portage of the Mohawk watershed, and fell suddenly upon the unhappy Teutons, killing every man that resisted, destroying their live stock, and carrying off

more than a hundred women and children into captivity. A small British detachment from Fort Herkimer hurried up, but they were too late, and in any case too weak. Lord Howe, commanding further down at Schenectady, was strong enough, but he arrived much too late and found nothing but the smoking ruins of homesteads and hundreds of slaughtered sheep and cattle.

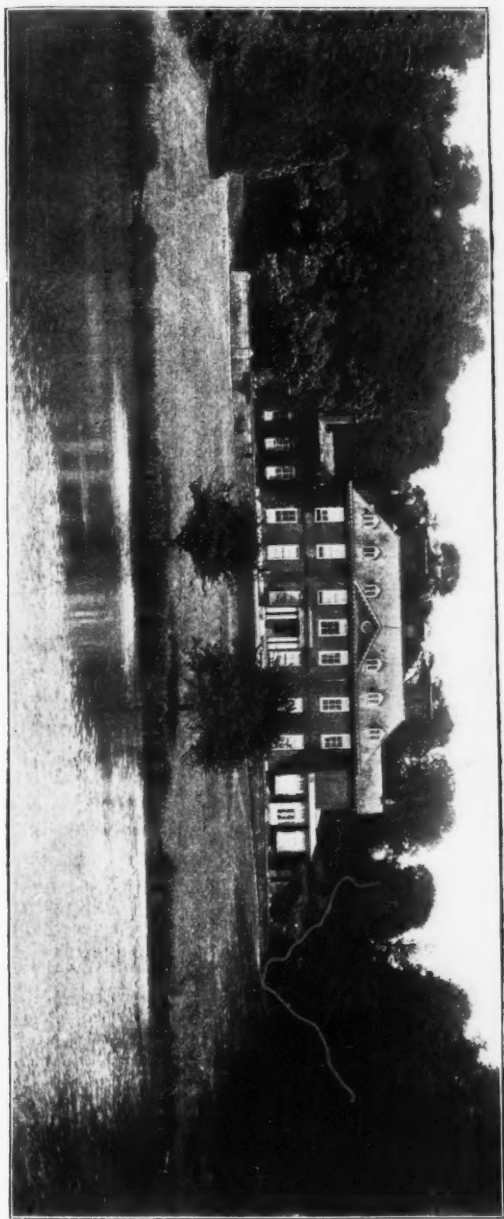
In the meanwhile, the Indian heroes of Fort William Henry, who had been almost as great a curse to their friends as to their foes, paraded their wretched prisoners at Montreal, and by no means yielded them all up to the not very insistent overtures of Vaudreuil. One of these English captives, writes Bougainville who was just then on the spot, they killed in presence of the whole town and forced his miserable companions to devour. It is even asserted by French writers that mothers were compelled to eat portions of their own children. Bougainville shuddered at the horrors he saw, but was impotent, for Canadian public opinion was lenient to these little Indian vagaries so long as other people were the victims. Bigot the Intendant, no man of war but an expert in crooked contracts, calmly stated that the savages must be kept in good humour at any cost. Vaudreuil, for his part, was quite proud of his magnanimity in purchasing, with Government brandy, the lives of men who had surrendered to his troops under signed articles; while Indians reeled in crowds about the rude streets of Montreal, insolent, offensive, drunken and dangerous.

It was a gloomy enough winter, this one of 1757-58, in the British provinces. Loudon's troops had retired to isolated snowbound forts, or to their much-grudged but no longer disputed quarters in the principal cities. It was the lowest point ever touched by Anglo-Saxon fortunes in America. Oswego and William Henry were scenes of desolation; Louisbourg was contemptuous and defiant behind its bristling rows of cannon and massive ramparts; the colonists even of New England

were disheartened and disillusioned as to the invincibility of British troops, and sore both with their generals and their officers. The frontiers of the more southern colonies still ran with blood, and the labours of a generation on a belt of country nearly four hundred miles in length had been swept away. Washington, struggling almost alone with provincial legislatures, as twenty years later he struggled quite alone with the continental congress, had patiently striven to mitigate the misery. He had now been over two years at the frontier village of Winchester, in the valley of Virginia, eating his heart out in vain endeavours to stem the hordes of Indians led by Frenchmen, who swarmed across the stricken borders of the middle colonies. "I have been posted," he wrote in the preceding spring, "for more than twenty months on our cold and barren frontiers to perform, I think I may say, an impossibility; that is, to protect from the cruel incursions of a crafty, savage enemy a line of inhabitants more than three hundred and fifty miles in extent, with a force inadequate to the task." He was still only twenty-five, but a head and shoulders above any colonial soldier outside New England. He had no chance of gain or glory with his thousand or so "poor whites," ill-paid and discontented, and recruited with infinite difficulty. His officers were often of no better discipline. One of them, he tells us, sent word on being ordered to his post, that he could not come, as his wife, his family and his corn crop all required his attention. "Such," says Washington, in a white heat, "is the example of the officers, such the behaviour of the men, and upon such circumstances the safety of this country depends." Three colonies, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, with some half-million whites, to say nothing of rude and populous North Carolina, could only wring from this large population a wretched, half-hearted militia of 2,000 men, recruited largely from the burnt-out victims of the frontier. Where, one may well ask, were the

squires of Virginia and Maryland, who swarmed along the eastern counties of both provinces, and whose comfortable homesteads reached to within a hundred miles of the scene of this bloody war, of their fellow-countrymen's long agony, and of the impudent invasion of their country? To mention a dozen or two young men of this class who rallied to Washington, would only be to aggravate the case, if such were possible, in the face of these statistics. Men of substance and education, accustomed to horse and gun, "outdoor" men in fact or nothing, were quietly staying at home by thousands unstirred by feelings of patriotism or vengeance, and apparently untouched by the clash of arms and the ordinary martial instincts of youth. Their grandfathers had fought; their sons were to fight; their descendants were in the last civil war to be among the bravest of the brave. What was this generation doing at such a moment? Washington, whose local patriotism no one will dispute, and whose example shone like a beacon light amid the gloom, cursed them often and soundly in his letters for doing nothing. It was fortunate for these colonies that Pitt and people of Maryland and Virginia are more than most other Americans proud

SÖRERYES COURT, NEAR WESTERHAM, KENT—HERE A GENOTAPH MARKS THE SPOT WHERE WOLFE, A BOY OF FIFTEEN, PLAYING WITH HIS MATES, RECEIVED THE ENVELOPE CONTAINING HIS COMMISSION IN THE ARMY





GENERAL AMHERST
FROM REYNOLD'S STEEL ENGRAVING

of their ancestry—not because they were thrifty merchants, for they ignored commerce; not because they were famous navigators, for they were not sea-goers; not because they were thrifty farmers who made two blades of grass grow where one had grown before, for they were sad economists in this respect. The sentiment is by way of being that which holds good in Europe, and regards ancestry in the accepted sense of the word as synonymous with an aptitude for arms. But the tobacco squires of the Seven Years' War were lamentably wanting in those generous and martial impulses which supply almost the only motive for pride of race, and quite the only one where high culture and learning are absent,

whose absence from the homestead was, for the most part, a serious matter.

"Nothing," wrote Washington, "keeps me from resignation but the imminent danger to my country. The supplicating tears of the women and moving petitions of the men melt me into such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease."

Washington was giving up a life of ease and comfort, neglecting an estate to whose management he was greatly attached, and those field sports which, next to fighting, were the passion of his life. Here, however, on this shaggy blood-stained frontier, without

as was here the case. There is no traversing the facts; they are bare and patent, and it has always seemed to us one of the most unaccountable incidents of American history. Think of South Africa to-day, and, indeed, the parallel is not an inapt one, save that in the racial struggle for North America the prize was greater. Think of the colonists of every class so lately crowding by thousands to the front, though none of their women, children or friends have been scalped and murdered. Indeed, for that matter, turn to Massachusetts at that day, who alone sent to the front ten or fifteen thousand close-fisted, industrious farmers, men whose labour was their daily bread, and

means to fight effectively, neither glory nor even thanks were to be gained. He lost his temper more than once, and wrote incontrovertible but imprudent letters to the Virginian authorities at Williamsburg, falling thereby into the bad books of the gentlemen who regarded the state of the frontier with such prodigious equanimity. At one time an obscure Maryland captain of thirty men, who held a king's commission, had claimed precedence of the young colonel and commander of the Western Frontier. Washington had then ridden the whole way to Boston—four hundred miles—to put the matter straight with Shirley, then in chief authority, and ensure against its recurrence.

The Canadians, too, had suffered greatly this winter. The troops were reduced to small rations of horse flesh, and only the tact and ability of de Lévis averted a general mutiny. The small social circles of Quebec and Montreal, however, lacked for nothing, but danced and dined, and intrigued and sleighed in merry parties along the frozen river or through the silent pine woods white with their load of snow. The Bureaucracy, with Bigot at their head, followed with unabated ardour their career of fraud and trickery. Never were a king and his subjects more flagrantly cheated. They sold their provisions sent from France for the relief of the colony and pocketed the money. They fixed the price of grain by law, bought it all up, and then retailed it at famine prices. They sold Government supplies twice over in collusion with the officers who had to sign the receipts. They purchased supplies for the king's use through so many confederate hands, that the price



ADMIRAL EDWARD BOSCAWEN
AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. REYNOLDS

was three or four times that originally paid for the articles. They intercepted food granted by the king to the hapless Acadian refugees, sold the larger part back to his Majesty at high prices, and half starved the miserable outcasts on what was left. The command of an outlying fort was regarded as equivalent to a small fortune, and bestowed accordingly on friends and relatives. The usual method was to give vouchers for twice or three times the amount of stores actually purchased, and to exchange the Government presents sent to the Indians for skins or furs. It may well be asked, What was Montcalm himself, the soul of honour, saying to all this? As a matter of fact, his position under de Vaudreuil, who was

himself mixed up in the frauds, was sufficiently delicate to make interference difficult. But Montcalm did take means to acquaint the home Government, already suspicious of the vast sums of money demanded, with the condition of affairs, and their eyes gradually opened. It is not perhaps wholly to be wondered that France lost some of her enthusiasm for an offspring that tugged so incessantly at the strings of her almost empty purse, and showed so little profit for the investment. The letters to Vaudreuil from his Government at last grew harsh and threatening, as the rascality of the whole business began to dawn on the hitherto credulous Ministers of Marine. But it was too late. Pitt was about to settle down to the greatest work ever achieved by a British Minister. The colony was now entering a death-struggle in which ledgers and vouchers would be for the time forgotten; and there is good reason to suppose that many a tell-tale document went to feed the flames which the British torch or shell fire had ignited. But the corruption of the Canadian civil officials, and a great number of the colony officers, did not interfere with the actual fighting power of the military machine, which was itself a hardy plant. Food and clothes and ammunition for men on active service were always forthcoming. If they had not been, Montcalm would have asked the reason why, with a forcible authority, such as in civil affairs he could not call to his aid.

It was at the opening of the ever-memorable year of 1758 that Pitt, free at last from the shackles of his predecessor's plans and his predecessor's generals, applied his great gifts to the task before him. Great Britain was sunk in despondency. Chesterfield declared we were "no longer a nation." If any man had asserted that in two or three years we should take our place at the head of all nations, never as a world-power to again relinquish it, he would have been accounted as fit only for Bedlam. Many, though they could not know what we do now of the then state of

France and Canada, thought we should be stripped of all influence, if not of all foothold in America, while the fear in England of a French invasion returned as regularly as the summer leaves.

To free his mind of all paltry cares, Pitt had flung the sordid part of government to Newcastle, who revelled in it. It was part of his bargain that where the honour or the safety of the nation were at stake his word was law, his appointments indisputable; and he proceeded at once with fine audacity to make hay of privilege, of family interest, of seniority. The incapables were relegated to obscurity, and those who might have caused annoyance were soothed by Newcastle with pensions, compliments, or honours, which most of them perhaps preferred to service in America. Small pay and brevet rank for his servants seems to have been, too, a sop that Pitt felt it advisable, for the sake of peace, to throw to the long list of rejected generals, who seem therein to have found some strange consolation. Fortunately, Pitt's young men had, for the most part, souls above titles or lucre, though Wolfe was hard pushed for necessary money; and his widowed mother, after his death, made futile representations to the Government for some financial recognition of the work done by the conqueror of Quebec. Pitt's plans were not merely to reduce France to her legitimate sphere in America and make her harmless against Great Britain in Europe, but to drive her wholly from the western hemisphere, to wrest from her every possession she had outside her own borders, to leave her crushed, humiliated, and powerless for aggression.

To this end he appealed with impassioned fervour to the heart of England, and by a genius unequalled in our history, and that seems to us who have not seen or heard him, almost magical, brought an apparently half-moribund nation into an ecstasy of patriotic ardour. Every one who approached the great statesman caught the inspiration, and every man in Eng-

land who had a heart at all felt the blood coursing more briskly through it. Those whom Pitt called especially to serve him and maintain the nation's honour went to the camp or to the wilderness with an enthusiasm for their chief and country, and a sense of exhilaration that had for long been almost wholly lacking.

With Pitt's assistance in Europe to the gallant Frederick of Prussia we have nothing to do. It will be sufficient to say that the Duke of Cumberland's reverses were fully avenged, and the French repulsed at every point.

As for the American campaign, which constitutes our story, there was not much opening for strategic ingenuity. As I have endeavoured, with perhaps undue reiteration, to make clear, there were certain routes through the northern wilderness by which French and English could seriously attack each other, and none other. There was nothing new, therefore, in Pitt's American programme for 1758 but the men who were to carry it out and the kind of spirit which animated them. Above all, there was the enthusiasm with which the people of England—particularly of that substantial but unrepresented middle class to whom Pitt's personality appealed—supported him with heart and purse.

Loudon had abandoned the only true path of American warfare, probably because his predecessor, Shirley, a civilian, had planned it, and, as we have seen, left New York almost defenceless in a vain attempt to gather laurels upon distant shores. It was no thanks to him that the colony was still in British hands, and Pitt now recalled him with contemptuous brevity. It is only to be regretted that Abercromby did not sail in the same ship. The excuse put forward for making such concession to routine in the matter of this luckless officer is, that Pitt felt secure in the fact that the young Lord Howe, one of the most rising soldiers and most estimable characters in the British army, would be at his right hand; but, however probable, this is, after all, but a matter of conjecture.

Ticonderoga, Fort Duquesne and Louisbourg were to be the objects this year of three separate expeditions. Of the first, Abercromby, now in America, was to be in command; and of the second, Brigadier Forbes, a Scottish soldier of merit and energy. Louisbourg was made a matter of prime importance, as the fleet was to co-operate. Amherst, a colonel serving in Germany, was recalled to take command of the land force with the rank of General, and under him went three brigadiers—Lawrence, whom we have met before in Nova Scotia; Whitmore, of whom little was known, and lastly, in a good hour, James Wolfe.

As Wolfe's name is the most luminous by far in the annals of the war, a few words on the previous record of this illustrious young soldier will not be amiss. He was of that Anglo-Irish stock which has given to the nation so many leaders, though his particular branch of the family had been back in England again for two or three generations when the hero himself was born. His father was a general in the army, who in youth had seen service under Marlborough, and in advanced middle age, after Walpole's long peace, took the field again in South America and Scotland.* His mother was a Miss Thompson, daughter of a Yorkshire squire. The Wolfes had just taken a small but picturesque Tudor house which still stands in the outskirts of the little Kentish town of Westerham, where their eldest son, James, was born. There he and his brother, who died in his first campaign, spent their early youth. In the gardens of Squerryes Court, close by, an inscribed cenotaph marks the spot where the hero of the Plains of Abraham received the envelope containing his first commission while playing with his friends the Wardes, whose descendants still live there, and in the stately Queen Anne mansion are still treasured those hundred and seventy or so well written and characteristic

*Wolfe's father went north with Wade in the '45 as a General of Division, though very infirm and taking little part in the operations.



BURNING OF THE LAST TWO FRENCH SHIPS IN LOUISBOURG HARBOUR BY BRITISH SAILORS—JULY, 1758

FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING IN TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

letters in which the young soldier unconsciously tells the story of his life.

There is an old Welsh legend relating how Owen Glyndwr, while still a babe in arms, if he caught sight of a sword or a spear, gave those in charge of him no peace till it was placed in his infant fingers. Wolfe, not in legendary lore, but in actual deed, was only less precocious in his martial ardour; for when his father, then commanding a regiment of marines, was waiting in camp to embark on the luckless expedition against Carthage, the boy—then just thirteen—brushing aside his mother's tears and entreaties, and overcoming his father's less pronounced objections, actually succeeded in getting himself attached to the regiment as a volunteer. Happily they were not yet on board when he was seized with some childish malady and sent home again, and put to school.

At fifteen, however, Wolfe actually received his commission, and joined Duroure's, or the 12th regiment of foot. At sixteen he fought in the battle of Dettingen, acting as adjutant throughout the whole of that sanguinary day, which his boyish pen has graphically described. Proud of his profession and of his country, fearless in battle and ardent in his duties, he got plenty of the work that was in those days crowded on a willing horse. At the breaking out of the Jacobite rebellion of '45, though barely nineteen, he had won his way, without backing or interest, to be brigademajor. He fought through this campaign in Barrel's regiment (the 4th foot), and afterwards on the Continent, where he was wounded at Lauffeldt. He then had some ten years of home service in command of the 20th regiment, partly in Scotland doing police work among disaffected Highlanders, and partly in southern garrisons, chafing vehemently the while at such enforced inactivity. In such times, however, he never lost an opportunity of improving himself, studying mathematics and classics, as well as military history. He fished and shot when the

chance offered with equal ardour. He was fond of society, both grave and gay, was a graceful and industrious dancer, and expected his subalterns to be the latter at any rate. All Wolfe could do in the years of peace between the two wars he did do in the path of professional duty, for he left his regiment the best disciplined of any in the British army, and one much sought after by ambitious youths and prudent parents. He was a singular blend of the dashing fighter, the strict disciplinarian, the ardent student, the keen sportsman, and society man. He was religious without ostentation, studious without any taint of the prig, and brave even to recklessness.

The long, gaunt figure, the pale, homely face and red hair, of which Wolfe himself was always so humorously conscious, are a familiar memory to most people, while his wretched health is also a matter of common notoriety. He loved as ardently and as faithfully as he fought, for being unsuccessful in his first attachment—a daughter of the Sir Wilfrid Lawson of that day being the object of it—he remained for years true to her memory, and proof against all other charmers till within a few months of his death. What kind of a son he was his correspondence shows. Almost the only thing he would not do for his mother was to marry any of the heiresses that excellent lady was in the habit of pressing upon his notice. In 1757 he had been sent as fourth in command of the luckless expedition against Rochelle, led by Sir John Mordaunt, and was the only man that came out of it with any credit. Even this consisted only of intentions which the supineness of his chief forbade him to carry out; and that so slight an incident caught Pitt's attention is characteristic of his genius. Wolfe's professional ardour in those dull times, together with his rather uncommon temperament, made him regarded in some quarters as eccentric. Some one told George II he was mad. "Mad, is he?" snarled out the old king, soured by the recent displays of British strat-

egy. "Then I only hope he'll bite some of my generals."

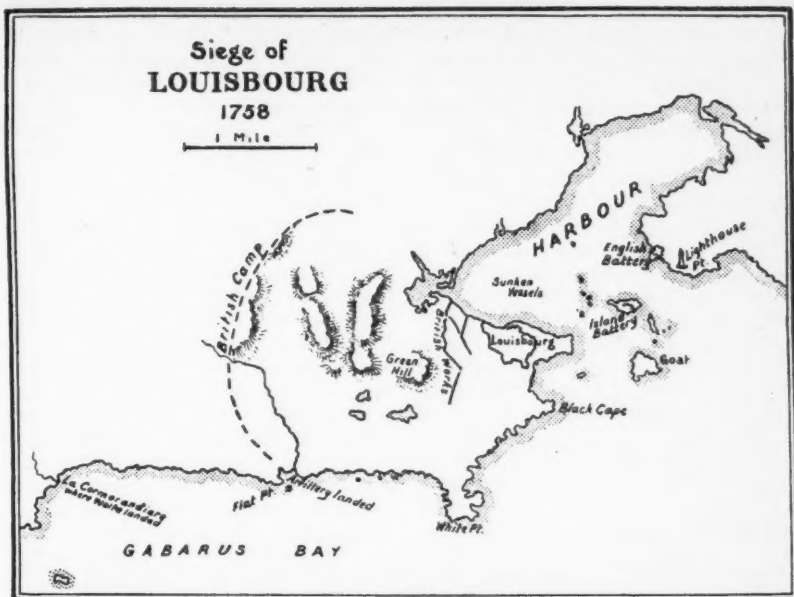
But Pitt's first care this year was to prevent, if possible, any men or provisions from crossing the ocean for the relief of Canada. Armaments for this purpose were known to be preparing in Rochefort and Toulon, so Hawke and Osborn were sent with sufficient ships to effectually thwart both enterprises. As a big fish chases a shoal of frightened fry on to the shallows, so Hawke drove the French fleet at Rochefort helter-skelter on to their own rocks and sandbanks, to their very great detriment, while Osborn guarded the Straits at Gibraltar, a position which the armament at Toulon did not venture to dispute.

Boscawen, who was to command the North American fleet and take Amherst's army to Louisbourg, was a son of Lord Falmouth and a grandson of that too-famous Arabella Churchill, who had married after her relationship with James II had ceased. He was therefore of the Marlborough blood; but Boscawen's nicknames of "Old Dreadnought" and "Wrynecked Dick" suggest rather the bluff seadog of the period than any flavour of coronets and courts. In any case he was known as a good sailor and, what at this moment was equally important, might be trusted to act cordially with Amherst, and not follow the too-prevalent fashion of thwarting the soldier because he himself was of the rival trade. For there was not much love lost in those days between the services, and they were both apt to show their feelings only too plainly for the public welfare when called upon to act together. The sailor, from the nature of his services on these occasions, was the greater sinner, and national enterprise, strange though it seems now, had suffered often and sorely from the friction. The naval officer of those days, as everybody knows, was, with some exceptions, a rough diamond. Taken as a class, he was not the social equal of the soldier, and this in part, no doubt, accounted for his unconciliatory attitude. But a change, both in the *per-*

sonnel and the sentiment of the navy, was now creeping in, and Boscawen amply proved his capacity for putting professional prejudice aside when the honour of his country was at stake.

It was the 19th of February, 1758, when the Admiral sailed out of the Solent with Wolfe on board and a fraction of the army which was to operate against Louisbourg. The rest of the force was to be made up by troops from Loudon's army of the previous year, which was waiting at Halifax. Amherst was to follow immediately. Buffeted by winds from the very outset, and forced for some days into Plymouth, it was nearly three months before the fleet appeared in Chebucto Bay and dropped anchor in Halifax harbour on May 10th. Quebec, of course, was in the mind of Pitt and of his generals, should fortune favour them, and that quickly, at Louisbourg; but in the matter of weather she had so far been the reverse of kind, and they had already lost a month out of their quite reasonable calculations. Amherst arrived a fortnight later, and with a fleet of nearly 200 ships of all kinds, and an army of 12,000 men, sailed out of Halifax harbour and bore away through heavy seas before a favouring wind to Louisbourg. On June 1st the soldiers had their first sight of "the Dunkirk of the North," lifting its formidable ramparts behind a white fringe of ragging surf.

Louisbourg, as may perhaps have been already gathered, was no town such as Boston or New York, or even Quebec and Montreal, the focus, that is to say, of a surrounding civilization; but, on the contrary, it stood like a lone oasis between a shaggy wilderness and a grey sea, the sport of storms and fogs. It counted a population of 4,000 souls, some of whom were fish-merchants and some priests, but many were engaged in various pursuits connected with the trade of war. Louisbourg, indeed, scarcely professed to represent the interests of peace; it existed for war and for war alone. France, at the late treaty, had strained



MAP SHOWING THE CHIEF POINTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE GREAT SUCCESSFUL SIEGE OF LOUISBOURG BY THE BRITISH IN JUNE AND JULY, 1758

every diplomatic nerve to recover the town from the grip of the New Englanders, who in the last war, with the help of a British fleet, had seized her in a moment of comparative weakness. England, deaf to the cries of her colonial subjects, had then yielded, and was now paying the price of her blindness. With her fine harbour, her natural defences, her commanding situation in the northern seas, Louisbourg only existed as a menace to the enemies of those who held her, a refuge to the hunted, a rallying-point for the hunters of the ocean; the scourge of Nova Scotia, the curse of the Newfoundland and New England coasts, and a name as familiar then in Europe as it is now forgotten. Since its restoration to France, a million sterling had been spent on the fortifications. Franquet, the eminent engineer, assisted by skilled artificers, had done the work, and from behind its two-mile circle of stone bastions and massive curtains of well-mortared masonry nearly 400 can-

non frowned defiance upon all comers. Drucour was now governor, while about 4,000 men, mostly French or Canadian regulars, in addition to the same number of inhabitants, with a year's provisions, awaited Amherst behind the walls. But this was by no means all, for the *Sutherland*, of sixty guns, met the British fleet in the offing with the news that seven line-of-battle ships and five frigates, carrying 550 guns and 3,000 sailors, were at anchor in the harbour to assist in the defence.

Louisbourg harbour was some seven miles in circumference with an entry so blocked with reefs and islands that the actual passage was not half a mile in width. The town occupied the point of the promontory which guarded the western mouth of the harbour, and formed a triangle; one side being lashed by the breakers of the Atlantic, the other washed by the land-locked waters of the harbour, while the third, or base, facing the only approach by land, was the most strongly fortified. Goat Is-

land, in the centre of the harbour mouth, commanded the eastern or navigable channel, and carried a battery. But these, after all, formed only a portion of the strength of Louisbourg. For several miles to the west, the only side from which a force could to any practical purpose be landed by sea, the shores of the bay of Gabarus presented an iron barrier of cliffs and reefs, only broken here and there by narrow coves that could be readily defended. A first line of defence therefore existed, formidable in itself to any but the boldest foe, before a single shell could be dropped over the walls of the town. Each of these points had now been strongly intrenched, mounted with batteries, provided with pits for riflemen, and protected by the formidable and familiar American method of felled trees laid with their branches outward.

Amherst's army consisted of about 12,000 men, made up of the following corps: The 15th (Amherst's), 17th (Forbes'), 28th (Bragg's), 35th (Otway's), 40th (Hopson's), 47th (Lascelles'), 48th (Webb's), 58th (Anstruther's), the first and second battalions of the 60th or Royal Americans, and the 63rd (Fraser's Highlanders); there were also five companies of rangers and artillery, with about 140 guns of varying calibre. The Highland regiments had been recently raised by Pitt, to whom belongs the honour of converting the late enemies of the British Government into battalions that were to prove one of the most formidable of its weapons. The Royal Americans, too, whose acquaintance we have already made, were the origin of battalions no less famous in British annals. Most people, I fancy, would be surprised to hear that the 60th Rifles was first raised in America, and consisted not merely of colonists, but very largely of German colonists; so much so, indeed, that it was found advisable to procure a number of officers from Switzerland and Germany who could speak their language. Their chief, Colonel Bouquet, was a Swiss, an extremely able and accomplished officer,

who was now in Pennsylvania with Forbes, and of whom we shall hear later. He has moreover left a journal of his doings in America which is well worthy of perusal.

Boscawen had twenty-three ships of the line and seventeen frigates, and it was the 2nd of June before his whole fleet arrived off the town. A heavy sea was running, and the rugged shore was white with an unbroken line of raging surf. Amherst, however, with Lawrence and Wolfe, the latter still suffering sorely from his dire enemy, seasickness, took boat, and rowing along the coast, surveyed it through their glasses. There were only three places at which a landing was possible, even when the weather moderated, and these, it was seen, were all strongly intrenched. On the 5th the wind dropped a little but gave way to a fog, which was even worse. On the 6th both wind and fog moderated, and the troops were placed in the boats, but the wind again increasing, they were ordered back to the ships. The sailors, with all the will in the world, thought gravely of any attempt to land. Boscawen sent for his captains one by one, and they were all inclined to shake their heads. A fine old sea-dog, however, one Ferguson, captain of a sixty-gun ship, the *Prince*, would have no halting, and by his vehemence turned the scale in favour of prompt action. On the evening of the 7th the wind fell slightly, the night proved clear, and soon after midnight the men were once more dropped into the boats. It had been arranged that the attack should be made in three divisions on three separate points. Lawrence and Whitmore were to threaten the two coves nearer the town, while Wolfe made the actual attack on Kennington Cove or Le Coromandiere, the farthest off, the most accessible, but also the most strongly defended, and some four miles distant from the city.

When morning broke upon the short summer night, all was ready for a start, and at sunrise the entire fleet opened such a furious cannonade as had never been heard even in those

dreary regions of strife and tempest. Under its cover the boats pushed for the shore, Wolfe and his division, as the chief actors in the scene, making for the left, where, in Kennington Cove, some twelve hundred French soldiers, with a strong battery of guns, lay securely intrenched just above the shore line and behind an abattis of fallen trees. As Wolfe's boats, rising and falling on the great Atlantic rollers, drew near the rocks, the thunder of Boscawen's guns ceased, and, the French upon shore still reserving their fire for closer quarters, there was for some time an ominous silence, broken only by the booming of the surf as it leapt up the cliffs or spouted in white columns above the sunken rocks. Heading for the narrow beach, the leading boats were within a hundred yards of it when the French batteries opened on them with a fierce hail of ball and round shot. Nothing but the heaving of the sea, say those who were there, could have saved them. Wolfe's flagstaff was shot away, and even that ardent soul shrank from leading his men further into such a murderous fire. He was just signalling to his flotilla to sheer off, when three boats on the flank, either unaware of or refusing to see the signal, were observed dashing for a rocky ledge at the corner of the cove. They were commanded by two lieutenants, Hopkins and Brown, and an ensign, Grant. These young gentlemen had caught sight of a possible landing-place at a spot protected by an angle of the cliff from the French batteries. Without waiting for orders, they sent their boats through the surf, and with little damage succeeded in landing on the slippery rocks and scrambling to temporary shelter from the French fire.

Wolfe, at once a disciplinarian and a creature of impulse, did not stand on ceremony. Feeling, no doubt, that he would himself have acted in precisely the same fashion as his gallant subalterns under like conditions, he signalled to the rest to follow their lead, setting the example himself with his own boat. The movement was successful,

though not without much loss both in boats and men. The surf was strong and the rocks were sharp; many boats were smashed to pieces, many men were drowned, but the loss was not comparable to the advantage gained. Wolfe himself, cane in hand, was one of the first to leap into the surf. These were not the men of Oswego, of Lake George, of the Monongahela, of the Virginia frontier. The spirit of Pitt was already abroad, borne by the very breakers on these wild Acadian shores, and burning in the hearts of these fierce islanders, who, like their Norse ancestors of old, came out of the very surf to wrest dominion from their ancient foe. As the troops came straggling out upon the beach, full of ardour, soaked to the skin, and many of them badly bruised, Wolfe formed them rapidly in column, routed a detachment of Grenadiers, and fell immediately with the bayonet upon the French redoubts. The enemy, though picked and courageous troops, were taken aback and fled without much resistance. They had seen Amherst, too, with reinforcements, coming up behind Wolfe, and above all had noted the flotillas of Whitmore and Lawrence between them and the city, and were fearful of being cut off should these last effect a landing. The French were pursued over the rocks and through the scrubby pine-woods till the pursuers came within play of the guns of Louisbourg, which opened a heavy fire to cover the retreat. Over a hundred were killed or taken prisoners, while the loss of the British in landing was not much less.

Amherst now traced the lines of his camp along a shallow valley, watered by a small stream, which was not only out of range of the Louisbourg guns, but invisible from the walls. Here he proceeded to intrench himself, erecting blockhouses at extremities where an attack might be expected from Acadians and Micmac Indians, with which the wilderness beyond was thought to swarm. The sea, however, remained so rough that it was some days before the troops could get their tents, stores

and lighter guns on shore. It was not till about the 17th, when the weather moderated, that the siege guns could be brought from the fleet. Both services worked with a will, but their difficulties may be estimated from the fact that over a hundred boats were destroyed in the operation.

The French now drew all their men within the fortifications. A large battery of thirty guns on the opposite side of the harbour, with houses and fish stages, was destroyed by the garrison on the night of the British landing, and a great conflagration reddened both sky and sea. The guns were spiked, as were those of a smaller battery at the eastern point of the harbour's mouth. Wolfe had a large corps of light infantry, picked for their marksmanship from various regiments, and trained, so far as a week or two at Halifax could train them, in tactics that became familiar enough later on, but were regarded at the time as quite a strange innovation on the part of the vigorous and eccentric brigadier. It was merely a matter of advancing in loose formation, and using all the inequalities of the ground for protection, coupled with a light and easy costume for the men, namely a short jacket, small round hat, and a kind of light woollen trouser, cut moderately tight. A story goes that an officer who was regarded as somewhat learned among his fellows remarked to Wolfe that his new corps reminded him of the *καρδοίχοι* alluded to by Xenophon. "That is exactly where I got the idea," replied Wolfe; "only these people never read anything, and consequently believe the idea to be a novel one."

Amherst's first move was to send Wolfe with his light infantry on a long, rough march of seven or eight miles around the harbour to erect some batteries upon the farther shore, the necessary guns being despatched by water. In this business, notwithstanding the scantiness of soil and the absence of suitable timber, he was so alert that by the 26th he had not only mounted his chief battery at Light-house Point, but had intrenched all

his men in safety from the fire of the town and fleet, which had been fierce and continuous, and furthermore had effectually silenced the formidable French battery on Goat Island in the middle of the harbour entrance.

There was nothing now to prevent Boscawen, if he so chose, from sailing in with his whole fleet, so the French admiral, Desgouttes, rather than lose all his ships, prudently sunk four of them by night in the channel to protect the rest. Wolfe, in the meantime, had been writing cheery letters to Amherst, telling him of his progress, and greatly jubilant that the French fleet were now "in a confounded scrape." This was precisely what the French admiral and his officers had been thinking for some time, and Desgouttes had urged on the Governor the desirability of getting his ships off while there was yet time. Drucour, however, thought differently, as he wanted the ships and the sailors to prolong the defence, and so prevent the besieging army from either proceeding to Quebec that season, or from helping Abercromby against Montcalm at Lake George. For a fortnight an artillery fire had been steadily proceeding upon the harbour side, while to the westward, where the serious attack was contemplated, Amherst's dispositions were not quite ready, the engineering difficulties being considerable. Wolfe, having done his work, now hurried back to the main lines, which were henceforward to be the chief scene of action.

An extensive marsh stretched away from the walls of Louisbourg on the landward side. Beyond this rolled the rugged, broken ground in which the British intrenchments lay. On each side of the marsh, however, rocky knolls extended up close to the defences of the town. It was along these horns, as it were, that Amherst had to push his batteries under a heavy fire. With rocky hillocks and swampy flats to approach over, Amherst's task was no easy one; but he was distinguished for patience and thoroughness. What he lacked in dash, Wolfe, who by the

27th was back at his side, most amply supplied. Thousands of men toiled night and day, while a hundred big guns roared with tireless throats from the massive works of masonry on the west of the town, and poured shot and shell upon the British working parties as they crept gradually nearer. But the pick, the shovel, and the axe proved as efficient in defence under the skilful eyes of those who directed them as they were to prove formidable in advance, and no serious loss was suffered. A French frigate, the *Aréthuse*, bravely manned and commanded, was stationed in a western angle of the harbour, where the northern wing of the approaching invaders could be reached, and proved herself extremely troublesome. She stood in her turn a vast deal of cannonading, till at last she was brought off, her shot holes plugged, and running the gauntlet of the British fleet in a fog, she bore safely away, and carried the news of the sore plight of Louisbourg across the Atlantic.

On both the right and left the English batteries were now pushed forward to within half a mile of the town, and, with Wolfe on one side and Lawrence on the other, began their deadly work. Two hundred big guns and mortars, plied upon both sides by skilled gunners, shook that desolate coast with such an uproar as no part of North America since its first discovery had ever felt. Twenty thousand disciplined troops, soldiers and sailors, led by skilful and energetic commanders, made a warlike tableau, the like of which had never yet been seen, with all the blood that had been spilled between the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, while infinite valour animated both sides. On July 6th, a sortie was made upon the advanced trenches on the British left which was easily repulsed. Three days afterwards a much more serious effort was pressed by a thousand men, stimulated by brandy, the English accounts say, upon the right. The British Grenadiers were forced back out of the trenches, fighting desperately with the

bayonet in the dark. Wolfe was here, revelling in the bloody *mêlée*, and the enemy was ultimately driven back into the town.

At this time, too, the long-threatened attack of Acadians and Indians, out of the wilderness on the left flank, was delivered. They were commanded by Boisherbert, a partisan leader of note, but were easily repulsed, and gave little further trouble.

On July 16th, Wolfe made a rush forward and fortified a small hill, locally famous as the spot where Louisbourg malefactors were executed. It was only three hundred yards from the ramparts of the town, and the artillery fire now waxed terrific.

On both wings, indeed, the British advance was pushed so close that gun after gun was dismounted on the Louisbourg ramparts, and the masonry itself began to crack and crumble in all directions, while British soldiers were pressing forward to the very foot of the glacis, and firing upon the covered way. On the 21st, one of the French ships in the harbour, the *Cilèbre*, was ignited by a bomb, and the flames spread to two others. The British batteries on the extreme left commanded the scene, and rained such a hail of balls upon the flaming decks that the ships could not be saved, and all three were burnt to the water's edge. Shells, round shot and bombs were now falling in every part of the devoted town. Nearly all the sailors of the fleet were with the garrison, and all the townsmen who could bear arms helped to man the defences.

There had been a little earlier some friendly amenities between besiegers and besieged. Amherst had sent some West India pineapples to Madame Drucour, whom an uncertain French authority, that one would like to believe, declares took a personal part in the defence. Madame sent back a basket of wine, while Drucour himself offered the services of an exceptionally skilful physician to any of the wounded British officers who cared to avail themselves of them. But matters had got too serious now for such courte-

sies. On the 22nd the chief house of the citadel, where the Governor and other officials were living, was almost wholly destroyed by fire. A thousand of the garrison were sick or wounded, and were cowering in wretchedness and misery in the few sheltered spots and casements that remained.

The soldiers had no refuge whatever from the shot and shell. Night and day—for there was a bright moon—the pitiless rain of iron fell upon the town, which, being built mostly of wood, was continually igniting and demanding the incessant labours of a garrison weakened and worn out by the necessity of sleepless vigilance. The gallantry of the defence equalled the vigour of the attack, and was all the more praiseworthy seeing how hopeless it had become. Only two ships of war were left in the harbour, and the British bluejackets, who had been spectators of the siege, now thought they saw a chance of earning some distinction for their branch of the service. So five hundred sailors, in boats, running the gauntlet of the fire from the town upon the harbour side, dashed in upon the *Le Bienfaisant* and *Le Prudent*, overpowered their feeble crews, burnt the latter ship, and towed the other one into a corner of the harbour secured by British batteries. The harbour was now cleared of French shipping. Another great fire had just occurred in the town, destroying the barracks that had been an important point of shelter. The bastions on the land side were rapidly crumbling. On the 26th less than half a dozen guns were feebly replying to the uproar of 107 heavy pieces firing at close range from the British batteries, and more than one big breach in the walls warned the exhausted garrison of the imminence of an assault.

A council of war was now called, and the vote was unanimous that a white flag should be sent to Amherst with a request for terms. This was done, but when Amherst's answer came the opinion was equally unanimous against accepting what he offered, which was

unconditional surrender within an hour.

The officer was sent back again to urge a modification of such hard conditions, but Amherst, well knowing that he had Louisbourg at his mercy, refused even to see the envoy. With singular courage, seeing that no relief was possible, the French officers resolved to bear the brunt of the attack, and Franquet, the engineer who had constructed the fortifications, with de la Houlière, the commander of the troops, proceeded to select the ground for a last stand. But the townspeople had no mind to offer themselves up as victims to an infuriated soldiery, for they remembered Fort William Henry, and dreaded the result. The Commissary-General came to Drucour, and represented that whatever might be the feelings of the military with regard to their professional honour, it was not fair to subject 4,000 citizens, who had already suffered terribly, to the horrors of an assault upon that account alone. He pointed out, and with justice, that no stain, as it was, could rest on the garrison, who had acquitted themselves most bravely against a numerous and formidable foe, and his arguments had effect. The messenger, who for some cause or other had delayed in his mission, was overtaken and recalled, and Amherst's terms accepted. These last required that all the garrison should be delivered up as prisoners of war and transported to England. The non-combatants were at liberty to return to France, and the sick and wounded, numbering some 1,200, were to be looked after by Amherst. All Cape Breton and the adjacent island of Saint Jean (now the fertile province of Prince Edward), with any small garrisons or stores therein contained, were to be given up to the English.

On July the 27th the French troops were drawn up on parade before Whitmore, and, with gestures of rage and mortification, laid down their arms and filed gloomily off to the ships that were to take them to England; 5,637 prisoners, soldiers and sailors, were included in the surrender. About 240

sound pieces of cannon and mortars, with a large amount of ammunition and stores, fell into the hands of the victors. The French fleet in attendance was totally destroyed, and French power upon the North Atlantic coast ceased to exist.

With Halifax so near, possessing, as it did, an even better harbour, an already firm British establishment and a good tributary country, there was evidently no need for such a place as Louisbourg. So to place it more entirely out of the reach of all enemies, the British Government decided upon its destruction. Two years after this, in 1760, a great crowd of workmen, navvies and soldiers, toiled continuously for six months at the task of demolition, and the busy, famous warlike town was in this strange fashion wiped out of existence. Never again could a short-sighted English Govern-

ment, blind to its greater interests because these were not in the Mediterranean or the English Channel, re-instate by treaty a French garrison in Cape Breton. To-day a collection of fishermen's huts by the shore is nearly all that is left of this great stronghold of French power in the days when a mighty colonial future lay within her grasp. Short by comparison as is the story of the New World, he would be a dull soul who could stand unmoved by that deserted, unvisited, surf-beaten shore, where you may still trace upon the turf the dim lines of once busy streets, and mark the green mounds which hide the remains of the great bastions of Louisbourg. It has not been given in modern times to many centres of note and power to enjoy within the short space of a century and a half at once such world-wide fame and such profound oblivion.

TO BE CONTINUED

STAR-BLANKET

By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

PRETTY-FACE had promised to behave herself once more. But this time she promised in a different way, and her husband, Star-blanket, was satisfied, which he had not always been before. Star-blanket wanted to be what his agent called "a good Indian." He wanted to have a new cooking stove, and a looking-glass. He already had cattle on loan, and was one of the best workers in the hay-fields. But it was disturbing that he should so often come back from his work to find his wife talking to Bad-young-man, who never did a stroke of work, who ranged off the reserve into Montana or Kootenay, scorning permits, and who made trouble wherever he came. Pretty-face would promise

solemnly never to have a word with Bad-young-man again, but many times had she broken her promise, and Star-blanket would return to meet the rover on his pony, and hear his impudent hail as he passed him in his barbaric trappings, his hair full of brass pistol cartridges and the tin trademarks from tobacco plugs. But this last promise of Pretty-face was in something different, and Star-blanket was satisfied. So satisfied was he that he bought for her the medicine-pole-bag, which made her, without any question, the first lady on the reserve.

And Pretty-face kept her promise. It was true that Bad-young-man was away, no one knew where; but Star-blanket was infinitely satisfied to come home and find her looking after the

children, or preparing his supper herself, instead of leaving it to her mother, whose cookery his soul hated. He took a great satisfaction now in the prospect of his small shanty and his larger stable, with the three tepees grouped around them, and his verdant garden patches fenced to keep out the cattle. He took a greater pleasure out of his wife's social position than she did, and viewed the medicine-pole-bag with a sort of awe. With an infantine curiosity he wondered what were the sacred mysteries of the "Mow-to-kee" when the centre pole was raised. Pretty-face allowed him to see the contents of the parfleche bag, which had cost him so many good dollars; the snakeskin head-band into which the feathers were stuck; the little sacks of paint, red earth and grease; the shells in which the paint is mixed; the sweet grass to burn as incense during prayer-making; and the whistle to mark the rhythm for dancing.

More and more evident were the results of his toil and his obedience to his agent and his instructor. He began to see clearly that what they had told him was truth. He could trace every dollar of the twenty-five he had paid for the medicine-pole-bag to some good stroke of work he had done in the hay-fields. He did not know it, but the agent had asked the department for lumber to build him a new house, and his chief ambitions were forming solidly in the future. Verily, the white man's ways were the best.

So his feeling was all the more intense when he returned home one evening in October and found that Bad-young-man had been there. He did not see him, but there was no need of such crude evidence. There was no visible trace in the demeanour of Pretty-face nor in the bearing of the mother-in-law. His wife had even prepared his favourite dish for supper. But another date had been written down. Bad-young-man had come back.

Star-blanket ate his meal in silence, and Pretty-face was so frightened that she went away when he began to fill his pipe with tobacco and kinikinik. But

he did not really care just then what she did. He wrapped a blanket around his shirt and went out to see his paternal grandfather, who lived in one of the tepees. He had been a mighty warrior in his day, but now he was old, and could only remember the time of his prowess which had gone by. He could talk, but he could not see, and his chief delight was in smoking and sleeping in the sun. That night when he smelt the kinikinik in Star-blanket's tobacco, his tongue was loosened, and he told many a story of violent deed and desperate death. Star-blanket was convinced that the old way was a good way, and he went out into the moonlight, unhobbled one of his ponies and rode away furiously, yelling every little while at the moon. When he came back he pulled Pretty-face out of one of the tepees where she was hiding. She thought he was going to kill her, but he only warned her that he would kill her and Bad-young-man if he ever heard of them being together again. Then he let her go, and went and got the medicine-pole-bag and gave it to his grandfather.

After a night's sleep he had forgotten his lapse to paganism, and again found himself wanting to be a "good" Indian. It was the end of October, and a ration day, and Star-blanket went up to the ration house himself, instead of sending one of his women. He rode his best pony, and took his rifle with him. The farther he got from home the more restless he felt, and he went down to his brother-in-law's camp and had dinner.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned to his own place. There were the fresh marks of a horse's hoofs on the trail. They began after he had passed the coulee. He knew they were made by Bad-young-man's pony. He seemed to be thinking as he rode slowly along, but suddenly he fired. He did not himself hear the crack of his rifle. His pony stopped. Something fell out from the bushes, half way across the trail. It was Bad-young-man. The pony sniffed, then plunged and dashed by; but Star-

blanket never dropped his eyes. When he reached the house he went into the tepee to talk with his grandfather, and the women who had heard the shot rushed off to find Pretty-face.

After Star-blanket had heard what his grandfather had to say, he declared that the old way was the best, and he went out and made his "mark" to kill a white man. But he would take his time over that; no one would miss Bad-young-man for a long while. Pretty-face, remembering his warning, expected to be shot, and she kept out of sight for two days; but when he saw her he only scolded and called her the worst name he could in his own language; and nearly the worst he could in English, and because he had nothing to eat all that time except her mother's odious bannocks fried in rancid grease. Star-blanket's settlement was some distance from the main trail to Macleod, and there was little likelihood of any one coming up to his hill; so, for a week, Bad-young-man lay as he had fallen. No one went near him. For a day and a night his pony stood by him, but, wandering away looking for grass he was taken by one of the women and hobbled at night with the others.

Suddenly Star-blanket became restless. Watching from a small hill near his house, he saw the agent stop and look up at his place as if debating whether to visit him or not. He went on, but the next time he might come. That night it was dark, and a heavy cloud in the east threatened snow. Star-blanket deemed that this was a good time to do a little shooting, so when one of the farm instructors, moving about his house, came between the lamp and a window, he heard the sharp crack of a rifle, and saw a flower-pot jump off the window sill. He did not believe he was hit until the doctor, tracing the bullet from the point of his hip backward, produced it from somewhere near his spine. Another inch and he would not have seen the flower-pot jump off the window sill. Up came the cloud carrying and scattering snow, and away went Star-blanket with it.

In the morning the reserve was alive with excitement. The Northwest mounted police patrols were out scouring the country, but safely were the marks of Star-blanket's pony hidden in the obscurity of the snow. Star-blanket himself kept close to his place all day, but one of his women brought him up the news. The instructor was not even badly hurt; in a day or two he would be as well as ever. Star-blanket did not care very much; all white men were alike to him; only he made his mark to kill another, the agent this time. He would have done so had not Bad-young-man's pony broken away and gone straight to the lower camp. His appearance caused a commotion, and soon it was known everywhere that Bad-young-man's pony had come back without Bad-young-man, and the question naturally arose—what had become of that celebrated gambler and lady-killer. Every possible and probable cause of his disappearance was canvassed, when Medicine-pipe-crane-turning declared that he had been murdered. He had no evidence to offer, but he looked the pony all over and declared that he had been murdered.

Star-blanket was uneasy when he found that Bad-young-man's pony had strayed off, and later in the morning he saw a girl of Wolf-bull's band come out of the bushes near his trail. Something in the way this girl hurried along made him know that she had found Bad-young-man. Toward evening, when the police rode up with tramp and jangle, they found only Star-blanket's blind paternal grandfather huddled up in his tepee. Hours before Star-blanket and his whole menage, ponies, women, kids, kettles, blankets and all, had taken to the brush.

That night it was known over the whole reserve that Star-blanket had shot Bad-young man and had tried to kill an instructor. The word went out by runners to the farthest police posts, and while the fugitives were hidden in the bottom of some coulee under the stars and out of the wind, his fame had travelled from Macleod half-way

round the world. No one could understand how Star-blanket, who wanted to be a "good" Indian, had done this thing. He was a mild, big fellow, with sad eyes in a face rather emaciated. But, whatever reasons he had had, he was now to be caught and punished. It was once more civilization against barbarism. Against this one Indian who had dared to follow the old tradition was arrayed all organized law. The mounted police, the Indian agent, and the Bloods, the people of his own clan and totem, who had learned well the whiteman's treachery, were banded together to hunt him down.

Star-blanket resolved that, so far as he was able, he would make it a long and merry chase. To that end he began by discarding all the comforts of home; and one evening, about sundown, a squad of police were surprised to stumble on Star-blanket's women and the paraphernalia of his camp scurrying along the main trail. They gathered them in, but from them they could gain no clew to the whereabouts of the murderer. Now that he was free of his impediments Star-blanket began a flitting to and fro that puzzled the most cunning scouts and unsettled the most phlegmatic brave on the reserve. Knowing all the fleetest horses he stole them by night and used each one until it was played out. In vain the scouts followed tracks in the snow. Reports came in that he had been seen, mounted on a white horse, in the Belly River bottom; but it was found to be one of Cochrane's cowboys. Three-bull's piebald racer, the fastest horse on the reserve was stolen, although his owner was watching all night, and the next morning he was found forty miles away completely exhausted. The Indians fell into a panic; no one did a stroke of work. Reports came in, which, if true, would mean that he had been seen on the same night in two different places thirty miles apart. The Indians believed that he had some "medicine," and that he would never be caught. Three weeks had been lost in the chase, and even the police

were beginning to chaff one another. It looked probable that Star-blanket had retired to the wilds of the Kootenay, or had flitted over the line to Montana.

He could have done either of these things readily enough, but, with a sort of bravado he chose to circle like a hawk about his own reserve. He well knew what an excitement his escapade was causing, and his gratified vanity bore him through perils and hardships which he would for some reasons have shunned. All the nights of the late October were cold, as he sometimes lay next his horse in the bottom of a coulee, sheltered from the wind, with his single blanket for a covering, or riding in the teeth of a storm of snow or sleet to appear or disappear like a spirit. Hunger pursued him. The white man, with his cunning, had locked up his women, and they could not *cache* food for him. He distrusted his relatives, he knew that they would be bribed to hunt him down or lay a trap for him. Sometimes he stood under the stars so near their teepees that he could hear their breathing. Once he stole two days' rations from a mounted policeman who was sleeping by his hobbled horse. But always he was hungry. His face grew more emaciated and his eyes took on the glitter of ice under starlight. Sleepless by night and by day, he called on his gods to strike his enemies. They had taken his country from him, his manners and his garb, and when he rebelled against them, their hands were upon him. Sometimes he felt as if his head was on fire, and he held his hands up in the dark to see the reflection of the flames. Sometimes he reeled in his saddle when he looked off towards the foothills of the Rockies, shining silvery in the distance, like an uplifted land of promise.

He was getting tired of it all. A sort of contempt for his pursuers, for the hundreds of them that could not catch him, crept upon him. He grew more careless and more daring. They found his trail mingled with their own. One day after a storm, in which three

inches of snow had fallen, he struck the trail boldly at Bentley's, crossed the ford there without any attempt at concealment, worked his way down the river. Again he forded; then doubling on his tracks through thick brush, recrossed his own trail at Bentley's, and then followed the river bank up stream. Then, after a mile or so, he came out into the open. It was a clear morning after the storm; above, a lofty blue sky; below, the plain stretching away covered with the gleaming snow. He was riding leisurely, when suddenly, without turning around, he knew he was followed. Urging his horse and glancing over his shoulder, he saw three mounted men on his trail about a mile away. He dashed ahead, at first without eagerness, with an air of reckless contempt. The next time he looked he noticed that one of the horsemen had begun to draw away from his companions.

Star-blanket's pony was not fresh, he had ridden him many a mile in the night, and the beast showed signs of fatigue. He urged him to the top of his speed, but the next time he looked behind his pursuer had gained. He could see that he was mounted on a spirited horse which was perfectly fresh. He calculated that before he had gone another mile his enemy would be abreast of him. His own beast, instead of responding to his cries, seemed to lag, he had no life in him. When Star-blanket looked over his shoulder again he could almost distinguish the features of his pursuer. He had long, blonde moustaches and a ruddy face. Star-blanket knew who it was. It was Sergeant Wales of the Pincher Creek detachment. He was rapidly overhauling him. Star-blanket could hear him shout now and then. What would he do? His impulse was simply to surrender. Glancing once more behind him, he saw that Wales had drawn his pistol and he would soon be within its range. Again he urged his tired beast. He kept his eyes fixed for a while on the snow which the hoofs of his pony were

tramping. Over the light, uneven sound of his hoofs and the movements of his trappings, Star-blanket began to hear the pounding of the approaching feet, regular and strong, and the jingle and rattle of the accoutrements. Every moment he expected to hear the whistle of a bullet past his ears.

Suddenly the thought flashed through him that Wales intended to take him alive and lead him back to barracks a captive. Once more, and for the last time, he looked behind him. Rushing splendidly, horse and rider moving as one, they thundered down upon him. Sun flashing from red tunic, from points of brass and steel, foam springing from nostril white as the snow into which it fell, on they came as if hurled from a catapult to overwhelm irresistibly this rickety pony with its starved rider. Star-blanket gazed for a moment; he could see the eye-balls of his captor gleam. He did not utter a sound; he merely smiled with the glorious excitement and triumph. I will make him shoot me, the Indian thought. His rifle lay in the hollow of his arm. Star-blanket turned away, and as he turned his rifle spoke. Now he will shoot me in the back, he thought. No. Thirty yards they went. Star-blanket heard a cry behind him. He turned in time to see the towering frame of Wales swerve in his saddle, bend backwards, swing from his horse. In a twinkling Star-blanket wheeled his pony. The horse, dragging its master's weight, rushed on for twenty yards, then stopped. Quickly, so quickly that the words of the story seem leaden, Star-blanket dismounted. A couple of bullets whistled far over his head from his other pursuers half a mile away. Then he did something inconceivably brave for an Indian. He ran close to the dead man, fired into him, grabbed his horse, leaped into the saddle and was off. From a mile distant he saw his pursuers stoop over the body of the sergeant, and then gaze after him where he made a blot upon the snow. Slowly he raised his arm and turned from them, making for Stand-Off and the mouth of the Kootenay.

Wolf-plume was Star-blanket's brother-in-law. He had a house with two stories, and one bed in which he never slept. Following the agent's directions, by day his house wore an inviting appearance; by night it was lighted as if prepared for feasting and tea drinking. The third night after the shooting of Wales, the snow had begun to fall near sundown, and fell silently, unmoved by wind, as the night deepened. Through the snow, an Indian, leading his horse, his face hidden in his blanket, approached Wolf-plume's house. He tapped softly at the door. When Wolf-plume came, the covering dropped a little from the face. It was Star-blanket. At first he would not come nearer. But, reassured by the words of his brother-in-law, and drawn powerfully by the odor of a stew that came out strongly into the snow, he threw the rein off his arm, left his horse standing, and entered. There was no danger in sight. A bench was placed for him. The stew tasted like nothing which had ever passed his lips before; and weariness overcame him, weariness and sleep. After weeks of privation, starved, frozen, jaded with the saddle, hunted for his life, he laid down in the house of his friends and slept.

He slept. Then Wolf-plume took the lamp out of the east window and from miles away started the policemen who had waited only for that signal. Soon they had surrounded the little house. They let him sleep as a free man, sleep as the snow fell and the clouds cleared off, and stars came out piercingly bright in the sky. He woke toward morning, and all about him was the stamping of horses and the movement of red tunics.

Many days after that, just before they hanged him, he thought of the medicine-pole-bag. He had often thought of Pretty-face, but he did not want to see her. He had thought of many things which he did not understand. He was to die in the white man's manner, in the way he killed the braves of his own race who had dealt mightily with their hands. He could not comprehend it all. They had driven away the buffalo, and made the Indian sad with flour and beef, and had put his muscles into harness. He had only shot a bad Indian, and they rose upon him. His gun had shot a big policeman, and when they had taught his brother-in-law their own morals he was taken in sleep, and now there was to be an end. He did not know what Père Pauquette meant by his prayers, and the presentation of the little crucifix worn bright with many salutations. It was all involved in mystery, dire and vast. Groping about for some solace he sent for the medicine-pole-bag, and when they brought it and he was left alone, he placed it in a corner of his cell and gazed for a long time upon the *parfleche* covering with its magical markings. When they had left him for his last sleep he gathered it to his breast, and all night he slept with it there, unutterably content. The next morning they took it away. It was very cold for early spring. He did not hear or understand what Père Pauquette murmured in his ear. His was the calm of a stoic. He breathed deeply the scent of the sweet grass with which the medicine-pole-bag was filled, which clung to his tunic and rose like incense about his face. And so Star-blanket died.



THE GRAVES OF THE ENGLISH DEAD *

BY VERNON NOTT

IN a burial ground by the rim of the sea, that fronts toward the crimson west,
'Mid gathering twilight, I sat alone where the dead were lying in rest;
And meseem'd that voices from far away with longing vainly cried—
For softly I heard, as it sang to the shore, the drone of the ceaseless tide.
As the moon uprose from the purple waves,
I looked on that garden of serried graves—
And sorrow crept to my side.

"These are such," I mused, "all sleeping here, as have chosen the peaceful life;
As have lived and died in their wave-girt home, unlured by the lust of strife;
They are such as humbled themselves to fate, choosing the minor pain—
Yet wrought as men of our English race—and here in their home are lain:
But what of the others—the heroes they!—
Who, true to their blood, have sail'd away—
And will never return again?"

"Where do they lie, those dauntless ones, who in pride of their English birth
Carried the sword or the Word of God to uttermost parts of the earth;
Who, sharing the Christian's burden, have suffer'd and wrought and bled—
And stamp'd for ever, the wide world over, marks of their tireless tread?"
And lo! in a vision then wrought for me,
I saw in the lands beyond the sea
The graves of the English Dead.

I saw where the lonely legion lay, afar from their island home,
Like seed from the hand of a sower, like stars in the heavens' dome:
They lie in the five big continents; they are lull'd by every breeze;
Are tomb'd in the ice of antipodal Poles, or 'neath shade of the tamarind trees:
And such as were whelm'd by the vengeful waves
Are asleep in the dusk of coral caves
In the depths of the outer seas.

Where sunless the far-away circles gloom and the cold winds moan around
Are their footsteps lock'd in the icefloe, by Death their foeman bound;
'Mid the waterless deserts' dustblown drifts, by God and devil bann'd,
The tracks of our brothers who challenged Death are lost in the shifting sand.
Oh, bravely they lived and as bravely died,
These men that wrought, to their country's pride,
The works of heart and hand!

In the burial ground by the side of the sea, that fronts to the mystic west,
By light of the moon, I sat alone where the dead were taking their rest;
And meseem'd that a voice from over the world in a yearning whisper said,
"How long, how long, dear Lord, how long ere race to race be wed?"—
There's a voice in the ocean's muffled roar
Telling a tale to the English shore
Of the graves of the English Dead.

*From "The Journey's End and Other Verses," by Vernon Nott. Montreal: A. T. Chapman. Compare "The Chain of Empire," by Clive Philipps-Wolley, CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Vol. xii, pp. 494-495.

SHAW'S COMEDY

By ALBERT R. CARMAN, Author of "The Pensionnaires," etc.



R. WILLIS J. SHAW started guiltily away from Mrs. Willis J. Shaw at the sound of a sharp rap at the door. Mrs. Shaw looked up quickly with resentful apprehension, and her eyes said petulantly—"Who can it be?" Mr. Shaw had an annoyed and hesitant air as if he contemplated double-locking the door and pretending that they were dead, or had gone out, or something of that sort.

"You'll have to see who it is," whispered Mrs. Shaw.

At this, Mr. Shaw looked more savage than ever, and strode angrily to the door. He flung it open; and there stood the bell boy with his hand just raised to knock again. But, instead, he presented his silver tray.

"A card for you, sir."

Mr. Shaw took the card and read—

MISS ESTELLE STANLEY

"You are sure it is for me?" he demanded of the boy.

"It is for Mr. Shaw."

"Where is the lady?"

"In the Ladies' Parlour, sir."

"Um-m! Did she—wasn't it for Mrs. Shaw?"

"I was just told 'Mr. Shaw.'"

"Who is it—dear?" There was just a little hesitation before the "dear," and after it Mrs. Shaw looked defiantly at the bell boy; for she had been "Mrs. Shaw" for only about twenty-four hours, and it was still quite a feat for her to call Willis "dear" in public.

"I haven't an idea," said Willis.

"Do *you* know a Miss Estelle Stanley?"

"No-o."

"There must be some mistake," said Willis, turning to the boy.

"I'll see, sir," said the boy; and, taking the card again, he backed away.

The newly married couple looked curiously at each other. "A mistake," said Willis, tossing his head as

if to fling off the incident; and, smiling, he turned toward his bride. But she moved away. Until the intrusion of this other woman had passed, she felt that things were not quite as they had been.

Another rap at the door; and then the bell boy was saying—

"She says that she has an appointment with you, sir—and that she don't know anything about any other lady," looking significantly at Mrs. Willis.

Willis gasped and turned toward Mrs. Willis.

"You had better see her," Mrs. Willis was saying icily.

"But I don't know her," stormed Willis. "You—would you come down with me?" He seemed to doubt whether she would or not; and the doubt settled it. If he had taken it as a matter of course, she would have gone; but he clearly thought that the proper thing for her to do was to stay where she was—and she would stay.

"The card is not for me," she said with determination; and then seeing Willis still hesitate in painful doubt, she relented toward him and added kindly—"You will probably find it is a mistake when you get there."

"Very well," said Willis; and he brushed off the shoulders of his coat and smoothed his hair, and went. Curiosity had nearly driven annoyance out of the face that he turned to her in going; so that when the door was quite closed Mrs. Willis started to say—"I wonder—;" and then caught her breath and bravely refused to wonder.

II

There was only one lady in the parlour; and she wore an expectant air. She also wore a flaming hat and a costume which made the red plush furniture look dull.

"Miss Stanley?" said Willis, bowing.

"Yes," said the girl, getting up with

a bright smile that was almost starting in its sudden vivacity. "So you finally decided to see me?" There was challenge in her tones.

"I could not well do otherwise," replied Willis with wondering resentment.

The girl smiled confidently and said—"I should think not, after your promise."

"My promise?"—in open astonishment.

"Well, it was equivalent to a promise surely. You said that you would see me when you came to the city in connection with your wedding trip—"

"I—said—my—wedding trip?" Willis managed to get out.

"Yes, you really did. I know that you have so much to think of, but you really wrote me that or I would never have bothered you." The girl was quite serious now; and Willis noticed that she was a good deal older than she had seemed when he came in.

"But—" Willis began.

"Oh, I'll believe you if you say you have forgotten it," she broke in. "I dare say,"—a little sadly—"you have made the same promise to twenty other ladies—"

"But I haven't," burst out Willis.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," she said with apparent relief. "But you remember me?—Miss Stanley—Miss Estelle Stanley of the 'Night Off' Company?"

Willis stared at her with open mouth. Then, realizing how ridiculous he must look, he quickly recovered himself.

"I—I—have seen—'A Night Off,'" he said lamely.

A curious smile flitted across her face. "Really!" she said with obvious irony.

"Were you in it?" he asked.

"You never saw me in it," she replied coldly. "But, really, Mr. Shaw, if you have already chosen your bride for your wedding trip, there is no need of all these theatricals. I think I could fill the bill, and I wanted the chance; but I dare say I shall get on without it. I am sorry that I interrupted you. Good afternoon!" And

she swept past him with a walk very suggestive of the footlights, and down the hotel corridor toward the elevator.

Instinctively, Willis stepped into the hall to watch that she did not try to jump down the shaft.

III

Mrs. Willis had hardly had time to wish that she had put her pride in her pocket and gone with Willis when there was a quick rap on the door of her room and the handle was instantly turned. The door opened, and a smooth-shaven, reddish, rather greasy countenance was thrust through the opening.

"Ah! beg pardon!" said a hoarse voice. "Isn't this Shaw's room?"

"Ye-es," said Mrs. Willis tremulously.

A part of a neatly dressed, stout figure followed the shining face through the aperture, and the smallish eyes looked quickly all around the apartment. "He's out, isn't he?" jerked out the pudgy lips.

"Yes—but just for a moment," said Mrs. Willis. She was getting quite frightened, and noted with horror that the bell button was right at the door.

"Ah! Perhaps you're the bride," cried the little man, now coming quite into the room and smiling tentatively.

"Yes," said Mrs. Willis. It was little more than a whisper now. "Are you a friend of Mr. Shaw's?" she managed to ask.

"An old crony,"—and the stout little man wiped his bald head with a handkerchief that gave off a wave of strong perfume which its appearance indicated that it needed.

Mrs. Willis's eyes indignantly denied the "old cronyship," but otherwise she preserved an armed neutrality toward her visitor.

"Yes," went on the oleaginous party reflectively, "Shaw and I have had some times together. He's a pretty game bird, I can tell you—though he don't look it! No, he don't look it. I'm not surprised that you're surprised—"

The indignation in Mrs. Willis's

eyes had now become so frantic that the little man thought it prudent to pause a moment, and try to make out the meaning of these signals.

"I am sure that you are entirely mistaken about Mr. Shaw," said Mrs. Willis in a tone which she meant to be cold and firm; and it might have been, if her under lip had not been trembling and a new indignation filling her throat because Willis dared to stay so long away with that "strange woman," while she, his bride of a day, was being insulted by this odious creature.

The pig-like eyes of the fat little man moved restively, but he said nothing.

"Perhaps," went on Mrs. Willis, "you had better wait for Mr. Shaw down in the office."

At this the pig eyes flashed in a steely manner. "Perhaps," said their owner aggressively, "you do not know that I am the manager of the Booth Theatre?"

"I quite believe it," said Mrs. Willis with crushing contempt.

"You'd better believe it," rejoined the little man, now thoroughly angry. "You may have cause, if you go on with Mr. Shaw, to learn that it is true." And he wagged his head warningly.

"Sir!" cried Mrs. Willis. It was all that she could get out. Then she pointed silently to the door.

"As you wish, Lady Macbeth," snapped out the pudgy lips from a face now purple with thoughts of vengeance; and he flustered out and slammed the door after himself.

IV

The little man was just in time to catch the elevator. A brightly dressed lady was in it already, and there was something familiar about her face. He looked at her enquiringly, when she smiled and bowed.

"You don't know me, Mr. Samson?" she said archly.

"Yes I do. Yes I do," he returned jocosely. "But I've just forgotten my cue. See!—don't I come on like this?"—and he held himself in what he thought was an imitation of the Irving

manner—"and, say—'Beautiful day, Miss—Miss—'"

"Stanley?"

"Miss Stanley!—Sure! Why, you were at the Booth last fall?"

"Yes—'A Night Off.'"

"Yes, yes." They were walking by now across the office. "Well, I have to stay here," announced Mr. Samson, "to meet a good fellow gone wrong."

"Are you going the rest of the way with him?" asked Miss Stanley brightly.

Mr. Samson grew suddenly serious. "Not if the court knows itself," he declared emphatically. "It's a fool friend of mine who has written a play—a good play—a delicate piece of comedy—no 'knock-about,' no gallery 'make-up'—nothing of that sort. And then, what do you think he has gone and done?"

Miss Stanley shook a smiling face at him.

"He has picked out for his leading lady a sort of a sawed-off, weeping Lady Macbeth, who thinks it's a sin to joke, who talks like East Lynne all the time, who threatened to have hysterics when I mentioned that Shaw was 'one of the boys'—"

"Shaw?"

"Yes."

"So that was what he turned me down for," she shot out savagely, her face aging ten years in a breath, and green venom spitting from her eyes.

Mr. Samson turned and looked at her understandingly. He did not have to have things like this explained to him.

"When did you see him?" he asked quietly.

"Just now—upstairs. I had to tear him away from the lady who is to play in his play, because she loves him."

"Loves him?"

"Certainly. Can't you see that much from what you have told me yourself?"

Mr. Samson whistled. "And I'm to wait here—'in the office'—for him, until his lovey-dovey sends him down to me? Well, I'll—wait."

V

It was about half an hour before "Billy" Shaw came out of the smoking-room and crossed the office. Mr. Samson saw him, and diverted his walk so as to meet him.

"Tear yourself away?" Samson asked sarcastically.

"Hello, Morris! I've been wondering why you didn't turn up."

"Have you?"

"Sure. What's the matter? Been imbibing? Now, see here, you come right along up to my room, and—"

"No, you don't!"—emphatically.

"Why?"

"Been there."

"Oh!—well, I thought you'd sort of look for me in the smoking-room, you know. Very sorry, old chap, that you've been kept waiting. But—come and have a drink, anyway."

"No, I won't," said Samson bluntly.

"See here, Billy, I just want to tell you one thing, and that is that you are the absolute limit in the way of a fool!"

Billy stared at him a moment, and then said "Thank you!" but there was more wonder than resentment in his face.

"The absolute limit!" insisted Samson, smashing one fist down on the other hand. "You've got an A1 play, and you have picked out a leading lady who ought to be on the nursing-bottle yet—who don't know—"

"Great Scott! Have you seen her?"

"Have I seen her? Has she not bidden me 'Be hence!' as if I were a three-act villain?"

"From where? Where did you see her?"

"In your room."

"Moly Hoses! How did she get there! Say, you simply must come and have a drink."

VI

When Willis and Mrs. Willis came out into the corridor to go down to dinner that night they had the look of people who thought that they were being "put upon." There were signs of weather on Mrs. Willis's face, and

a storm still threatened from Willis's brow. But it was plain that all question as between them had been dismissed. Willis had indignantly denied that he had ever "had a time" with the "horrid, greasy little man," whom he did not even know; and Mrs. Willis had believed him. Then he had told her of the mysterious talk of the scarlet girl; and Mrs. Willis was convinced that they were in league to bring sorrow to the sweetest love-match the world had ever known. Just why they wished them ill the bride was not quite sure; but, in her innermost heart, she thought it was "envy." Now, when they stepped into the corridor, she could hardly keep from taking Willis's hand, simply to show that they were "one and indivisible," and that nothing could ever, ever separate them.

In the dining-room the considerate head-waiter gave them a table to themselves. They each ordered "soup" as a preliminary; and then fell to advising each other over the menu card.

Somewhere after the fish, their waiter approached Willis, and said—"There is a lady in the office asking for you, sir."

Instantly there was fight on Willis's face, and a despairing "Just as I expected," on that of Mrs. Willis.

"You tell the 'lady,'" said Willis firmly, "that I am at my dinner." Mrs. Willis looked her surprised admiration at him for this stern, and yet quite proper, reply.

"She knows that, sir—but she's scribbled something on her card here;" and he, rather unexpectedly, handed Willis the card.

Willis went white and red and black all at once as he read the name again—

MISS ESTELLE STANLEY

Under it was written, "Mr. S. says that you want to see me again, and I am leaving town in an hour."

Willis handed the card silently to Mrs. Willis. As she read the name her deep blue eyes flashed up at him again with a look that said here was corroboration of her darkest suspicions; and then she looked quickly back

to read the pencilling. As she did so her lips set. "I don't believe she is going to leave in an hour," she said decidedly, as if that were the chief point at issue.

Willis glanced warningly toward the waiter, and then asked—"What shall I do, dear?"

"I don't know," said the bride, desperately pushing the whole responsibility over on him; and then she quickly added—"I don't think you ought to see her," thus limiting his ability to carry the burden gracefully.

Willis sat back in perplexity; and just then he noticed a slick, plump little man carrying a shining silk hat in his hand, hurriedly following the head-waiter into the room. They seemed to be coming to the table next—no, to their table.

"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Shaw," announced the head-waiter blandly.

Willis stood up in stiff hauteur; the gentleman turned two pig-like eyes on him, and then said—

"I beg your pardon, I am sure; but this is a mistake, I think."

"I am sure of it," returned Willis.

Quick resentment crossed the puffy little face; then his eyes fell on Mrs. Willis. At this he turned with a new assurance to Willis, and said—

"When do you expect Mr. Shaw in to dinner?"

Willis opened his mouth to say something, but could hardly think what it ought to be. Mrs. Willis, now recognizing the voice, turned quickly and looked at Samson. Then a flash of triumph lit her face.

"So," she said over her shoulder, without thinking how it would sound, "you don't even know who Mr. Shaw is when you see him?"

Samson began to see a ray of light. "Is your name Shaw?" he asked of Willis.

"It is."

"Well, you are not the Mr. Shaw I'm looking for," he said; "and I beg your pardon—and this lady's, too."

"This lady is Mrs. Shaw," returned Willis, at which Mrs. Willis visibly stiffened with satisfaction.

"Glad to know you," said Samson, bowing with great politeness; a performance which was rather marred by his finding a heavy hand on his shoulder when he went to recover.

"Looking for me, Morris?" asked the owner of the hand

"That's what I am, Billy," said Samson, turning his fat neck around to see the newcomer. "And say," he burst out, "here's where the 'funny man' unravels the complication and lets the curtain get down. Let me make two Mr. Shaws known to each other—two; one"—putting his hand on Billy's shoulder—"the author of the very finest comedy ever written, entitled 'Their Wedding Trip,' and the other?"—and he waved an invitation to Willis to describe himself.

For a hot second Willis thought that he was being insulted. The only wedding trip he knew of was his; and these people certainly seemed to be trying to make a comedy of it. But the friendly, unsuspecting smile on the face of the two men made this theory appear impossible. So Willis resolved upon an adroit move.

"Have you your comedy with you?" he asked.

"Sure!" exclaimed Billy. "I sleep with it on my person." And he drew from somewhere about the skirts of his coat a large, flat book. "This is the first act," he went on gaily, handing it to Willis, who read on the outside

THEIR WEDDING TRIP:

A SOCIAL COMEDY

BY

WILLIAM B. SHAW.

"What I am up against now," said Billy, as Willis was awkwardly leafing it over, "is the selection of the right kind of a girl to play the 'bride.'"

Instinctively Willis looked toward Mrs. Willis, and she met his look with a corroborating smile. They both knew exactly what an ideal bride should be like. Samson tipped Billy a wink and cleared his throat.

"Now," he said, "if my friend could

get a lady like yours, whose acquaintance I formed under rather inauspicious circumstances to-day, he would be very fortunate."

"I should not think of going on the stage," said Mrs. Willis with decision, looking to Willis for commendation of her self-sacrifice.

Billy turned a reproachful eye on Samson, which reminded him of the things he had said of Mrs. Willis when he thought she was to be the "bride;" but Willis said nothing, for he was blushing again and wondering if the men suspected that Mrs. Willis was really a bride.

"Well, I am sure that I wish you

success," said Willis at last, handing back the manuscript play.

"I only hope that it approaches yours," returned Billy politely; and then Willis was sure that they "knew."

Bowing, they withdrew to the door, where Miss Stanley's hat now loomed uneasily, like a sunset.

"So that was it," said Willis, with a sigh of relief, as he sat down again.

But Mrs. Willis was trying to see the face under the sunset. "To think of that woman," she muttered, "taking the part of a bride." And she assumed her expression of sweetest innocence that Willis might appreciate the contrast.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S "OLD QUEBEC"*

By WILLIAM WOOD, *President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec*



SIR GILBERT PARKER is a Canadian; he has made a special study of the older part of Canada; and he first came into vogue with a novel about Quebec in the time of Wolfe and Montcalm. These remarkable qualifications need to be pointed out at once; because they are all so modestly concealed beneath the many pages of his "Old Quebec" that, if they were not pointed out before beginning the book, no one—least of all a Quebecer—would even suspect their existence. His readers should also bear in mind that this book is not only the work of a specially qualified man, writing on his own special subject, but also the final result of a particularly long and careful preparation; for its appearance was heralded by announcements in the press during the two years before its actual publication. Naturally enough, all this aroused high expectations among the large and

increasing public, which is becoming more and more interested in this fascinating subject.

But, somehow or other, in spite of all Sir Gilbert Parker's advantages, and in spite of his being so well-advertised an authority on all things Canadian, he has only succeeded in producing one of those very commonplace specimens of book-making which prove how many thousands of words can be written all round about a given subject, without once touching any of its vital issues, much less reaching the heart of it. Of course, the book may be popular enough with those who have an appetite for a *réchauffé* of dilettante details, sentimentalised to taste. And all this public needs is the time-honoured recommendation, that those who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like. But, for the sake of those others who are a little more exacting, it might be worth while to examine this work a little more

* A review of "Old Quebec, the Fortress of New France." By Sir Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bryan. London and New York, Macmillan, 1903. N.B.—This review was originally written in December, 1903; but circumstances delayed its appearance till the present time.

closely, both as literature and as history.

All novelists may be included in three great classes—the dramatic, the melodramatic, and the stagey. Those in vogue to-day generally hover about the borderland between the stagey and the melodramatic; and with these Sir Gilbert Parker, who is nothing if not fashionable, is perfectly at home. He shines as a star of the first magnitude upon that great world whose moon is Miss Marie Corelli and whose sun is Mr. Hall Caine. And though he once went astray into another solar system, where he and his “Donovan Pasha” became visible to the naked eye as sun-spots on Mr. Kipling, he escaped with nothing worse than a singeing, and has now come back again to his proper place in literature with his “Old Quebec.” For here is what he calls his own “assimilation” of “history”—to which he might have added “English and French folklore.”

Some of his English, indeed, may have been made up expressly for the readers of his “Old Quebec.” For instance, the “Lower Town” that “huddles in artistic chaos,” and the “churches, convents and schools huddled together in the fairest city of the New World.” He is also quite possibly original with his “*brave* Vaudreuil” and “*rugged* Pitt.” Could all the *curiosa felicitas* of Mrs. Malaprop herself have made a “nicer derangement of epitaphs”? The term “*grisly* veterans” must come from that “assimilation” which has produced so many other new ways of treating old quotations. Edgar Allan Poe is “assimilated” when we are told how “the great continent of promise would renew in France the *glories* that *were* Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome;” and Wordsworth, when the authors meditate on “Old, *far-off*, *unhappy* things.” These two changes can only be unconsidered trifles to the author of them; for they amount merely to the substitution of the plural for the singular in one case, and the transposition of adjectives in the other. Yet neither mistake could possibly be made by

anyone with true poetic intuition. Both are of the same significant kind as this stray newspaper perversion—

“Ah Love! in truth, half ice, half fire;
And all a wonder and a *brave* desire!”—

where one incorrect vowel-sound makes all the difference between harmony and discord; except, of course, to tone-deaf ears. The crowning glory of “assimilation” is reached when a passage from the Bible is so much improved that it will actually bear comparison, on perfectly equal terms, with one taken from “The Seats of the Mighty.” Here is the revised quotation from the Bible, as it appears in “Old Quebec”: “The savage Indian with his reeking tomahawk might break through and steal, the moth and rust of evil administration might wear away the fortunes of New France . . .” And here is the revised version of the “Seats of the Mighty”: “A vague melancholy marked the line of [Wolfe’s] tall ungainly figure . . . and a chin, falling away from an affectionate sort of mouth, made, by an antic of nature, the almost grotesque setting of those twin furnaces (*Anglice* “eyes”) of daring resolve; which, in the end, fulfilled the yearning hopes of England.” Compare this with Thackeray’s little incidental sketch, written long before Wolfe’s life had been fully revealed by modern research! But Thackeray wrote literature.

“Assimilated” French is a thing to set one’s teeth on edge. We would venture to suggest that Sir Gilbert Parker might save a great deal of very distressing trouble by imitating the ingenious undergraduate who headed his Greek paper with a neatly drawn pill-box, filled with accents, and labelled, “to be used at the discretion of the examiner.” For he uses accents where they are quite right, as in *Récollet*, while leaving them out in such expressions as *Bois brûles*, where the want of them changes the meaning from “half-breeds” to what might be mistaken for an impatient apostrophe to the camp-fire! Of course, everyone in the French army is given a superabundance of

"acutes"—*Répentigny*, *Ramézay*, and so on. But such "foreignneering" things are carefully removed from the names of British officers like *Barré* and *Montréal*. One poor *s* is all that is allowed for the *gentilhommes* who "gave themselves to pick and spade." And the innocent *coiffe poudre* (!) of the "seigneur's wife" is massacred in cold blood, with the most heartless indifference to the claims of the female sex. But it is in his transcription of the famous epitaph on Montcalm that Sir Gilbert Parker has surpassed even himself. "*Honneur à Montcalm: le Destin, en lui dérochant la Victoire, l'a récompensé par une Morté gorieuse!*" We always used to think that Montcalm's great recompense was a glorious death; but this up-to-date authority assures us that it really consisted of a *splendid female corpse*!

As for Folklore, Sir Gilbert Parker seems to have no conception of the complete difference between the personal lyric and the impersonal folksong. And as all folklore lives on longest in remote country places, and withers away in the unsympathetic atmosphere of towns, it is rather unfortunate that he invites us to listen for the old songs "down by St. Roch or up by Ville Marie," *i.e.*, in Quebec and Montreal, the two least likely spots in the whole of French Canada. What on earth does he mean by a "crude epic of some valiant atavar?" Are we to hail him as a second "coiner of a word unknown to Keats"—not to mention the great new Oxford dictionary? Or is *atavar* only his "assimilation" of *avatar*? In this case we might remind him that the crudest epic of the first avatar of Vishnu tells how the first man was saved by a fish during the Deluge. It is, in fact, the oldest fish-story in the world, and, as such, a most "valiant" prehistoric prototype of all that "Old Quebec" has to tell us about French-Canadian folklore at the present day.

These few examples will enable the reader to see whether Sir Gilbert Parker has been writing literature. So we may now turn to the purely historical side of his work.

The sub-title is "The Fortress of New France," and we might suppose that this would restrict the subject in hand, more or less, to an account of the city itself. Such an event as the battle of Ticonderoga is, of course, quite relevant; though, to be sure, it is a little disconcerting to find the gallant Lord Howe leading the attack there the day after he had been killed in a preliminary skirmish! But Prince Rupert, who lived and died three thousand miles to the east of Quebec, and Mackenzie, whose great discoveries were made as far away to the west, are rather too wide of the subject. Yet both of them, together with three other Hudson Bay worthies, are thrown in, apparently for the sole reason that cheap cuts of them were to be found with irresistible ease, and that equally cheap information could be "assimilated" from Mr. Beckles Willson's "Great Company." The worst of it is, that, while these and many more irrelevant characters are favoured with illustration, there are no portraits of any of the following:—Bigot, the last and most pre-eminently vile of all the Intendants; Vaudreuil, the last figure-head of the old régime; Murray, the first military chief of the new; Carleton, the first British Governor-General, and saviour of Canada in 1775; and Lord Monck, the first viceroy of the new Dominion!

When the book does deal with Quebec it shows so little local knowledge that an inhabitant can hardly believe the authors ever visited the place in person. How do they suppose that the Castle of St. Louis managed to climb up to the "summit of Cape Diamond" (!) after the age of miracles was past? Why do they forget one of the stock features of every guide-book—the lamp of Repentigny? How is it that they have never heard of Quebec's claim to having built the *Royal William*, the first vessel which crossed the Atlantic by the aid of steam alone? Why do they illustrate the Quebec of "to-day" by views taken many years ago, such as those of the Citadel from the Terrace, the Upper Town Market,

the Breakneck Steps, New St. John's Gate, and the Old French House?

However, a better idea of the real value of the book can be obtained by examining the account of Wolfe's campaign. Sir Gilbert Parker has made the Siege and Battle emphatically his own, in more senses of the word than one. Perhaps it is only because he thinks he has a perfect right to do what he likes with his own, that he favours some characters with undue attention, while others get little or none. Rodney is introduced with a full-page portrait, as Governor of Newfoundland in 1759; though he had left that station seven years before. While Saunders, who commanded at Quebec the largest squadron then afloat, is distinguished by a small cut in the text, and is described as *under Wolfe*; though both his junior admirals were themselves considerably senior to all the generals, and though his own "assimilated" expression of horror at hearing this news for the first time might well have deterred the authors from offering him such an indignity. Other mistakes, both small and great, abound. Wolfe's successor was never styled "Marquis of Townshend." "Major-General Sir Isaac Barre, Paymaster to Wolfe's forces," is incorrect in rank, title, name, and appointment. While Anson, who planned the naval conquest of Canada from headquarters; Durell and Holmes, who were the two junior flag officers under Saunders; and Lord Colville, who commanded the fleet at the final surrender in 1760, are all crowded out by the other "profuse illustrations."

The account of the Battle of the Plains is no better than the rest, though this is the second book in which Sir Gilbert Parker has made it the central feature, and though he might have avoided all his present blunders by referring to a work which he himself praised, in 1902, as "a work of Imperial significance," *vis.*: Mr. Doughty's *Siege of Quebec*. The three brigadiers had nothing to do with Wolfe's final plan; as is proved by their joint letter

to him at 8.30 p.m. on the eve of the battle, asking for information—"particularly of the place or places we are to attack." Bourlamaque was not on the Heights, but two hundred miles away. The camp fires which are said to have "spotted" the banks of the river are as mythical as the stone walls which are said to have "girdled" Quebec. Wolfe could not have "eyed" his men in the boats at the turn of the tide, because neither boats nor men were there at the time, and it was a great deal too dark to have seen them in any case. Nor could he have seen Bougainville's bivouacs at Cap Rouge, because Bougainville was then some miles higher up. Nor could his boat have been challenged from Sillery Heights, two hundred feet sheer up and as many yards off as the crow flies, without his whole plan having been discovered. Nor did his forlorn hope of twenty-four take Vergor's post by themselves. Nor did he ever form line facing St. Louis Road. Nor did he court military suicide by cutting off his retreat. On the contrary, he had only 3,111 in the firing line, whilst 1,718 were close by in reserve, and a very strong naval brigade was at hand on the beach, to say nothing of all the men-of-war along the river. The first regiment described in the *white* French line wore *blue*. The "burghers" of Quebec and the Indians, quite regardless of the fact that by and by Sir Gilbert Parker would want them to pose in the open for his fancysketch, all insisted on taking cover in every other part of the battlefield. The ridiculous "*scarlet columns*" destroy the very effect he wishes to produce, because the most notable military feature of the whole action was that Wolfe anticipated the Crimean "*thin red line*" by nearly a hundred years. And the British troops must indeed have been "silent as cats, precise as mathematicians," if their whole line of nearly half a mile fired one single simultaneous volley on Wolfe's own personal word of command!

C'est magnifique—mais ce n'est pas la guerre!

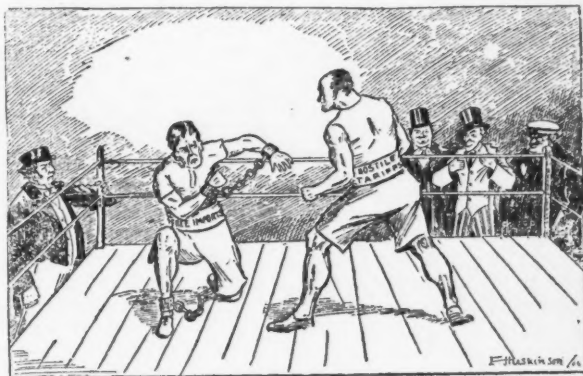
Some one has blundered!

Current Events Abroad.

THE most that can be hoped for by pro-Russians is that each side may acknowledge itself unable to subdue the other. Even that would be a great triumph for Japan and a virtual defeat for Russia. It would compel the latter to recognize Japan as at least of collateral authority and importance in all far Eastern affairs. How can it be hoped that any better than a drawn battle can be looked for from the Russian standpoint. Even if with fearful sacrifice and effort they recover lost ground and drive their foe into the sea, that is as far as they can go. He is still triumphant on that element, and secure in his ocean-girt islands. However bitter the draught may be, the very best issue that Russia can now hope from the contest is a compromise settlement in which she will have to recede from the arrogant position at first assumed. Japan will have to be recognized as possessing, at least, an equal voice with any other power in Asia, and the knowledge that she will always be ready to fight for her interests will make her voice a potent one.

However matters go then, events have already proclaimed a profound revolution in the East. The powers who have had their eyes on the outlying provinces of China,

and even those which now possess footholds in Asia are doubtless filled with some anxieties. What will be the policy of the new masters of the East? They have or will soon have behind them the force to give any of these powers notice to vacate, with possibly one exception. There can be little doubt, however, that Japan will consent to the status quo. What she will undoubtedly object to will be the strengthening by the European powers of their position in the East. Germany, for example, may retain the little circlet of land about Kiao-chau, but any attempt to increase the circlet would certainly be resented by China, backed up in all probability by Japan. The French in Indo-China would be in the same position. It can be affirmed with all sincerity that Great Britain has not shown a disposition to go far beyond the limits of Hong-Kong. A few years



FOUL PLAY

"If I saw a prize-fighter encountering a galley-slave in irons I should consider the combat equally as fair as to make England fight hostile Tariffs with Free Imports."—*Disraeli at Shrewsbury, 1843.*

And JOHN BULL has more money on than he can afford to lose

—*B. C. Review, London*



IN THE SQUEEZER—Minneapolis Tribune

ago when Germany planted herself at Kiaochow the British slightly increased the radius of their control on the mainland opposite Hong-Kong, but the reasons were military rather than those of territorial aggrandizement.

I am quite aware that assurances that Great Britain does not desire further accessions of territory are received by her sister nations with sneering incredulity. An unprejudiced view of the facts, however, supports the claim. The acquisition of the Transvaal and Orange Free State does not furnish evidence against this position. There can be no doubt that Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Chamberlain became sincerely convinced that the African spirit throughout South Africa backed up by the revenues of the aggressive Transvaalers would eventually attempt to oust Britain from her South African colonies. The possession of a naval base on the route to Australia is a consideration of supreme importance, and if it was necessary to fight to retain it it was best to choose the time for fight-

ing rather than let your enemy choose it. He would be likely to choose an opportunity which would be inconvenient for you. Whatever Mr. Chamberlain's critics may say no one who traversed the Boer settlements of Cape Colony would have any difficulty in believing that sooner or later Great Britain would have had to fight to retain her South African possessions. The extinction of the Transvaal should not be laid at Mr. Chamberlain's door; it should be laid at the door of the stubborn, implacable old man whose dislike of his British

neighbours had become an unreasoning passion.

Trade has become a first consideration with nations, and all of them are prepared to go any lengths rather than have open doors suddenly closed upon their commerce. There can be no doubt that had Russia's action in Manchuria led to a general grab for Chinese territory, Great Britain would have stood out against the closing of the Yang-tse river to her commerce. The situation is most unequal. India and Egypt are as open to the merchants of Germany and France, or indeed of those of any part of the world, as they are to the merchants of London, Birmingham or Manchester. Not so the possessions or protectorates or spheres of influence of other countries. Russia's title to Newchwang was of the flimsiest description, and yet her occupation of the port was immediately signaled by an attempt to close it to the commerce of the world, an attempt against which the United States was firmly protesting when the war broke out. The first thing the Japan-

ese did after capturing it a week or two ago was to proclaim it open to the ships of the world. This type of civilization may not unnaturally be preferred to that illustrated by the Russian method.

It may be asked what the present expedition towards Lhasa is if not an expedition of conquest. There is no chance that Tibet will be annexed to the British Empire, becoming another Indian Province. The British hold on India would be immensely weakened if once the idea gained currency among the tribes and peoples of that country that the Christian successor of the Great Mogul was unable to protect his subjects from the insult and oppression of a feeble folk like the Tibetans. Indian merchants attempting to carry on a trade with the people of the great plateau have been maltreated and driven back. Yet this trade between the two peoples is of immemorial age. Lord Curzon and his advisers attribute these increased restrictions to Russian intrigue, and it is certainly the fact that while the Tibetans have shown growing distrust of everything coming from the direction of India, they have exhibited a tendency in quite a contrary direction so far as Russia is concerned. The day will never come when a great power will submit to this sort of treatment from a weaker nation whose conduct is suspected of being inspired and directed by a powerful rival. It may be affirmed with some confidence that Lord Curzon will prove that territorial aggrandizement was not his object by withdrawing from Tibet as soon as he is assured that British subjects, which in that case virtually means natives of Hindostan, are un-



IS IT COMING TO THIS?

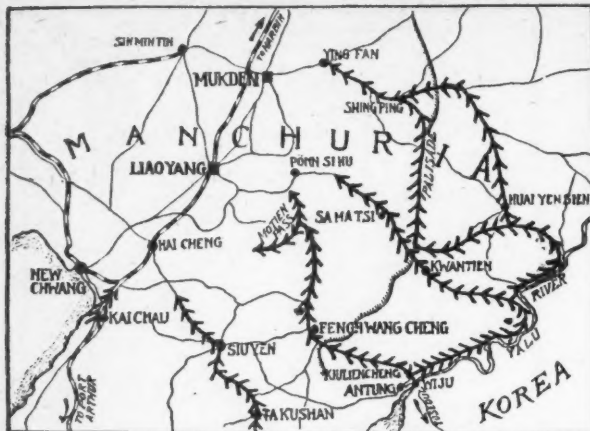
CZAR—"For goodness sake, Pat, don't lure him in here!"

—*Brooklyn Eagle*

molested in their legitimate journeyings through Tibet.

It is urged in some quarters that it would have been better for British interests if Russia had been allowed an outlet for her energies in the far East. Denied access to the Yellow Sea, she will become more active in the countries along the borders of India. It may merely be said that what she was doing in Manchuria and on the Liaotung peninsula did not seem to subtract from the energy of her propaganda in the Balkans, in Persia or at Lhasa. At all events, over the collision which has now taken place British statesmanship had no control. No power on earth could have prevented the Japanese from attempting to stop the onward movement of the Muscovite steam roller. The world must just make up its accounts in view of facts which could not be avoided.

The possibility of mediation still crops up. A month ago, it will be



The above map from the *London Daily Mail* is an attempt to indicate the lines of advance of the various Japanese armies. General Kuroki himself has advanced from the Yalu through Feng-hwang-cheng to the Motien Pass, which he has avoided. On the right is an unknown army, and on the extreme left is the latest army. This latter body will probably soon see hard work as the Russians appear to be advancing to try to relieve Port Arthur. Important developments must occur before the month closes.

remembered, the Russian Foreign Office took pains to deny that any proposals had been made looking towards intervention. There are not unimportant differences between intervention and mediation. The one case seems to imply the interference of a third power with a certain suspicion of coercion behind it. Mediation would only occur where one or other of the combatants had by round-about methods given some friend to understand that his services in the interests of peace would be acceptable. It is a bitter thing for a powerful despot to acknowledge himself beaten by a despised people. But history is full of such cases. It was doubtless a terrible humiliation for Darius to retire across the Bosphorus in face of a few disunited tribes of Greeks whom he accounted very lightly. It was undoubtedly an equally painful experience for Xerxes, his son, when he saw his navy worsted at Salamis and his hosts melt away on the plains of Thessaly. Rome paid tribute to the Goths and bowed to Brennus and Theodoric, and, big as Russia is, she will have to bow to Japan if the fortunes of war keep

going against her. Needs must is an irresistible subduer, and despite the little reverses which Japan is suffering at the moment of writing it must still be judged that Russia has essayed an impossible task. To say that she will emerge from a war in which she has gathered no glory and immediately begin her career of activity in other directions is to leave a lot of things out of account. If she comes out of the war with discredit she will have plenty of matters to deal with to keep

her quite busy at home. The modern spirit is penetrating Russia in spite of every effort to fence it out, and the collapse of the military reputation of the Empire will force such questions to the front beyond the possibility of the power of any minister to repress them. Domestic questions and the rehabilitation of the finances will keep Russian statesmen pretty well employed for the greater part of a generation at least.

The South African authorities have overcome all opposition, in order to introduce Chinese labour in the mines. They have gone far towards justifying those who said that the moneyed interests plotted to bring about the downfall of Boer Government because it took the side of labour rather than that of capital. Sir Alfred Milner's policy will have to justify itself. It is being followed in face of the protest of some of the colonies which helped to place him in power at Pretoria. It is said that what is now being done will be upset as soon as the Transvaal is granted self-government, which cannot be long delayed. If so it is a mistake to have ever thought of it.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

ARE WE SNOBS AND TOADIES?

WE are reading just now a great deal in our Canadian papers of how the eyes of the Mother Country are turned towards Canada, and of how at last our British brothers are waking up to a sense of our importance. It is all pleasant reading and interesting, but I wonder if we are really any better understood by the mass of our brothers and sisters in the homeland than we were twenty-five years ago. Sometimes it seems to me we are not.

Only a few days ago I overheard a benighted Britisher (an educated man, and generally well informed in other respects, a man whom I afterwards learned had lived in Canada for twenty years), denouncing Canada and things Canadian in no measured terms. We were a lot of snobs and toadies, he politely informed us, fond of cheap notoriety, and eager to rush forward to touch the hems of the garments, so to speak, of any Tom, Dick or Harry in the way of nobility who happened to come to our land. After listening more or less patiently for a time, I took a hand in the merry game, and tried to persuade the old gentleman that he was quite mistaken—that we, as a nation, cared little for titles or “lang pedigrees”—that our training and environments tended to make us free and easy in our mode of life, and that we could have none of the sentimental regard and respect for high-sounding titles which people in

the same class of life in the Old Country would naturally feel for them, having grown up with the fear of the nobility in their hearts. It was all to no purpose.

Why had our leading citizens a few days before put themselves to such trouble lunching, dining, and otherwise entertaining the Duke of S—, who happened to be touring in Canada at the time; and why were the columns of our daily papers filled with descriptions of Mrs. Sam Smith's and Mrs. Jack Robinson's “Pink” or “Green” or “Yellow” Teas? That was what he would like to know, if it was not because we were fond of cheap notoriety.

I meekly suggested with regard to the “Pink Teas,” that as we had no Princesses of the Blood Royal, no Duchesses or Countesses or even “Honourables” as yet in this great and glorious West, we had to fall back for society leaders upon the wives of our respected and prosperous business-men—that in a very small and modest way our despised “Pink Teas” took the place of Royal Drawing-rooms, and so forth, the joys of the aristocratic world across the sea; and that in describing the same our worthy newspapers were only following the example set by the Old Country press. This amiable explanation, I may say, was received with merely a contemptuous snort. It was too flippant and childish to even come in for passing notice.

Having the floor, however, for the time being, I went on to say that

the Duke of S—— was supposed to be intimately associated with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and that our citizens in entertaining him were doubtless moved to do so largely in the hope of hearing from his own noble lips some of the details of Mr. Chamberlain's plans for Imperial Federation, just now the chief topic of the day.

"I saw nothing in your papers about the Duke being Mr. Chamberlain's spokesman," he retorted. "All that was lost sight of by you in the joy of having a real, live Duke in your midst; and if you only knew it, my dear young woman, these aristocratic visitors whom *ye* delight to entertain (he was growing excited) just go away and laugh at you for your pains. Take the Governors-General who are sent out to Canada. Do you not suppose they are utterly bored to death by your attentions? Indeed, one of them told me himself, on his return to England, how amusing, and even annoying, it had all been."

Talk of insular prejudice, and ignorance of colonial affairs in Great Britain! This was from a man who had lived for twenty years in our very midst. And yet, in spite of it all, we remain loyal; and when an opportunity offered gave of our dearest and best to fight and die for our Queen and country.

Argument with the dear man, I saw, was useless, and I retired from the fray with what dignity I could, remarking as I took my departure, by way of having the last word and leaving a parting shot behind, that, at any rate, I hadn't noticed any great commotion when the noble Duke took his walks abroad, nor had Main Street been blocked at any time during his visit as I had seen Princes Street, Edinburgh, blocked one afternoon when Lord Rosebery dropped into Jenner's to do a little shopping!! I left my choleric old friend speechless with wrath, and can only hope he did not have a seizure as a result of having encountered someone, and a woman at that, who dared to hold opposite views to his own. Probably he will always regard me as one of the

unfortunate products of this uncultured and unenlightened country.

Does this little incident, however, not go to show that we are still hopelessly misunderstood by our British brethren?

C. I. S.

Winnipeg.

A LULLABY

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea—"

THE words echo mournfully through the quiet room, and the rain that falls against the window seems to patter an accompaniment to the faltering voice. The clock ticks on, pointing with its gilded hands to the hour of midnight, while its white staring face looks down on the dim, dark figure of a woman, half kneeling, half crouching beside a child's cot.

"Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea—"

The firelight glints and gleams about the room, throwing now a streak of light, now a deep shadow in some corner, making the fair hair of the kneeling woman shine like threads of gold, and dancing in mocking playfulness over the fever-tossed figure of the child, lying with its little arms extended, and the fingers of each tiny hand curled inward. The door opens, and the doctor enters, accompanied by the nurse, but the child moves restlessly and the mother, with almost a passionate gesture, motions them back.

"Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me:
While my little one—"

The child is still again, but the agony in the mother's voice pierces the watchers' hearts. The rain patters on the window, the clock ticks, ticks, and a faint sound of weeping from the adjoining room, are all that disturb the stillness.

While my pretty one—"

The voice is almost a whisper now and the golden head of the woman leans very near that of the child; the firelight playfully kisses them both and shows

for an instant the white agonized look of the one and the flushed baby face of the other.

"Sleeps"—the woman almost gasps, and then for a moment, with a moan of anguish, clasps the little form close, close in her loving arms. 'Tis only for a moment though, for the blue eyes open and look into hers, and the weak voice, with unconscious cruelty, says: "Don't stop, mother; lay me down and sing to me; the rest of it—about father." For an instant there is silence; even the very rain seems to fall more quietly, while from the mother's heart goes up a prayer for strength; then, as the little body in her arms stirs, she lays it tenderly down, and again resuming her crouching position, softly sings—

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon—"

The misery in the brown eyes and the clinging black robe she wears tell a tale too pitiful for words, and her lips grow white and seem to move stiffly as the last verse of Tennyson's beautiful lullaby quivers through the room.

"Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon—"

The blue eyes are still fastened on hers, and with the courage of despair she forces herself to smile into them with a shadow of the hopefulness she sees in them; the little hands clasp hers, and the child waits eagerly for the voice that falters on—

"Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon."

There is a little choking sound and the doctor and nurse start forward, but she waves them back (no one must share his last moments with her). She gathers the little twitching limbs into her loving arms and soothes him with the words that have so often lulled him to rest.

"Sleep my little one—"

The child's struggles grow fainter, the little hands begin to loosen their clasp, the doctor furtively wipes his eyes, and the nurse weeps freely, as the

anguished voice of the young mother breathes the last words

"Sleep my pretty one—sleep."

Her task is over, the baby hands drop from hers, and the blue eyes close. The rain patters on the window pane, the clock ticks over the mantel, pointing with its gilded hands to five minutes after the hour of midnight, while its white staring face looks down on the broken heart of a woman and—a sleeping child.

Maud Beatrice Roberts

THE FUNCTION OF MUSIC

THE community and the individual debarred from the privilege of frequently listening to music are not always aware of the loss they sustain. If it may be said not only that "what the eye doth not see," but what the ear doth not hear, "the heart doth not long after," it is as unfortunate in the latter as it is fortunate in the former. For the sense of hearing has never, like "the lust of the eye," been classified among the evil things of life. Is it a true indictment to state that the Anglo-Saxon is not a musical race, and that in this respect it is inferior to the Germans, the Italians, and other nationalities? In German towns, music at some centre where all may congregate is the regular evening recreation, not of the few but of the multitude. It is to places like Leipsic that our musical devotees resort to perfect their education in the divine art. It is safe to say that the musical development of the people, considered separately from the artists, is more conspicuous in all the continental nations than in England or the United States. The infancy of Canada must be its excuse for musical as well as literary limitations.

It may be stated broadly, but none the less truthfully, that music is a power for good. Admittedly there is a stimulus in intoxicating liquor, but in the gallant charge on the field of battle it is more often the martial music than any material stimulant which stirs

men's blood to brave deeds. If the average attendant at church were asked what part of the service made him feel a better man or more desirous of attaining higher ideals, he would answer the hymns and other devotional music.

It is not the elaborate anthem, not the magnificent oratorio, not the shivering scream of the prima donna that appeals to the heart of man. All this may be, as an American humorist remarked, "really very much better than it sounds!" But it is the spiritual fervour of the Christian hymn, the sustained elevation of the simple chant, the pathetic melody of the minor operas, or the robust beauty of Scottish song that influence and inspire the sympathetic listener.

Musical geniuses like those of poetic mould are sometimes regarded as eccentric and in ordinary matters, unreliable. But at the other extreme is "the man that hath no music in his soul." Shakespeare tells us that

"The motions of his spirit are as dull as night, And his affections dark as Erebus."

A choral society, though its orbit and influence are limited, is, as far as its educative work extends, an excellent institution. But we want music in the home as well as in the churches and at social gatherings. Such melancholy tunes as "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" are more apt to set the unfortunate boy wandering than to keep him at home. But there is abundance of cheerful and inspiriting music for every day in the year. For the reflective mood, there are touching melodies in the hymnals and the operas whose effect is only mellowing and not depressing. The finest accomplishment which girls can acquire is that of playing the piano or some other musical instrument. Only a few are incapable of attaining fair proficiency. If their voices give any promise let them be cultivated also.

Music is infinite in its variety. Of making music as of making books there is no end. It can be fashioned

to please every taste, to accord with every feeling, to banish many a useless worry, and solace many a care. It is a stimulant, but one "that cheers and not inebriates."

C. E. A. Simonds

MELBA'S HARD WORK

MADAME MELBA, the great diva, has a splendid house in Great Cumberland-place, London, England, and in a recent interview she tells of the hard work she put into the learning of her recent opera. This was put on the stage for the first time in Monte Carlo, and ran for six weeks. The composer is Saint Saëns, and the title is *Hélène*. The piece is written in one act, and occupies an hour and a quarter. During the whole performance Madame Melba does not leave the stage. But even harder work than the acting was the trying task of learning the new opera while keeping her engagements in America and elsewhere. It required three months of persistent work rehearsing for four hours each day. Madame studied it during her train journeys of October, November and December last. Literally she learnt it on the road. She had no other opportunity. She had a piano put into her drawing-room car, and practised as the train rushed along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, in spite of all the rattle and the noise. This was determination with a vengeance. Speaking of it, Madame says: "I got used to it. But it is trying in the extreme. Day after day, week in and week out, always practising. Nevertheless, I could not live without it. It is my life."

After gleanings this remarkable information the interviewer asked one more question, Did Madame ever think of retiring? Melba, the great Melba, sprang to her feet. "My good fellow, I'm not forty yet. Retire? Retire? When I am forty-five, perhaps. But now. Never." And she laughed long and merrily. The idea of retirement was so ridiculous.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

THE months of May and June were rather important months in the history of this country. The people made some momentous decisions. That is, they didn't actually make the decisions themselves, but they looked on while their leaders came to certain conclusions.

For example, it was decided that Senator Wark was the oldest living legislator in the world. It appears that he was born near Londonderry, in Ireland, in February, 1804, emigrated to New Brunswick in 1824, and entered the Assembly there in 1843. Since then he has been engaged in the making and unmaking of laws, having never once changed his occupation. He did not desire to miss even the present session of the Dominion Senate, in which he has been since Confederation, and the Government sent a private car down to his home to transfer him to Ottawa. Then this centenarian legislator came up, had his photograph taken for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, sat for a painting, and deservedly received the congratulations of an assembled Parliament. A man who has lived so long must have taken great trouble to keep his health and mind in good condition—he is a noble example. But it shows that when a Member of Parliament complains that he cannot endure

the stress of law-making, it is time to take a pinch of salt.

The people who control the University of Ottawa have decided to build a new Arts building to replace the one burned down. There were some rumours of trouble as to whether it should be controlled by Canadians or



SENATOR WARK—THE OLDEST LIVING LEGISLATOR IN THE WORLD

HIS LATEST PHOTO, BY TOILEY



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW ARTS BUILDING OF OTTAWA UNIVERSITY ON MAY 24TH

Among those present were Cardinal Gibbons (who delivered the address), Mgr. Sbarretti (who officiated), the Governor-General, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Chief Justice Taschereau and the Hon. Richard Harcourt.

PHOTO BY PITTAWAY

English-speaking Canadians also adherents of the Roman Catholic Church. Apparently the rumour had little basis in fact. The corner-stone has been declared well and truly laid, and French and English, prelate, priest and people, parliamentarian and private citizen, joined to wish success to higher education and long life and usefulness to the University of Ottawa.

Again, it has been decided that government ownership of railways is advisable. Sir Wilfrid Laurier says that he advocates it—advocates it for the new transcontinental railway so far as is practicable. Just now he favours the Government owning the roadbed from Winnipeg to the Atlantic Ocean. A few years from now, say fifty or a hundred, he believes that it may be advisable to take over the operating of the road. Hence he has had a few paragraphs looking to that end inserted in the Bill which creates the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. After fifty-one days of consideration of the amended bargain, the House of Commons agreed with

Sir Wilfrid by a vote of 105 to 59, and the Bill became law.

The leader of the opposing fifty-nine agreed with Sir Wilfrid that government ownership was a splendid ideal, but he thought that government ownership should cover roadbed, rolling stock and general operation. Mr. Borden is enthusiastic. He would buy everything and own everything, the rails, the ties, the cars, the engines, the stations, the new townsites, the telegraph lines, the express companies, the dining-rooms, and the right to issue passes. He has never worked in a railway office; he has never been Minister of Railways, nor even General Passenger Agent at Moncton, or perhaps he would not have been quite so enthusiastic. Think of all the people who would want passes and jobs if the Government owned and operated a railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific!

The rivalry between the Ontario and the Federal Governments has become serious. The Ottawa people created a Railway Commission to rival the



OPENING OF THE NEW GOLF CLUB HOUSE IN OTTAWA ON MAY 17TH

PHOTO BY PITTAWAY

Temiskaming Commission appointed by the Ontario Government. Mr. Ross thought a long time and he conceived another great idea. He would have a commission to investigate the taxation of railways and to travel over all the continent from Greenland to the Panama Canal looking for information—perhaps even to Europe if they happen to think of it. Mr. H. J. Pettypiece, M.P.P., Professor Adam Shortt and Judge Bell were chosen for the important work. It is said Sir Wilfrid was staggered for a moment until Mr. Fielding came to his aid and said "Let's have another Tariff Commission," and straightway there were sunny smiles in Ottawa once more. So Mr. Fielding made what is called a Budget Speech and announced a new tariff commission which will once more attempt to settle the question of who pays the duty, the producer or the consumer.

While he was making this annual address Mr. Fielding took opportunity

incidentally to say something about the revenue of Jack Canuck & Co., Unltd. It appears that the revenue of the company increased from fifty-eight millions to sixty-six millions, while the expenditure increased only one million—a little less in fact. Now in 1901-2 the surplus was seven millions; therefore in 1902-3 the surplus was fourteen millions. And then he prophesied that the surplus in 1903-4 would be sixteen and a half millions. Jack Canuck & Co. are certainly prosperous.

In 1902 the national debt was \$271,829,000. In two years it has been reduced to \$257,412,000, or less than it was in 1896. In 1896 the debt was \$50.61 per head; in 1904 it is only \$46.69. He gave a great quantity of other figures, all of which went to show that Jack Canuck & Co. was one of the most prosperous firms in the world.

Mr. Fielding's speech was also the occasion of introducing a new principle into the customs tariff, a provision

against "dumping." This nefarious practice is defined to mean that where an article is sold at a lower price in Canada than it is in the country of production, it will be said to be "dumped." For example, if the steel rail makers of the United States sell rails in Canada at \$22 which they sell in the United States at \$28 they are "dumping" them. Mr. Fielding proposes to penalize this by adding a special duty equal to the difference between the "dumped" price and the regular price, which in the instance cited would be \$6. This, however, is limited by a provision that the added duty shall not exceed one-half of the regular duty.

This provision is a concession to the manufacturers who claim that certain United States competitors seek to ruin Canadian producers in the same line by underselling them in this market. There is no doubt that the Canadian manufacturers have been much alarmed over the rapid growth of United States sales to Canada, but it is equally certain that this is not always due to a lower price. For example, there are certain lines of ladies' shoes manufactured in the United States and sold in Canada for other reasons. These shoes sell in the United States at \$3.25 and in Canada at \$3.75. Why? Because they are good shoes and better advertised than any similar shoe produced here. The Canadian manufacturer might take a leaf from the Australian book of customs duties, where they have imposed a duty of six cents per pound on all foreign periodicals containing more than 15 per cent. of advertising. It is time the Canadian manufacturer turned his attention to the ease with which the United States manufacturer can get his advertisement before the Canadian reader. Until that is rendered difficult, the United States manufacturer will maintain his position here.

A number of the journalists who have returned from St. Louis claim that Canada's exhibits are splendid. I am inclined to express a different opin-

ion. In fact, I would almost go so far as to say that at St. Louis Canada has received a decidedly cold shoulder, both at the hands of the authorities of the Exhibition and at the hands of those who have had the Canadian exhibits in charge. The agricultural trophy in the Palace of Agriculture is splendid, but there the praise must end. The Canadian building is inadequate, and represents no particular idea. The German building is a replica of the Schloss Charlottenburg, the British building a reproduction of the Orangery at Kensington Palace, the French building a replica of the Grand Trianon at Versailles, and so with the other national buildings. Canada's building represents nothing in particular in architecture, and indicates nothing in particular in its furnishings. This, of course, is Canada's own fault, and an explanation is due from the Canadian commissioner or whoever authorized the plans.

There is to be no exhibit of Canadian manufactures, no exhibits of fruit, no exhibits of cattle, and no exhibits of dairy products of an official character. To a great extent this is the fault of the St. Louis directors, who refused to allow Canadian animals to be shown under favourable conditions, and to the consequent lukewarmness of the leaders in Canadian agriculture and kindred industries.

Knowing the United States people as we do, there need be no surprise at this attitude. Canada is the greatest competitor the United States has on this continent. For forty years it has been her policy to check us as far as possible, and for a time her efforts were fairly successful. Now that we are commencing to draw away some of her best citizens, it is but natural that she should refuse to assist our progress. That Canadians should be warmly received at St. Louis could hardly be expected, and any one who did expect it has been disappointed. As a Fair, however, I am free to confess that it is a great success, and well worth going to see. Every person who visits it will reap both pleasure and profit.

John A. Cooper

About New Books.



THE IMPERIALIST

NO young Canadian, though willing to go to Parliament to represent a constituency, and though well enough known to be a possible candidate, can be an imperialist and a successful candidate. That is the general proposition upon which Sara Jeanette Cotes has based her arguments in "The Imperialist."* Her definition of an imperialist is one who would not hesitate to put Canada to some material loss, or at least to postpone her development in various important directions, for the sake of the imperial connection. Having thus defined him, she carries him through a political contest to defeat.

Mrs. Cotes may or may not be right. I fancy Lieut.-Col. Denison would disagree and perhaps one or two others. There are many imperialists in the country, but most of these place their Canadianism first. This is especially true of the Canadians who speak French; they have steadily refused to sing "God Save the King." I recently attended a dinner at which about a score of French Canadian women were present; when the national anthem was being sung they contented themselves with a shrug and a smile. The Canadian who speaks English but who was born in this country usually sings the national anthem with vigour, but privately he believes the residents of the British Isles are members of a decadent race. He is willing to shout for the Empire, but does not believe in taxation without representation.

Whether Mrs. Cotes is right or wrong, the story is opportune. It comes at a time when imperialism is

being calmly considered. The intense glorification of Wallingham, who is the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain in thin disguise, is a fault in the story, perhaps. The Idea would have been just as forcible if less closely associated with one man. Again, the style of the author is extremely bad in many places, showing a lack of close revision. Ungrammatical constructions are common; the improper use of words shows a sad lack of dictionary and classical knowledge; the unnecessary chapters show a mercenary willingness to "pad." Yet, in spite of its glaring faults, one would hesitate to say that the book is not a valuable contribution to Canadian literature.

CLEMENT vs. ROBERTS

THE story goes that when the great conference took place a few years ago to settle upon a suitable Canadian history for use in all Canadian schools, that Roberts' book was not selected because Mr. Roberts would not consent to having the life edited out of it to suit certain religious bodies and other interests and whims.

Mr. Clement consented to have his book cut up, and his reputation has been steadily declining ever since. On the other hand, Roberts' history was published in an expensive edition and secured a few fond admirers. Now it has been published in a cheaper edition* with illustrations. The preface runs thus:

"This volume, originally issued in 1897, has been revised and brought down to date by Mr. Roberts. A chapter on the government of the country, federal, provincial, and

* A History of Canada for High Schools and Academies, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: Morang & Co.

* The Imperialist, by Mrs. Everard Cotes. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

municipal, has been added, as well as a list of important dates. A new and enlarged index completes the book."

While this book is much better than Clement's and is equal to any one-volume history of Canada in existence, it is still far from being ideal. There are a thousand facts and dates in it which might safely have been omitted. The pictures of each period are not broad enough, not bright enough, not as vivid as a novelist might make them. The War of 1812 alone, if told in all its detail, would easily occupy all the space any author, working on this line, can be given. Why then try to give the names of all the generals and all the battles? Better far a bright, vivid picture, such as an artist might paint on one canvas—a running commentary such as might be given by a lecturer who desired to keep his audience awake.

Then again the perspective is open to question. There are 353 pages devoted to Canada before Confederation, and 110 pages to the history since Confederation. The latter period might

reasonably have at least one-half the space, instead of one-quarter, if an author were disposed to treat some of the later phases of our national development as Carlyle or Macaulay would have treated them.

The ideal school-history of Canada has yet to be written, but until that ideal day Roberts' brightly-written work will do very well. Any teacher of enthusiasm and broad reading may use it to advantage. The other kind of teacher could do little even with a more ideal book.

CANADIAN FICTION

CANADA has an increasing number of very fair public libraries, and the most striking feature in each is the absence of Canadian books. There are not ten libraries in the Dominion that have a department specially labeled

"Canadian." Strange? No, not so. The people of this country have always been half-hearted in their opinions. Even in 1812 they hesitated a moment before they defended the country; and less than fifteen years ago some of our leading men were prepared to surrender our national existence.

There are some who stand firmly for national existence, and most of them recognize the value of studying and encouraging our native literature. Chief among these are the men who are gathered about Victoria College, Toronto. They encourage their students to know Canadian books; they invite Canadian writers to contribute to the College journal on purely native topics; they have issued a bibliography of Canadian poetry, and will shortly have a companion "Bibliography of Canadian (English) Fiction," which will be No. 2 of the publications of Victoria University Library. This bibliography was begun some years ago by Lawrence J. Burpee, of the Ottawa Civil Service, but he grew tired

of it, and abandoned his post to Professor L. E. Horning, whose enthusiasm in behalf of native literature is well known. After patient research and correspondence extending over many months, he is now giving the work to the public, though he knows that it is far from being perfect. The Professor is to be congratulated upon the measure of success which has attended his unselfish efforts in this connection, and Mr. Burpee deserves praise for having originated an important piece of work on behalf of our national literature.

Canada needs more professors with enthusiasm for native letters. During the past season Professor Horning delivered some fifteen university extension lectures at various points in Ontario, and, during the months of March and April, travelled twelve hundred miles, carrying with him his zeal on behalf of native prose, native poetry and a higher standard of literary culture among the people. It is a pleasing sign that the public should be anxious to hear about our native literature which, however imperfect, will not be improved by being ignored.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

STEWART EDWARD WHITE was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., March 12, 1873. He lived all his young boyhood in Grand Haven, where he used to spend much time with his father on the river and with the rivermen. Often, he used to accompany his father on long trips to the north woods, and so early acquired a taste for that sort of thing. At the age of ten he went to California and spent four years in that State, taking long hunting trips on horseback. During the next few years he visited various parts of the West, and did a good deal of work in ornithology. His first published book was on this subject—an annotated list of the birds of Mackinac Island, published in pamphlet form. He made a collection of about 1,400 birdskins. After graduation from the University of Michigan, desire for adventure led him to the gold camps of

the Black Hills, where, with a horse, gun and about \$100, he enjoyed life. He spent most of the time in a lawless, unsherriffed camp, about forty miles from anywhere, and made long horseback trips over the wild country in all directions. Once he was nearly lynched, and once he was shot at. He mined a little gold; staked some water rights, and got fooled by a washout; shot game for a living. During all this time he was gathering material for his two books, "The Claim Jumpers" and "The Westerners." Returning from the wilds, he entered the Columbia Law School and studied one winter. Then he went abroad for a year and a half, living in Paris and making many literary friends. From civilization he turned to the woods again, coming to Canada and penetrating far into the Hudson Bay region, where he gathered the material for his two books, "Conjuror's House" and "The



PROFESSOR HORNING



STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Silent Places." Last summer he spent in the Sierra Nevada mountains, tramping the backbone of the ridge for over a thousand miles. On April 28th last he was married to Miss Elizabeth Grant, of Newport, R.I., and recently returned to California with his bride, where he will take up his residence in a little house of which he himself was the architect and builder, furniture and cabinet maker, which he has whimsically named "The Jumping Off Place."

His latest book, "The Silent Places,"* deals with the far northwest in the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company and describes the pursuit of an Indian defaulter by two employees of the company. A man hunt under the most wonderful and most trying circumstances.

A MAN OF HORSES

TO write one must know. W. A. Fraser writes of horses because he knows them. He has owned racing horses in India and in Canada; he has lost money to the bookies in the East and the West, at Calcutta, at Saratoga, at Fort Erie, at Toronto. So

have many others. Mr. Fraser differs from the others in that he sought the experience mainly that he might paint the picture, just as did that Russian painter of war scenes whose great genius was lost to the world the other day when a Russian battleship sank in the Yellow Sea. That is why "Brave Hearts"* will appeal to men who love horses and know the race-course, and to other men who love merely courage and breeding and strength.

In addition to telling twelve good short stories in this volume, Mr. Fraser has again shown that he has a style of his own. When his first work appeared, the critics said it smelled of Kipling. Fraser has lived that down and the critics have swallowed the slander. The excellences of his prose are his own; his artistic handling of words and phrases is mastery rather than imitation; the abrupt forcefulness of his phrases meets the general requirements of literary form, but yet has an individuality of its own. Nor is he merely a splendid transcriber; he infuses his imagination and humour into his writing, so that it is genuine fine art with a vocabulary, a composition, a manner, a feeling which reflects the writer and him alone.

TRAVEL

A NEW edition of "Here and There in the Home Land," by Canniff Haight, has been issued under the title "A United Empire Loyalist in Great Britain." The only changes are the addition of a Frontispiece picture of the author, who died in 1901, and a biographical introduction by E. B. Biggar. This is an excellent work which should find many new admirers. It is printed on heavy paper, with a neat cover.†

The northern parts of Canada are coming in for greater attention. The central portion of British Columbia has been described for the first time by Rev. Father Morice, who has spent twenty years among the Indians of that

* Toronto: Morang & Co. Illustrated.

* Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, \$1.25.

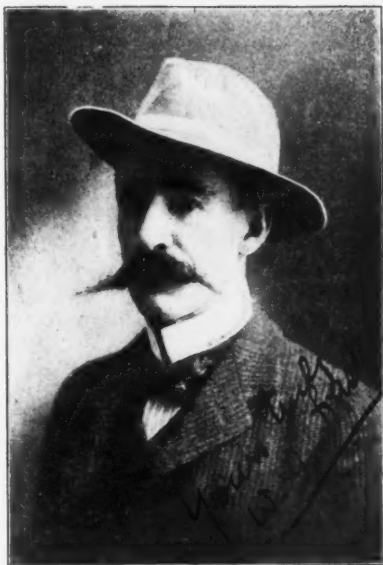
† Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, \$2.25.

district. It is, as its title would indicate, more than a contribution to our history of the Indians. "The History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia*" goes back to the days before Victoria and New Westminster had been called into existence, when Stuart Lake was the seat of authority for that Province. The earliest trading posts were established by Simon Fraser, who in 1902 became a partner in the Northwest Fur Company, and in 1805 he founded Fort McLeod on Lake McLeod, the first permanent post erected within what we now call British Columbia. In 1806 he explored Stuart Lake, and built Fort St. James. Bancroft, Masson, Bryce, Macfie, and other historians, have improperly, says the author, described the situation of this fort and have called it the first fort in British Columbia, whereas it was the second. Fraser then explored Fraser Lake, where he built another fort. He named the whole district New Caledonia, taking possession of it in the name of his company. The subsequent history of this district fills out the interesting narrative which the author has given to the public.

Another work on the northern part of the Dominion is "Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada," by David T. Hanbury,† who spent twenty months travelling in the district immediately north of Winnipeg. He travelled from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay, and from there to Great Slave Lake, as a preliminary, but failed to find a way to the north. This was in 1899. Two years later he left Edmonton and proceeded to Great Slave Lake and Chesterfield Inlet. He returned to Buchanan River, and then went north to Pelly Lake, and pressed on to the Arctic Ocean; thence westerly across Kent Peninsula to Coronation Gulf, and along to the mouth of the Coppermine. He ascended this and the Dease River, and crossed Great Bear Lake to

*Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, \$2.50.

†New York: The Macmillan Co. Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, 318 pp., illustrated, \$4.50.



W. A. FRASER

Fort Norman on the Mackenzie, one of the greatest trips ever taken by a white man. A more extended notice of this wonderful adventure will be given next month in this publication.

A POOR BOOK

CASPAR WHITNEY is reputed to be a great authority on sport and he is editor of the American Sportsman's Library. The latest issue in this is "American Yachting,"* by W. P. Stephens. This volume entirely overlooks the greatest of all lake contests, that for the "Canada's" cup. This contest was inaugurated at Toledo in 1896 when the *Canada* won from the *Vencedor*. In 1899, the cup was taken back to the United States by the *Genesee* which defeated the *Defender*. In 1901, the *Invader* recovered it, defeating the *Cadillac* at Chicago. Last year the *Strathcona* was beaten by the *Ironduquoit* and the Cup went to Rochester.

*New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Morang & Co.



VERNON NOTT, WHOSE SECOND VOLUME OF VERSE HAS JUST APPEARED.—PHOTO BY KILE

This omission and the general make-up of the book rob it of any permanent value. In fact, it is a discredit to the sport which it is supposed to represent.

SUMMER READING

¶ The Editor recommends the following list of books for summer reading.

FICTION

■ The Bright Face of Danger, by Robert Neilson Stephens. Romance of the Renaissance. Copp.

The Crossing, by Winston Churchill. United States Historical Romance. Copp.

The Watchers of the Trails, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Animal Stories. Copp.

Strong Mac, by S. R. Crockett. Strong Galloway Tale. Copp.

The Imperialist, by Mrs. Everard Cotes. Canadian Political Story. Copp.

The Heart of Rome, by F. Marion Crawford. Modern Romance. Copp. Follow the Gleam, by Joseph Hocking. Story of Cromwell's Time. Copp.

Over the Border, by Robert Barr. Cromwell Story. Copp.

The Silent Places, by Stewart Edward White. Canadian Northwest. Morang.

The Queen's Quair, by Maurice Hewlett. Mary Queen of Scots. Morang.

Brave Hearts, by W. A. Fraser. Racing Stories. Morang.

The Merry Ann, by Samuel Merwin. Smuggling on the Great Lakes. Morang.

The Faith of Men, by Jack London. Short Klondike Stories. Morang.

The American Prisoner, by Eden Phillpotts. Dartmoor Prison Tale. Morang.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Kate Douglas Wiggin. Child Story. Briggs.

My Friend Prospero. Henry Harland. An Italian Idyl. Briggs.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Alice Hegan Rice. Humorous. Briggs.

Lovey Mary. Alice Hegan Rice. Humorous. Briggs.

Letters of a Self-made Merchant to His Son. Geo. C. Lorimer. Briggs. Place and Power. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Political. Briggs.

Tales of the St. John River. E. S. Kirkpatrick. Ready Shortly. Briggs.

The Mystic Spring and other Stories. Hon. D. W. Higgins. Ready Shortly. Briggs.

GENERAL

Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America, by Daniel Williams Harmon. Reprint. Morang.

The Fat of The Land, by John Williams Streeter. The Story of a Farm. Morang.

Getting Acquainted with the Trees, by J. Horace McFarland. Morang.

History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia. A. G. Morice. Briggs.

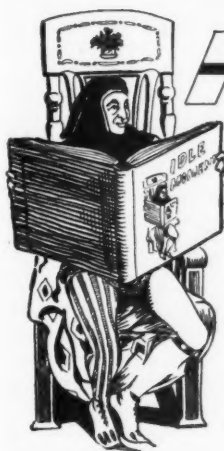
By the Fireside. Charles Wagner. Briggs. Working with the Hands. Booker T. Washington. Briggs.

Handbook of Modern Japan. Ernest P. Clement. Briggs.

Canada in the Twentieth Century, by A. G. Bradley. Constable.

Quebec Under Two Flags, by Doughty and Dionne. Quebec News Co.

The Journey's End and other Verses, by Vernon Nott. Chapman.



IDLE MOMENTS

SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S THROAT LOTION

DURING one of Sir Charles Tupper's stumping tours he was troubled with an irritation of the throat, says a writer in the *Clinton New Era*. He had prepared a simple remedy for the irritation in the shape of plain barley water (not fermented at all) and had instructed his Private Secretary to remain at the rear of the platform until he should require the flask containing the lotion, when he was to hand it to him. It was at Hamilton, and the audience was somewhat boisterous. When his throat began to trouble him, he poured out a copious drink. Instantly the audience assumed that it was liquor, and began to chaff him, asking to be taken in on the treat, and all sorts of similar guying. Sir Charles protested that he was not in the habit of using intoxicants, saying that if they did not believe his version about it being non-intoxicating, he would call upon his Private Secretary to come forward and verify his assertion. This person came to the front, rather embarrassed, which was not lessened when he had made his explanation by the audience good-naturedly crying out: "Oh, Sir Charles, your Private Secretary is drunk, and you will be, too, if you drink much of

that." It took some time to restore order, but Sir Charles managed to finish his speech without further difficulty.

PHILOSOPHY AT DRILL

Drill sergeant, who is just initiating his men into the mysteries of presenting arms, to recruit who has just left the university: "Muller, do you know what an idea is?" "Certainly," responds the son of the Muses; "the word 'idea' had its origin with Plato, who assumed that in a higher intelligible world higher concepts actually existed, and were recognisable, though imperfectly expressed in the sensible world, by the human psyche which had experienced them in a previous existence." Drill sergeant: "Very well, if you know that, would you oblige me by shifting your rifle just an idea more to the left."—*Sachsenstimme*.

MR. TREE'S EXPERIENCES

Mr. Harold Begbie, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, presents Mr. Beerbohm Tree as "the master juggler in personality," and tells two interesting stories of the way in which Mr. Tree absorbs himself in his parts. When he was acting Hamlet, he found himself in that scene on the ramparts where he awaits the approach of the ghost, gasping for breath and drenched with the dew of apprehension.

"What a fool I am!" he cried to himself. "My back is to the audience, my face is hidden, the scene is in darkness. Why should I waste so much mental force? Why not stand at rest, with detached mind, awaiting my cue with a cool pulse?"

But a trial to this end convinced

him of its folly. He had a difficulty to get back into the character of Hamlet; and, moreover, he discovered that the scene did not grip the audience with the same intensity. What was the effect of this terror on the ram-parts but a telepathic effect from the stage to the audience? It was, in other words, a brain-wave from the actor to the men and women filling the silent house.

The second story told by Mr. Begbie supports the same mystical thesis. When Mr. Tree was playing Mark Antony he was so lost in the part that his grief for the murdered Cæsar affected the actors gathered round the bier, and from them flowed into the house. But towards the end of the piece, at a time when he was feeling unwell and worn out, he checked something of his fervour, and spoke with quieter pulse and with intenser self-consciousness.

"What was the result?" he exclaimed. "The crowd on the stage was unmoved, and the crowd in front was unmoved also. I could feel the loss of sympathy between my fellow-actors, my audience, and myself."

PRONUNCIATION

The London *Globe* publishes the following study in pronunciation:

There was a young lady named Strachan,

Who wished she had never been bachan;

For her sweetheart, Colquhoun,

Ran away—shot the Mquhoun,

And left her completely forlachan.

WHY ENGLISHMEN LIKE PUNCH

Mr. Sydney Brooks, writing in *Harper's Weekly*, of May 28, gives some of the reasons why *Punch* has so strong a hold on the affections of the British public, and why it fails to appeal to Americans. The great virtue of *Punch*, he says, is its seriousness, in which opinion there will be many on this side of the water to agree with him. The great fault of the American comic papers, it appears, is that they

are not serious enough. They are always making jokes. *Punch*, on the other hand, evades these mistakes, but is a critical journal. . . . The American comic paper is like the professional funny-man at a party. You listen and laugh for a while and then you want to murder him.

THEY KNEW HIM

A well-known literary man who has been spending several weeks at his old home in Vermont tells of a conversation which he overheard between two visitors on the porch of the village store. An acquaintance of theirs had just passed in the street, and the following comment was heard by the visitor:

"Thar goes Si Perkins." Then a meditative pause. . . . "Si ain't the man he used to be."

"Naw—an' he never was."—*Harper's Weekly*.

AN UNDERESTIMATE

The decorator had just made his estimate. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said the householder. "You go ahead and decorate the house, and then I'll give it to you in payment of your bill."

"No," replied the decorator. "I couldn't afford to take the house for more than half payment."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

FOILED

A Mormon once argued polygamy with Mark Twain. The Mormon insisted that polygamy was moral, and he defied Twain to cite any passage of Scripture that forbade the practice. "Well," said the humorist, "how about that passage that tells us no man can serve two masters?"—*Argonaut*.

ISN'T IT QUEER?

"It's mighty queer about families. There's Mrs. O'Shaugnessy—she has no children, an' if I raymimber corric'tly, it was the same with her mother."—*Life*.

ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES

A WONDERFUL HORSE

HOW many different pieces of luck and good judgment are required to make a great success is well illustrated by the following story:

Some six years ago, a Mr. Wells, of Aurora, attended a sale of horses, held by Mr. Jos. Seagram, M.P., the well-known distiller and race-horse breeder. He bought a cast-off mare that had once been a winner and still showed her blue-blood. The price paid was less than what would be paid for an ordinary roadster.

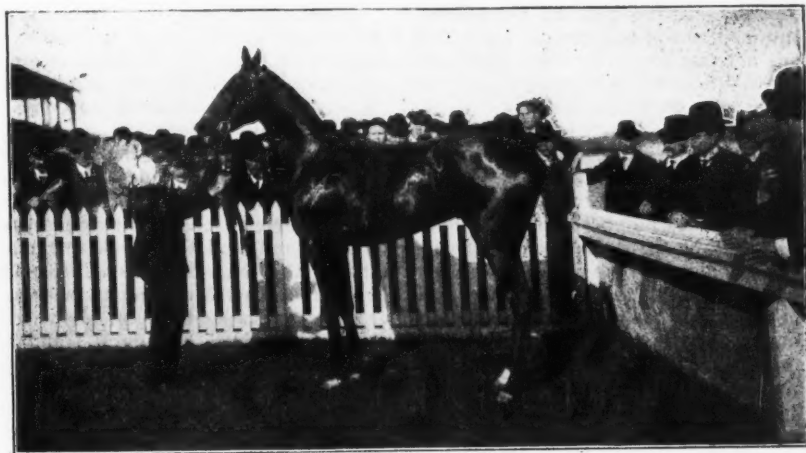
Mr. Wells took the mare home, for he loves a good horse and he once knew what it meant to see his horses win and lose on the race-track. Three years ago this mare had a colt from Courtown, a splendid horse owned by Mr. N. Dyment, of Barrie, another admirer of good running stock. And they called this black colt Sapper.

Now, when Sapper grew into a long-limbed, ugly yearling, Mr. Dyment fancied him, and he bought him from Mr. Wells for \$125. Mr. Wells wished him well, and said to Mr. Dyment, "Take care of him and you may win something with him." So

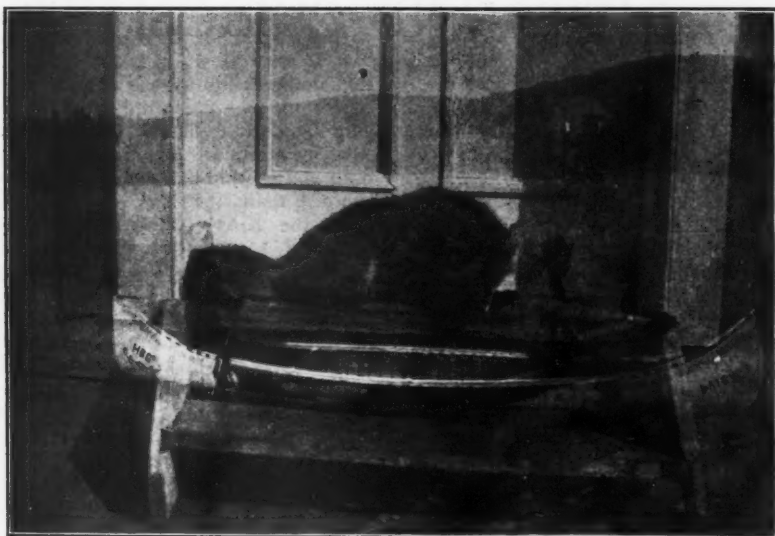
they entered him for the King's Plate, where horses are entered when babies. The King's Plate is the oldest race in America, and is for three-year-olds born and bred in Canada. It has been run in Canada for fifty years.

So the King's Plate of 1904 approached, and the date, May 21st, was set. Not many people knew anything about this horse Sapper, and any money that was put on him in the winter books was put on the Dyment Stable. When Sapper was brought to Toronto to be trained, it began to be whispered about that he was a good horse. The public fancied War Whoop, however, and Sapper was neglected. The Son of Courtown and poor old Kate Hardcastle was not worried about the betting. He was learning his business. He loved the gallop in the muddy track as a kitten loves to play and jump, as a boy loves to climb fences and trees, as a man loves to gain success in the world.

And the day came when the great race, the greatest Canadian race of the year was to be run. And the people filled the Toronto street-cars to overflowing as they crowded down to the



SAPPER—WINNER OF THE KING'S PLATE OF 1904.—PHOTO BY GALBRAITH



A DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Some years ago a H. B. Co. factor took a picture of two men in a canoe as they were returning from visiting some traps. The men brought a fox, and he was fixed up on a doorstep to be photographed. Inadvertently both exposures were on the same plate with the above result.—By kindness T. A. Reynolds, Brockville.

Woodbine. The Governor-General and Lady Eileen Elliott and their friends came up from Ottawa. So did Lord Dundonald, the Major-General commanding His Majesty's forces in Canada. So did numbers of senators and members of parliament. For, was this not the King's Guineas, and were they not humble representatives of His Majesty? And the Lieutenant-Governor, the Chief Justices, the K.C.'s, the humbler citizens of His Majesty crowded in also. And the crowd on the green sward that stretches along the mud track numbered ten thousand.

It was the fifth race, but the greatest of the day. The distance was one and a quarter miles. The men and women made their bets and their hat-pools. The horses were warmed up and walked around the paddock. The bugle blew, the blankets were stripped, the jockeys mounted and they paraded up the track by the judges' stand. They went to the post. In ten minutes they are off. Two black horses go to the front, leaving the other twelve in a

helpless, struggling bunch. Which black will win?

23½, 49½, 1.02½, 1.15½, 1.30, 1.44, 1.57½, 2.12—record.

As they come down the stretch one is winning easily, not a whip, not a spur, not a hand, not a heel is needed to keep him straight and true. His gallant courage is his only goad. And Sapper, whose mother had been sold for a song, who himself had been sold for a few dollars, won the greatest race of 1904. Sapper was a hero.

The people cheered as he came back to the stand, and they took this picture for the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. Then Mr. Dymont, the owner, and Mr. A. E. Dymont, M.P., the son, went up into the judges' stand to receive the congratulations of His Excellency, the certificate and the cup. The prize money was only a paltry \$2,000, but there are men in Canada who would give \$25,000 to be able to see a horse of theirs do what Sapper did that day at the Woodbine.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For — Business Men.

CANADA AND THE CAPE

THE trade between Canada and South Africa has not been developing as fast as is desirable. Sir Alfred Jones, head of the Elder-Dempster Steamship Line, has decided to encourage that trade more generously. He has announced that the steamer *Monarch*, which will leave Montreal on July 25th, will take representatives of Canadian manufacturers and samples free. This will practically convert the vessel into a floating exhibition, and will enable the manufacturer to show his wares at each of the ports touched at by the *Monarch* in South Africa. It is hoped thus to bring about a more speedy development of the Canada-Cape direct trade.

FAST ILLUSTRATING

THE London *Daily Chronicle* has an engraving department for the purpose of helping to illustrate that metropolitan journal. It is a British publication, but not so slow as some colonials and a few United Statesers would have us believe British business men generally usually are. It tells this story: "A few nights ago several artists were sent by the *Daily Chronicle* to Portsmouth to draw the sad scenes of the burial of the *Submarine A1* victims. We received their finished sketches at 11.15 p.m. We were ready; all decks cleared for action. For, as mentioned elsewhere, our way of taking time is to take time by the forelock. In one hour and twenty minutes the chief in person hurried over to the *Daily Chronicle* office with plates equal to about three-quarters of a full page size; all perfectly finished; thoroughly, deeply

etched; clear and clean at all points. Thus Portsmouth and other readers had fine illustrations of the historic scenes on their breakfast table, a record which secured the warm congratulations of the Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*.

"What a far cry to the days of forty years ago, when in publishing the news of Lord Palmerston's death, a leading illustrated journal announced that in a few weeks it hoped to present a portrait of his lordship."

THE MAPLE LEAF AT ST. LOUIS

THE maple leaf badge of the Canadian Press Association attracted much notice at St. Louis from May 15th to 20th, when one hundred and ninety Canadian journalists visited the World's Fair. Every Canadian visitor to the Fair should wear a little maple leaf, as it leads to many pleasant conversations. Mr. Cliffe, of Carleton Place, describing the incidents during his stay, tells the following story:

"One day a gentleman from Chicago and his wife were at our table in the Inside Inn. We discoursed pleasantly, I opening by remarking on the speed with which American people dashed through their menus, he assenting to the fidelity of the indictment and lamenting the rapid march of the people to premature decay. Suddenly wheeling around at me, not noting my maple leaf, he said: 'What State are you from?' I think Divinity shaped my answer, for with suave boldness I instantly replied: 'I am from Greater America.' 'From where?' he said, his knife and fork suspended in mid-air, his face a map of surprise. 'I am from Greater America,' I said

over again, positively but pleasantly. I wasn't going to lose the opportunity of licking all creation over there when but a phrase could do it, and so I stuck to my gun. As he comprehended my meaning, his countenance tipped over and fell off. But his appreciation of my claim to a vaster birthright than has been was soon apparent and we discussed the fishing and shooting of Canada till the sherbet separated us and I saw him no more."

CANADA AND ITALY

A NEW steamship line is contemplated between Canadian and Italian and other Mediterranean ports, says the *B.C. Review* of London, England. The project is feasible, and should prove remunerative, especially for Italy, which sends large quantities of oranges and lemons to Montreal. It is supposed that the Dominion Government will grant a subsidy to the proposed new line, also that a preferential duty may be allowed on Italian wines and products in exchange for a preference on coal and flour, lumber, wood pulp, petroleum, agricultural implements, and other products exported from Canada to Italy.

A large Italian shipping firm, possessing, it is said, upwards of 100 vessels, is originating a scheme for an Italian colony in the North-West Territories.

One point which these people advance as important is the division of fruit cargoes, which would mean a steadier market and better fruit, instead of a glut once a year, with large waste, due to keeping the fruit for such long periods.

Official reports show that during the past two years the immigration from Italy has represented the largest additional incoming to the United States, and also it is pointed out that Italian emigration to other parts of the world has almost entirely fallen off, and that for the present the tide is setting towards the United States and Canada, with constantly growing dimensions. Upwards of 200,000 people so emigrated in the last fiscal year, and as the tide of people is continually in-

creasing, it is proposed to operate a direct line of steamers from Sicily and other Mediterranean ports to Montreal next season. Some years ago the Argentine was a favourite point for emigrants, but owing to political unrest and lack of business many of the lines running to these ports had been obliged to abandon the River Plate.

The total population of Italy is now estimated to be 31,000,000. The annual emigration is fully 500,000 men, women and children; yet notwithstanding this tremendous drain there is a steady annual increase in the population of the country of between 6 and 7 per cent. More than two million Italians have gone to the United States in the past thirty years, of whom about one million have remained permanently in their adopted home.

TARIFFS THAT PROHIBIT

A NOTABLE example of how a tariff may turn the stream of trade into a new channel is the change in our sugar trade caused by the surtax levied during the past year on Canadian importations from Germany. During the nine months ending March 31st, 1904, the importations of sugar from Germany dropped from 150 million pounds to a half million; while the imports from the British West Indies and Guiana increased from forty million pounds to 162 million.

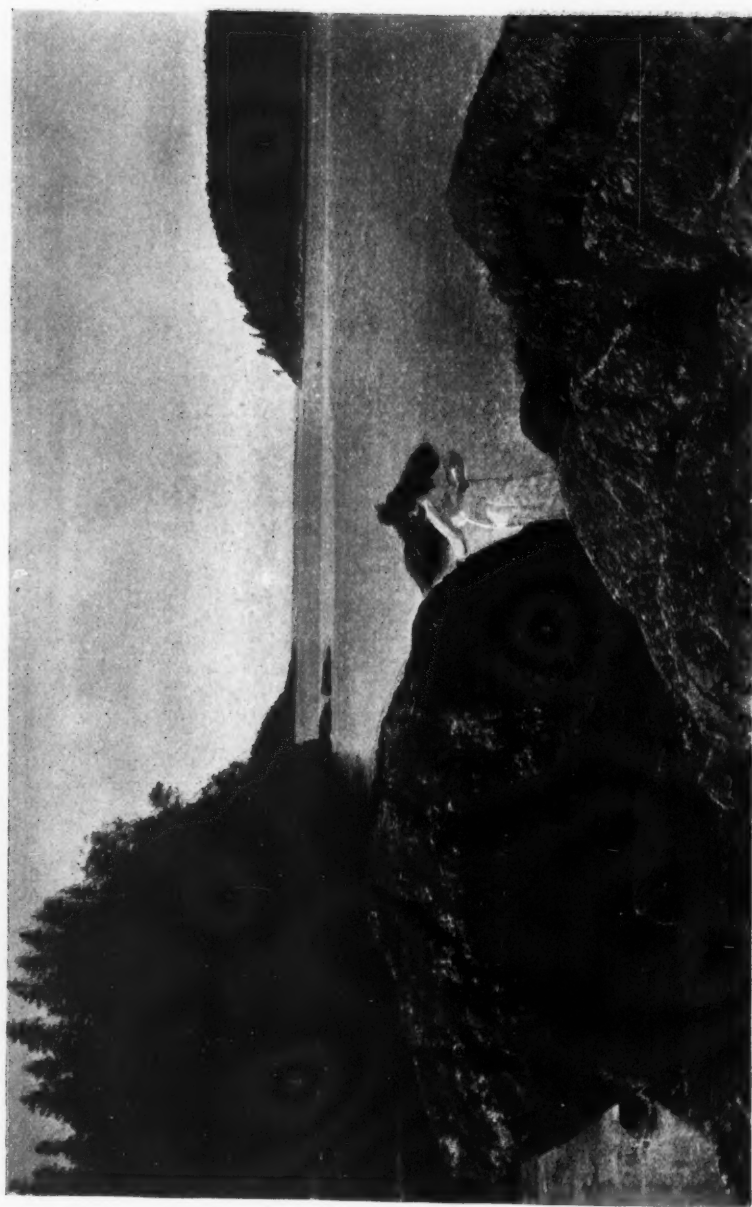
The total imports from Germany show a remarkable decrease. Whereas for the nine months ending March 31st, 1903, the total dutiable goods entering Canada from Germany amounted to \$7,776,205, they had sunk for a similar period, terminating March 31st last, to \$5,076,383, a falling off of \$2,699,822. No wonder the man with the mailed fist is calling for a halt in the war of tariffs. In March, 1903, Canada took \$928,831 worth of German dutiable goods. Last March this country bought only \$491,440. In view of these facts, Germany seems to be getting more than she bargained for when she raised the duties against Canada because of the preference given to Great Britain.

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